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AEGEAN DAYS

Frontispiece.

SAMOS: HELLENIC TOWER OF CITY WALL

AEGEAN DAYS

BY

IRVING MANATT

Professor of Greek in Brown University; sometime American Consul at Athens

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

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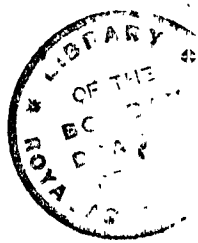

LONDON
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET
1913

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TO THE DEAR MEMORY OF

'THE LITTLE MAID WITH THE VIOLIN'

NOW SLEEPING IN FAR CATHAY

I DEDICATE

THIS SIMPLE RECORD OF OUR AEGEAN DAYS

WHICH OWED TO HER SO MUCH

OF CHEER AND CHARM.

PREFACE.

THIS book owes its being to a single aim. That was to share with kindred spirits—with all true lovers of old Greece—the author's own impressions of the brave blue Aegean. But, in the years that have passed since he first caught its skyey tints and his long intimacy with its changing moods began, those impressions have taken on not a little of complexity.* Thus the simple day-book of our Aegean summers has ended in a string of island studies.

But, if many of these pages seem steeped in literary or historic lore, it may be pleaded that the Aegean atmosphere is so saturated with the memories of a great Past that one cannot escape them if he would. More than that, the solid monuments of every age challenge you at every turn and the stately figures of legend and history enter into your life for the time being well-nigh as really as do the men and women with whom you talk and traffic. To understand the living Greek one must know old Greek life and know it well—well enough, at least, not to insist on too much of survival.

I trust the unities may be saved after a fashion by the two-part division. Part First is the simple record of an Andrian summer with incidental excursions to some of the nearer Cyclades. In these chapters, mainly written on the spot and in many moods, I have sought to sketch a true picture of the island life as it impresses a barbarian smitten with the love of Greece. To that extent the book has a certain unity and completeness. Part Second, on

* The author resided at Athens as American Consul from 1889 to 1893 and revisited Greece in 1899, 1905 and 1913.

the other hand, is taken up with sketches and studies of other islands—the last two of them outside the Aegean—more or less thoroughly explored at various times in the course of my earlier residence and repeated sojourns in Greece. Of this part, the chapters on Keos and Ithaca have in substance appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and those on Troy (included here only because its subject is so closely connected with the chapters following) and Leukas in the *Independent;* and they are now reproduced by permission of the publishers of those periodicals.

And now to all who have shared my wanderings in Greek waters, or helped me in this record of them, I wish to make my acknowledgments. To many an island host, named or nameless in these pages, all the way from Ithaca to Troy I am debtor for genuine Greek hospitality. Of the friends who from time to time doubled the delights and divided the discomforts of my island rambles by their good comradeship, I would name here Kerr and Quinn and Williams and Barrows and Tucker—the last pair all too soon translated to the Islands of the Blessed.

Professor George Meason Whicher and Dr. Demetrius Kalopothakes have read much of the book in proof and very helpfully; and I owe the former for two fine translations from Simonides and Sappho. I have to express my very special thanks to Miss Daphne Kalopothakes whose intimate knowledge of all things Greek, whether old or new, has stood me in good stead and who has kindly prepared the index. For many of my best illustrations I am indebted to the German Archæological Institute at Athens. Thanks to M. Homolle, now Director of the National Library in Paris, I am permitted to reproduce some views of Delos taken by the French School during their recent excavations there. For

views of Lesbos I am indebted to Professor Bernardakes, Aristarchi Bey and Mlle. Klonari; for some of Chios, to Professor Zolotas and Rector Chanteles; and for general and generous helpfulness along this line to Mr. Shirley C. Atchley.

Last but not least, I have to thank Professor Gildersleeve for his good offices in securing permission to reproduce Sir Alma Tadema's famous picture of Sappho and Alkaios, now owned by Mr. Walters of Baltimore. As it came under my eye too late to be incorporated in my text, I cannot refrain from adding here the charming interpretation of that painting from the hand of our illustrious Hellenist in whom learning and wit are so admirably mated.

"A semicircle of marble seats, veined and stained, a screen of olive trees that fling their branches against the sky, against the sapphire seas, a singing man, a listening woman, whose listening is so intense that nothing else in the picture seems to listen—not the wreathed girl in flowered robe who stands by her and rests her hand familiarly on her shoulder. Not she, for though she holds a scroll in her other hand, the full face, the round eyes, show a soul that matches wreathed head and flowered robe. She is the pride of life. Nor she on the upper seat, who props her chin with her hand and hides her mouth with her fingers and lets her vision reach into the distance of her own musings. Nor her neighbour whose composed attitude is that of a regular church-goer who has learned the art of sitting still and thinking of nothing. Nor yet the remotest figure—she who has thrown her arm carelessly on the back of the seat and is looking out on the waters as if they would bring her something. A critic tells us that the object of the poet is to enlist Sappho's support in a political scheme of which he is the leader, if not the chief prophet, and he has come to Sappho's school

in Lesbos with the hope of securing another voice to advocate the views of his party. The critic seems to have been in the artist's secret, and yet Alma Tadema painted better than he knew. Alkaios is not trying to win Sappho's help in campaign lyrics. The young poet is singing to the priestess of the Muses a new song with a new rhythm, and as she hears it she feels that there is a strain of balanced strength in it she has not reached; it is the first revelation to her of the rhythm that masters her own. True, when Alkaios afterward sought not her help in politics but her hand in love and wooed her in that rhythm, she too had caught the music and answered him in his own melody."*

This is all that need be said in preface; but I cannot refrain from adding a word more. Events have given this unpretending book a second intention. I would have it contribute, however humbly, to form a body of public opinion, a volume of sympathy, that shall effectually forbid the further denial of their historic heritage to the islands so recently relieved of the Turkish yoke. With Salonica and Janina and Crete practically restored to the little Motherland, it would seem worse than folly to question the manifest destiny of the Aegean islands. When Epirus and Macedonia were yet sunk in barbarism, while Athens herself was still a primitive community without a literature, these islands were the very hearth of Hellenic culture. Epic and Lyric Poetry came full blown, History and Philosophy in the germ, from the isles and shores of Anatolia. The practical arts of soldering iron and casting bronze and the beginnings of science (*e.g.*, the calculation of an eclipse) had the same origin;

* B.L.G. in 'Brief Mention' (*American Journal of Philosophy*, vol. xxxiv, p. 100).

and, later, Greek scientific medicine was the gift of little Kos.

Now I would not lay myself open to the charge of προγονοπληξία—if I may use a word coined by the present Greek Premier to express the idea (in Yankee parlance) of being 'struck on one's ancestors'; but, if the principle of nationality be valid anywhere, the Aegean islands belong to Greece by an immemorial title. Greek at the dawn of history, they have remained Greek in race and speech, in culture and religion, through every vicissitude down to this day. Indeed, it was due in no small measure to them that Greek culture kept its little light burning through the dark ages; and they were among the first to fan it into a flame in modern times. A century ago, when Athens was a squalid Turkish village, Chios, with her high school and chemical laboratory, her public library and printing press, her hospitals and charities, her silk fabrics and shipyards and commercial prestige, was an enlightened European city. How she lost that high estate I have tried to tell in Chapter XXVI; and I trust no one can read that story without determining to do all that in him lies to right the great wrong. I trust, too, that the reader of this book may be helped to appreciate the Italian claim to what they are beginning to call *nostro pelago*. Genoa and Venice had their day in the Aegean; and they used it so ill that the Turk was welcomed as a deliverer. If the islanders had forgotten that rule a year ago, they are getting their memory jogged in Rhodes to-day. Italy has no more business in Rhodes than Greece has in Sicily.

Shall not the civilized world now pay some fraction of its incalculable debt to old Greece by insisting on historic justice and fair play in settling the accounts of a war in which the Greeks of to-day have shown themselves the peers of the men who

fought at Marathon or died at Thermopylae? Twenty years ago I could not have made this plea; but the people, who bore without a murmur the unspeakable hardships of the Epirus campaign and the siege of Janina and who have not lost their heads in the hour of victory or under the provocations of a perfidious ally—that people can be trusted with the responsibility of their race.

J. I. M.

ATHENS,
30th June, 1913.

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PART FIRST

A SUMMER IN THE CYCLADES

CHAPTER I.

An Andrian Reconnaissance.

It was in the pacific quality of a house-hunter I made my second descent on Andros, where the weekly steamer from Laurion landed me one summer evening (July 6, 1892); and, as the little fishing hamlet of Batsì had but one eligible house to let and I was the sole possible lessee, it took only a morning hour to dispatch the business. So I had the day on my hands, until the boat should return from Syra to carry me back to Athens; and I promptly struck out for the cool green glens to the south which had haunted my imagination ever since our brief Andrian sojourn a year before.

I had left the farmers of the Attic Midland busy with their threshing; and the first hill-top beyond the village spring reveals the Andrian peasant in a like rôle. The hill-top is at once a 'specular mount' with an inspiring prospect—it takes in Euboea, the Attic coast-line, Gyaros, Syra, Keos, and Kythnos—and a high place of Demeter, to whose threshing floor a woman and a boy are carrying sheaves. These Andrian threshing floors are fashioned by rudely levelling a great rock and walling it to windward with its own chips. On one of these circular ἀλῶναι, some ten feet in diameter and enclosed by a low stone wall edging on a precipice, the threshing is now in full swing: a steer, cow, and heifer with

their horns roped together are treading their slow round and trampling out the grain, while a little lad follows with a big gourd-shell to catch the 'droppings' and a sturdy youth drives the cattle. It requires a long day, he tells me, to do the job, and the total yield may be three bushels. Yet that is no mean harvest to be wrung from these naked rocks, which one would scarcely take for barley fields on less convincing evidence than the scant stubble and the little pile of sheaves, weighted with stones to keep them from blowing away, that mark every terrace as one climbs higher inland.

Clearly the old Andrian gods still reign here and Themistokles could hardly collect his tribute to-day. But oases are not far to seek. These glens, thanks to many a mountain spring, teem with fertility in orchard and garden. Now the water comes trickling down into a quiet pool shadowed by a great olive on one side and by fig-trees on the other, while the real source is hidden by a green wall of reeds rising twelve or fifteen feet high. Again, in a narrow rock-lane you come across a damsel drawing water: she has simply to hold her great urn under a little stone spout in the road-side wall which delivers the stream from some hidden source. And, again, yet higher up you find the gem of the glen—a great cup scooped in the rock grotto into which trickles the tiny stream: there in the cool shade lies the little life-giving lake, which slakes your thirst and sings as articulately as ever Pindar sang

ἄριστον μὲν ὕδωρ.

Truly, these islanders must approve the poet's judgment on the preciousness of water; for the Aegean

is their fish-pond and these mountain springs do the rest.

I had reached my third threshing floor, where a lad was taking up the winnowed barley and a pretty little lass waiting with his 'lunch' under a wide-spreading fig-tree, when a bit of garden at my feet reminded me of my scant Andrian breakfast and the prospect of only a sunset dinner; and so I hastened to fortify myself with a good stout onion—the Andrian staff of life—and winey mulberries from a way-side tree. Alas, that those simple refreshments, so innocently indulged in, should have marred a happy day. I am taking my siesta on the roots of a mighty olive tree, when an Albanian youth, apparently yearning to hear and to tell some new thing, but really spying on the trespasser, comes to ply me with Homeric questions about my country and my calling. Happily there is too little Greek in his dialect and too little Albanian in mine to make conversation flow; and I am presently left to the coveted society of Nature's solitude.

But not for long. Pushing up and on, for the cool green lures one ever higher, I catch a sudden call from below. Two young islanders are shouting 'Come down'; and with due deliberation I retrace my steps to inquire into the matter. Politely, but insistently, they fire at me more Homeric questions; and, to make a long story short, I find myself in the hands of *sumners*,* who claim to have been sent

* I venture to revive a good old English word which is the exact equivalent of the Greek κλητήρ—in old Greece the *summoner, i.e.*, one of the two persons required to witness the service of the summons by the plaintiff; and now in rural Greece a constable.

by the Demarch to bring me in—a piece of overdone solicitude, I fancy, of which in my Hellenic travels I have experienced something and heard more. It was provoking enough, but after asserting the eternal principle of free promenade and warning my officious guardians: "To-morrow you shall be no *sumners*," I followed them leisurely to the edge of the hamlet and then went my own way to Kyr Philip's. To him, roused from his three-o'clock siesta, I unfold my tale; and at his instance we go straight to the Demarch.

That dignitary, roused in turn from his long noonday nap in the loft of his earthen-floored *magazi*—for he is a shopkeeper as well as Keeper of the Peace—is much mystified when I present my compliments and thank him for his solicitude in sending for me. So I report my adventure on the hills; and in high dudgeon he calls in his sole sumner, a little wizened greybeard, in shirt-sleeves like his chief and innocent of any badge of office but a club. None of my sumners, whom I proceed to describe. A short search, and the sumner *de jure* hales them into the presence. With their soldierish visor caps and Albanian jackets, they look enough more like people of authority than the Demarch's home-spun henchman; only his club is striped like a barber's pole while theirs are unadorned. Henceforth I shall examine club-credentials before I consent to be run in. They are pure volunteers, who without any knowledge of old Greek law have executed their own writ of *apagoge* or summary arrest—for trespass, I suppose. I had actually trodden their terraces and was caught in the act of scaling their topmost fastness. Moreover, had I

not been making *grammata* when the sentinel (as I now see he was) came to quiz me under the olive tree? What could be more suspicious! I recall too that from the very top of the glen had come shouts of direction to my captors and that from a group of men with guns and some women—garrison of the citadel, choke-full of war; and I begin to realize what might have been.

Brought to book, the young rascals made a clean breast of it: they had taken office without ceremony, had served process in the Demarch's name, and all that; but—well, the stranger had helped himself to an onion and mulberries from a wayside tree. Now the Andrian onion is hardly a 'sacred olive' while the mulberry, like our own crab-apple, is free to all comers until it falls over-ripe and soaks the soil with its red wine. Even along the Athenian Kephisos you may wade in such liquor. While the leaves feed the cocoon, the berry is Nature's spendthrift except in places where the vile Greek brandy (*raki*) is distilled from it.* Evidently, the counter-charge did not weigh with the Court, but His Honour took a very serious view of two facts, viz.: that his own name had been taken in vain and that the offence affected a stranger and the representative of a great power! The Demarch's son, a law student of the University, looked up the law or, rather, the Constitution—for I think he went no further. And why should he, seeing that the case in hand was clearly covered: was not the respect due to representatives of foreign powers therein declared even before the

* The old Greeks provided for the hungry wayfarer by deposits of food before the images of Hermes and Hekate which stood as sign-posts at every cross-roads; and their way-side fruit trees were free to all.

denunciation of *lèse majeste*? As well attack the Prerogative! The Demarch laid it on and rubbed it in; and he did not forget that they had done it "out of his name" (ἐκ τοῦ ὀνόματός του). I thought it time to commend the culprits to mercy, when an officer with three *gens d'armes* appeared, relieved them of their dirks (every peasant belts himself with an arsenal), and marched them off to the lock-up. Ah, my fine fellows, to-day already are ye no sumners! Still, I make my plea for clemency. The Demarch is willing I should condone the international delict but never the affront to his authority: "out of his name," he repeated impressively; and was not the Demos of Arne a sort of sovereignty individualized in him? So, to be sure, Aristophanes might conceive it. It was ticklish ground and required diplomacy.

So, after several courses of refreshments—sweets, coffee, and all—Kyr Philip and I return to the big mansion, where in a roomy lace-curtained upper chamber I lie down to rest. Or rather to read; for the law student has given me fascinating entertainment in 'The Lives of Eminent Andrians from Ancient Times to the Present Day,' written in tolerable Greek by the Bishop of Stavropolis and printed at the Andrian capital. This rusty pamphlet of 136 pages drives away all thought of slumber and re-peoples for me in some measure the little island's heroic foretime. But that must wait.

About sunset—and it is a show of heavenly splendour—comes my host to say that the culprits' friends are gathered at the Demarch's and to ask if I will not again intercede for them. Gladly; and we repair thither to find the baggy-breeched elders

from the glen ranged in a row along the stone wall. Not a trace of resentment in their faces, only a simple gravity such as would do no discredit to Plutarch's men or Homer's. Now these glens, like most of northern Andros, are peopled mainly by Albanians; but the Albanians claim to have sprung from the old Pelasgic stock. And Ridgeway has now demonstrated that the Pelasgians were the primitive Greeks who built up the Mycenaean civilization, spoke good Aeolic and invented the hexameter, and in that dialect and measure composed the Iliad for their Achaean conquerors! Thus these Homeric allusions of mine are finding fresh justification. Be that as it may, Nature keeps no better school than one of these Greek islands and her degrees are not to be despised.

Again I make my plea to the Demarch and the elders are pleased; but the dignitary is unyielding. He has already written to the Government at Athens —it is a rare chance to make a record; and must wait their pleasure. I intimate that, as no mail leaves until to-morrow, the letter may be recalled; and observe that good diplomacy avoids raising international questions except on very serious occasion; that I am content to treat the matter as a foolish lark to be ended by an apology and such an admonition as His Honour knows so well how to administer. Finally, he relents, but asks for a written protocol to shield him from the higher powers. So with the town clerk I repair to the adjoining town-hall—a square stone hut with a bare ground floor, furnished with a rough table and two stools—and draw up the document in a few lines of Greek quite astonishing to the law student who

declares he can find but one mistake in it. To which I rejoin that it is not a bit of Greek composition but a state paper to be measured by its effect! Whereupon we all drink one another's health in Andrian resinato and so it is to be hoped—in diplomatic lingo—that the incident is closed. But should our Andrian Plutarch, the good Bishop of Stavropolis, continue his 'Lives,' no doubt some of us will be in it!

What a language teacher is Experience—especially when one gets into a scrape and must get out of it again by dint of Greek! It throws people together and lets loose the stammering tongue. Moreover, to learn one language one should isolate himself from every other. It is so easy to slide into the more familiar when you can. A hungry tramp will saw wood and the stupid Barbarian will speak Greek—if he must. I suspect there are shoals of lads in our schools and colleges who will never catch it except by this sort of exposure and isolation; and it would be money saved to scatter some ship-loads of them among these 'Isles of Greece.' They would gain, too, more than mere language: what a revelation of Nature at her loveliest, of antique life surviving in its strength and simplicity! One summer in the Cyclades should prepare even the schoolboy Philistine to enjoy his Homer and to find choice society in Plutarch. What our Greek needs is the touch of reality, the warm breath of life: undo the cerements and roll away the stone. Greek is not dead—at least, out of school!

But Kyr Philip's dinner waits. We stand about the round table and little Helenitza says the 'Our Father'; then we fall to. It is a fine dinner well served and shared (as is not often the case in provin-

cial Greece) by the women of the family—Philip's wife and sister, the latter a serious, silent woman, the former with something of Athenian vivacity. Philip's uncle, a brother, and a nephew make up the company. Unfortunately, all are sophisticated in the matter of costume except the uncle, who does business on the deep as Master Fisherman of Palaeopolis, and wears the island dress. This is like the Cretan in everything but the high boots, namely: scarlet fez worn even at table; embroidered jacket of fine blue cloth; baggy breeches of blue drilling, like a bifurcated petticoat gathered at the knees; long stockings and low shoes. The Fisherman is of the same type with the elders of the glen and as fine an example of primitive manners, perhaps, as even Andros can produce.

Dinner done, we mount the wide stairway and gather on the upper pillared balcony to sip delicious Turkish coffee and enjoy the strains of Philip's philharmonica—a sort of accordeon with bells to it. Then we stroll along the crescent beach and stretch out on the sand to study Selene as she swings her serene splendour aloft there on the upper azure deep, while mine host tells me of his big hotel in the *Polis* (short throughout the Levant for Constantinople) and of the Chalas family whose head he is.

The Chalas mansion is brand new, in fact unfinished and mostly unfurnished. So its hospitality for the present is a 'shake-down,' but clean and sweet as the mountain air. I should have had royal rest but for too many coffees and that same mountain air now broken loose and roaring as if to rack the universal frame. All night long it blew great guns, but when day dawned the mountains were still there.

CHAPTER II.

An Andrian Retrospect.

My pedagogue in Andrian history was Poseidon. After concluding my arrangements for our summer sojourn at Batsi, I had embarked again at early dawn on the little *Mina* expecting to sleep that night in my own house at Athens. But when the Etesian blows, all schedules are off; and I found it a four days' journey. The little boat had laboured up from Syra dead in the wind's teeth; yet there was a morning lull in which she ran easily into Gavrion harbour half an hour north. But by the time she had taken on her fares and freight there, old Boreas was loose again with the whole Aeolian brood to egg him on. Straight down from Thrace over the Andrian heights he blew and blew and cracked his cheeks till the going down of the sun; and then with the sun the old Blusterer was up and at it again as fresh as ever. Meantime we lay in that sheltered harbour and watched him as he would lunge down and fork up the brine in great windrows of foam. Did you ever witness that impact of wind on wave that starts a scurrying cloud of sea-dust spangled with rainbows—Iris sporting on the spray!

Now, in a land where it is mostly afternoon, it seems small loss to lie all day in Gavrion harbour and contemplate a storm at sea. All the less when sea and sky and shadowy mountain lend their own

reality to the island tale, old as the hills themselves, as memory spells it out syllable by syllable.

You have but to open the mind's eye and the ages roll back. The world is young again and into this harbour rides a swift crescent-curved galley sped on by many a shapely oar. Head and shoulders above the company she carries, looms an heroic figure, purple-robed: it is Agamemnon, putting in here, after the furious storm (like ours to-day) that smote him off Kaphareus, to visit his revered and dear guest-friend, King Anios, and tell him how the toil and moil of Troy is over. And so we catch one happy glimpse of the Achaean emperor before he fares onward to golden Mycenae and his gruesome fate; we witness one scene of heroic Andrian hospitality as our Andrian prince orders the barbecue and then offers the King of Men as his parting gift a noble Andrian steer. But, alack! As the royal galley rows away, that homesick steer leaps overboard and swims back to shore.*

Again the ages roll back and the world is still young; and Hieronymos the Andrian is sailing out of this harbour to throw Tisamenos the Eleian—who is by and by to serve the Spartans at Plataea as their seer—in the wrestling match at Olympia and to have his statue set up there in the Altis. And then we see him sailing back into home port with the

* The tale of Agamemnon's visit is decidedly post-Homeric; and the astute critic would say that nothing could be more improbable than the steer story. Yet with my own eyes in this very harbour I have seen the act repeated, though in this case the poor brute was recaptured and carried on to the Syra shambles. Prone as history is to repeat itself, it seems a bit singular that in no other sea have I ever witnessed a parallel to this bovine swimming feat.

unfaded olive upon his brow. Eldest son of Andros and Fame, Olympian victor, a name to be embalmed for ever on the page of Herodotus, when Herodotus shall come—through all the aeons Andros shall never know a greater day!

Proud Andros! Ay, and poor Andros. For another age unrolls and now it is an outlandish embassy, robed like the gorgeous East, we see putting into this bottle-necked harbour. It bears Darayavus' greetings (written with a wedge);* and would Andros be good enough to let him have a little earth and water!

Andros has no nerve to say him nay—small wonder, as we shall see; and the next time we open our mind's eye the scene remains but the actors are new. For only the other day the world was lost and won at Salamis, and this time it is the subtlest Hellene of all the centuries since Odysseus who stands forth as our protagonist. The little bay is crowded with the triumphant Panhellenic fleet; and we overhear the parley of the chiefs. It is Themistokles who takes the word:

'The barbarian galleys have outsailed us, but Xerxes is still in Attica. We must press the pursuit. We must hasten to the Hellespont and break down their bridges.'

'No,' returns the Spartan Eurybiades, 'to break down the bridges were our last calamity. Cut off the Persian's retreat and his desperation will be the doom of Hellas. Let him depart—now that he has got enough.'

'Aye, aye, to that'! chimes in every Peloponnesian

* Herodotus, who could not read the wedge-alphabet, calls him Darius.

voice. And then we see the old fox double upon himself:

'Well said, O Spartan. With the gods we have beaten him back—him who levelled their fanes and burnt their very images, who even scourged and fettered the divine sea. The Barbarian is clean gone: good riddance to him. Let us go home and sow our fields.'

So the council breaks up and the shifty Athenian, who always keeps his own bridges in good repair, sits down with wax and style to trace a message. Looking over his shoulder, you see it is addressed to Xerxes and thus it runs:

'Themistokles, the Athenian, eager to serve thee, has restrained the Hellenes who were bent on pursuing thy ships and breaking down the bridges at the Hellespont. Now, therefore, return home at thy leisure.'

And he seals the tablet with a chuckle, as who should say: 'One more anchor to windward.'

But we are to witness another stroke of business—with Andros now for subject as well as scene. The Peloponnesians are off to sow their fields, the Athenian stays for a bit of harvesting on his own account. Andros must settle for that earth and water. Grave and stern are the Andrian magnates as they come down to the council; and again Themistokles takes the word:

'Men of Andros, ye stand traitors to Hellas. Hellas asks indemnity.'

'Andros has naught to give thee, O Themistokles.'

'But give ye must, for we have fetched along to back the claim of Athens two of her mighty

gods, Persuasion and Necessity. Down with your *Dionysoi*.' *

'Nay, Athenian. Athens must indeed be a great and happy city to have such handy gods; but we Andrians are poor and pinched for land and we have two good-for-nothing gods who stick close to us and never quit the island—namely, Poverty and Helplessness. In the name of these gods we refuse to pay the money: for the power of Athens is no match for our impotence.'

That is the Andrian answer, backed up by Andrian arms, till the Athenian owns his second throw and is off to harrow the poor Karystians on the same old earth-and-water score.

It is the old Andrian eloquence of fact that is more than a match for Athenian statecraft at its best. Even yon brown bare rock looming up from the unharvested sea seems to echo the challenge: Wring tribute from me if you can. Every high place looks an altar of Poverty and Helplessness against which Persuasion and Necessity may plead and push in vain. The wonder is where they found earth enough for the Mede! Andros indeed has come short of that Hellenic glory which six of her sister Cyclades have attained, but who can look on these islands lying naked in the track of the multitudinous Mede and wonder at that shortcoming? †

However, the Oriental invader is disposed of for

* The Andrian coinage was stamped with the wine-god's head.

† For every detail, substantially, Herodotus, viii, 108-111, is our voucher; and to vouch for him, in part, time has spared the bronze column on whose serpent coils that immortal muster-roll of Salamis and Plataea was graven nearly four and twenty centuries ago. On that bronze—which I have since seen in the Hippodrome at Constantinople—we may still read the names: Κεῖοι Μάλιοι Τένιοι Ναξιοι Κύθνιοι Σίφνιοι.

To face p. 14.

ANDRIAN LANDSCAPE (SHOWING THE 'BARE BROWN ROCK' AND SLATE FENCES)

the present—for twenty centuries in fact—and the next great historic figure we see sailing into this harbour is Alkibiades. Athens is in her death-grapple with the Dorian, but never has Dorian arm dealt her deadlier stabs than has this superb scape-grace, son of her own loins, who has played the game of treason to its last trump and after all—forgiven, flattered, fêted—turns up here again at the head of her forces to plague our poor Andrians. He too has a score to settle with Andros, but again Andros is too much for him: we see him land his forces, rout the islanders who come out to meet him, chase them eight miles or more up the Devil's Ladder of these Andrian rocks to the island-acropolis with its Spartan garrison. One look at those frowning walls is enough for him; he has made his dash—all he was ever good for—and we watch him set up his trophy (another thing quite in his line) and sail away leaving a better man, Konon, to do the downright hard work of subjugation.

But our scene-shifter is too slow. The Etesian indeed is good for a forty-days blow at this season, but even that is too brief for this procession of three thousand years. In a breath, then, let the Macedonian strut his short century as lord of the isle and hurry on, that King Attalos may follow, and Rome succeed His Majesty of Pergamon, to give way in turn to the Byzantine, as he to the Venetian who lords it here for ten lifetimes, when the Orient returns in the person of the unspeakable Turk and Andros has her two hundred and sixty years of Armenian mercy till the bells ring in again—at last and for good and all, we trust—the freedom lost at Chaironeia twenty-two centuries ago.

CHAPTER III.

A Sunday Morning at Karystos.

It was a good day in Gavrion harbour after all, though we neither fared sumptuously nor slept softly. Happily I had brought along a basket of Andrian apricots to garnish such stews as the *Mina's* stoker-cook could provide; and my shake-down on the wheel deck afforded abundant fresh air. It was a fresh hurricane, in fact, all night long; and I pull myself together in the morning with a weather-beaten feeling to begin another storm-bound day on short commons; for it is too rough to row ashore and the wretched hamlet is altogether uninviting. The only alluring thing in the neighbourhood is the hill-top monastery; but that is a two-hours climb with too many chances of your being picked up by old Boreas and dumped in the deep. Ross tells us how at this season some fifty years ago he came near being blown away from Palaeopolis; and Boreas has gone on hardening his muscle and cracking his cheeks from that day to this. So I spend the day stretched out in the little deck cabin, whose smell is not quite intolerable when you get used to it, and read Meliarakes' 'Andros and Keos' and the Bishop's 'Lives' which are fortunately the only literature in my bag.

At six the wind moderates and we weigh anchor at last in the glory of that early sunset one catches

now and then on the east side of a mountain. How it idealizes the scene and sets in rich relief the features that the storm had blurred. Sweep the water out of this harbour, with its mountain amphitheatre, and you have a perfect stadium for the Titans. Fine as our Gavrion sunset had been, as we clear the lighthouse point we catch another sunset over Karystos that turns the sea's wet ways to floods of molten gold. But scarcely has the Radiant God bowed himself out in this blaze of glory when Poseidon rises up in his wrath and Boreas comes howling down—and we are in for it, sure enough. Now climbing the upper, now diving the lower deep, our little boat is batted back and forth between the two gamey gods until—well, they collect the orthodox tribute and nobody haggles about the 'change.' Only some of us smile faintly, recalling the economy of the day's fare. We labour at last into Karystos Roads and anchor for the night or during the displeasure of the elemental deities.

It is no unwelcome detention this time, for I have never touched at this Land's End of Euboea without feeling the charm of it. Beautiful for situation and rich in tradition, Karystos should detain many a traveller and student who catch glimpses only from the decks of passing steamers. True, the modern town on the shore is not particularly interesting, though it has tolerably wide and level streets and is building a good town hall with money given by a public-spirited native who has made a snug fortune in Egypt. But the dredging of the harbour is bringing up many bits of a great Past—large blocks of gray marble, unfluted columns, fine Ionic bases, all indicating the one-time presence of nobler

structures than we see to-day. Possibly they belonged to the Temple of Apollo (so-called), of which some foundation stones are still in place. But our first concern on getting ashore is to break our long fast—no easy matter in any Greek village and especially at an early Sunday morning hour. After some prospecting we find an early-opening *kapheneion*, the 'Kaphareus' (in spite of Albanian possession this end of Euboea has never quite lost the old Hellenic names, Kaphareus, Geraistos, Karystos); but for a hostelry with so great a name it has very little entertainment to offer. Still, its thick black coffee and fresh boiled eggs seem downright luxury after forty-eight hours of the *Mina's menage*.

Thus refreshed, while the women are flocking to the big church for the morning liturgy, we set out for a climb toward the lofty acropolis. It is something of a scramble up steep rocks and stony paths till we reach the green belt above the town—a belt of little vineyards, with their wine-presses, and orchards of lemons, oranges, olives, figs, English walnuts, all hedged in by cypress-brakes and stone walls festooned with blackberries. Through the green lane we come out upon the life of it all—a mountain brook purling down over great channelled rocks and among big boulders: *Megalo Rheuma*, Big Stream, in the folk-speech. We strike the stream at a picturesque old mill, fed in its time by water diverted from the channel above and carried by a rude stone aqueduct under overhanging cliffs till it gets a fall of some twenty feet to turn the wheel. Now, indeed, the old mill is out of business and the water from the flume goes laughing down the rocks at its own sweet will. A better beverage one would go far to seek.

Below the mill a great plane tree is rooted in a bunch of boulders, midstream, while above it the stream is overhung with younger planes and all abloom with oleanders. Pushing on through a steep shaded lane, where we meet procession after procession of peasants and donkeys driving and carrying to Sunday market, we reach another mill with a finer flume and a little maid washing clothes in the water as it goes idling by. Ten of these mills are strung along here: hence the village gets its name *Myloi* (The Mills). No feature of the Greek country-side is more characteristic or inviting than these old water-mills, especially when the wayfarer finds one of them still grinding its grist in some solitary place as I did one hot noonday in the wild hill region of Argolis. Can I ever forget the whole-wheat loaf the miller gave us smoking hot from his out-door oven—it was one of a dozen loaves that had been grist in his hopper that morning—and the great wheel of cheese he carved with a revolutionary sword for our refreshment?

The Big Stream with its string of mills, a mile and a half from the sea and equidistant from the Castle above, apparently marks the seaward bound of the ancient city. The Castle hill, which was the Hellenic acropolis, is now one of the strongest and sightliest Venetian fortresses in Greece. Rising in a long steep slope from seaward, it falls off sheer behind. It is not unlike a larger Mycenae in form; and Mt. Oche, towering above and covering it with its near bulk, brings out the likeness still more. From the top of the upper village (Palaeochora), one gets a satisfying view of the Castle walls and the green belt of engirdling gardens.

Coming down to the stream again, we drink at one of those precious fountains which Greece owes to her old Venetian lords: it is a *hexakrounos*, though now delivering water by only four of its six spouts. The spout is a shallow round cup to collect, with a little neck of a channel to deliver, the water from the rock. Of all luxuries commend me to such a draught so served whether here or in wild Arcadia or on the hot and dusty road from the *Schistê Hodos* to Delphi. Castalia itself or Hippocrene, apart from the spell of their story, can offer no sweeter draught.

On our way down we are overtaken at the lower mill by a quaint and genial islander quite ready to let me go my own gait and lead the way himself. So we follow the brook through orchards, vineyards, and gardens fit to be a poet's dream. My new friend is constantly exclaiming 'paradeisos,' quite in our sense of the word. I can henceforth maintain that one Greek has an eye for scenery; and he not a poet but—as I am presently to learn—only the town crier (*δημοτικὸς κῆρυξ*).

For as we sit under the two big mulberries that shade the Karystos agora—all the peasants we have met on our morning ramble and many more are assembled here and it is 'full market'—my friend excuses himself and a moment later I hear him crying a public sale. The commodity to be knocked down to the highest bidder is the privilege of collecting the harbour dues.* I am told the Demos will get a lump sum of seven thousand drachmae, and the tax-farmer will take what the traffic will bear.

* Ancient inscriptions mention port-wardens (*λιμενοφύλακες*) at Karystos: apparently the Demos collected its own dues then and needed a harbour police for the purpose.

To face p. 20.

KARYSTOS : A TURKISH BRIDGE IN 'THE GARDENS'

'Full market' on Sunday morning in the old Homeric Karystos whence Elephenor, limb of Ares, led some of his long-haired Abantes to Troy! To-day the Karystians are not agitated by the Eastern Question in its Trojan phase, nor have they aught to say of the Persian phase of it when Themistokles claimed indemnity for their enforced Medism and wasted their lands—those fair glen gardens we have just gone dreaming through. None of that here in the mulberry-shaded market place; but an exciting debate turns on the value of a poor little red pig whose proprietor quotes him at eight drachmae, while the sole bidder seems to be my friend, the town crier, now returned to private life, who keeps bidding six and stoutly insists that that is a stiff price 'among friends.' And I am sure the pig was never worth it—even on the Euboean standard.

Nowhere is the old Greek curiosity—the itching to see, to hear and to tell some new thing—more marked than in these provincial towns; and the rare foreign visitor is beset behind and before. At the little café at the top of the old town (Palaeochora) I had met some fine old men in the primitive island dress, who remembered the time when the Turk still held their Castle; and they maintained their Hellenic birthright in face of the accepted belief that this end of Euboea is all Albanian. And in fact, on trying the test of family names, I find they are usually good Hellenic, as Eleutheriou, Oikonomou, and the like. If the conversation there was quiet and edifying, it was hardly so in the crowded agora below. My little round table at the 'Kaphareus' was soon hemmed in by a ring of people eight or ten deep; and a venerable *papas*, with little language and

limited understanding, is put forward as my interlocutor until he is relieved by the *scholarches* or Master of the Hellenic School, who is a Ph.D. of the National University. Naturally, the talk comes round to the schools; and I remark on the beggarly attendance in the girls' schools here as compared with the boys'. It is opening a new question for Karystos, the question of woman's education from the nineteenth century point of view; and I am bound to say that neither the priest nor the schoolmaster manifested any special intelligence or interest in the subject. But the crowd were eager to hear the new doctrine; and, as I had just taken the initiative in opening the great Polytechnic School at Athens to women, it was a real pleasure to expound and enforce it.

From that lecture, I went with the schoolmaster to look at the local antiquities; and the stroll was rewarded by the sight of one precious human document which might have something to say for the education of women in ancient Karystos. On the beach, amid the acres of ancient blocks already mentioned, lies one of pure white marble fresh from the bottom of the sea; and from it I have the joy of copying an inscription which no archæologist had yet seen. The block is a statue-basis and it registers the fact that "Phrynis, Praxagoras' daughter and wife of Eurytides, priestess of Artemis and Apollo, out of her own [means], dedicated the agalma of Artemis in payment of a vow." Ah, Phrynis, it was immortal luck your giving the goddess that agalma 'out of your own' and the act has floated your fair name over twenty centuries of oblivion. And what store of biography your stone-cutter chiselled in this

little space: of how many ancient worthies we shall forever seek in vain to learn as much. Lend me a poet for an hour up yonder in the glen and you shall see again fair Phrynis as she lived and the incense from the altar of Leto's Twins shall sweeten this air you breathe. And, if he be a true poet understanding his business after the old fashion, what splendid scenery shall embroider his verse. You shall witness the nuptials of Zeus and Hera actually celebrated up there on Mount Oche, where the unhappy pair's temple still stands.* And again, when that temple is already a thing of hoar antiquity, you shall see old Nestor with Diomed and Menelaus on the return from Troy putting in by night at Geraistos yonder to pay their tribute of many bullocks' thighs to the sea-god who had swelled their sails. And once more, when Homer's tale in its turn has become ancient history, you shall see the Mede on his way to Marathon besieging and reducing Karystos so effectually that ten years later her ships muster perforce with Xerxes' fleet at Salamis and the unlucky Karystians must needs do their penance under the teeth of Themistokles' harrow.

But it is high noon and our sail is set for the Attic shore. Still a swelling sea, but the run across to Laurion is straight away and fairly comfortable. True, we have taken on at Karystos a good freight of live stock—donkeys, calves, sheep and goats; and these throng the deck fore and aft so that other passengers must confine themselves to the little six by

* Or did stand, by common consent, at the time of my visit. Since then, however, Herr Wiegand has undertaken to show and very plausibly that the structure is not a temple at all but probably a Fourth Century beacon-station between the Cyclades or Chios and Pentelikon. *Athenische Mittheilungen,* xxi, 11-17.

nine cabin and the wheel deck above it. Even this is disputed territory, the goats insisting strongly on a cabin passage; and, sea-sick as she is, the old lady by my side shows fight when her bunch of fowls under the cabin table are forcibly removed. How they crow and cackle their delight as we draw near the Attic shore!

We set foot on Attic soil how gladly; and how restful the journey by the little Attic railway in the lengthening evening shadows which Hymettos spreads so softly over this garden of the Attic Midland. Again we have our early sunset under the mountain while an hour later, as we clear Hymettos, the second is swathing Kithairon in clouds of purple and gold.

CHAPTER IV.

A Summer Migration.

Under a fierce midsummer sun Athens is hardly a health resort and we were glad to turn our backs upon it for a season. The slow railway journey to Laurion was anything but a pleasure excursion for certain little invalids; but, once we catch the sight and smell of the sea at Thorikos, every eye is aglow with a new gladness; and when we sail out of Laurion harbour on still waters overbrooded by a heavenly peace, our faces fanned by the soft cool breath of the sea, we know that the omens are good and the Cyclades promise health and refreshing.

One never tires of this famous sea-path, in other days the track of crusading Agamemnon and invading Mede as it is to-day of the travel and traffic between the East and the West. The very boat, though built on modern lines by a Scotch firm at Piraeus, is a floating spectacle—a promiscuous huddle of humanity with their motley gear, all deck passengers, for the cabin is neither spacious nor sweet. A dressed pig in a poke swinging astern serves as a wave-vane; and to the fore ruminates a black cow with crumpled horns. Barring locomotion, pig and cow enjoy all the privileges of first-class passengers along with the silk-robed abbot from his island monastery, the jaunty midshipman from the naval academy, the Athenian grande dame with the

Court air, the fustanellaed gentleman of the old school, and picturesque islanders of every age, sex, and condition.

In this *èlite* society we steam off the Attic coast. Straight ahead, stretching eight miles long, from Thorikos to Sunium, rises a thin wedge of rock which seems at first to bar our way: it is Makronesi, 'long island.' Bleak and bare, it shelters the Laurion harbours, but seems itself deserted. One hut alone appears as we peruse it from West, North, and East. Yet this rough bare rock, like every other Hellenic spot, has its famous story. The old Greeks called it Helen's Isle, because (as Pausanias informs us) Helen with Menelaus landed on it after the sack of Troy; while Strabo identifies it with the traditional Kranaë, where the fair-haired beauty paused in her flight with Paris from "lovely Lacedaemon" to keep their guilty honeymoon. If the story be true, Paris was not the milksop that tradition paints him. You look in vain for a landing-place; and, for honeymoon, one could hardly go farther and fare worse.

The dream of that old wedding journey is broken by a ringing shout, and there alongside the ship we spy a huge dolphin that might have borne Arion and never felt his weight. It is a welcome sight in these waters as it is a welcome sound to hear our sailors hailing the classical creature with the very name by which it was known to Homer and Herodotus.

Once round the north point of Makronesi, our way is no longer barred. A fair, far prospect opens. To the North on one side the rugged sculpturesque Attic coastline; across the channel, Euboea's naked rump partly fig-leaved over by the Petal islets, just

big enough to serve His present Majesty of Greece for vineyard and wine-press,—while between the two shores shines the old safe waterway which once floated to Athens the gold and grain of Thrace, the timber of Macedon, and the steeds of Thessaly. What pictures flash upon the memory as the eye travels up that channel: the fleet of Agamemnon waiting for the wind at Aulis, the galleys of the Mede flying from Marathon, the myriads of Xerxes braved to the death by Leonidas and his handful of heroes at Thermopylae.

But our faces and our sails are set toward the Cyclades, that radiant ring of pearls centering in Delos. One shining chain of them prolongs the Attic peninsula, Keos (almost within touch), Kythnos, Seriphos, Siphnos; another double chain draws out the long reach of Euboea,—Andros, Tenos, and Gyaros, Mykonos and Syros (with Delos sandwiched between them), Paros and Naxos; while a cross chain of volcanic islets from Melos to Amorgos closes the circuit on the South. Not all the links are in the view at any one point, but enough of them and lying close enough together to suggest the notion of Cyclopean stepping-stones strewn across the Aegean.

But a truce to topography and the past. Sufficient for the day is the blessedness of it. Of all sanitaria, commend us to the sea—especially to the Aegean, when its breath is balm and it clothes itself in every skyey tint of heaven. Just to be afloat in this purple balmy Peace is foretaste enough of Elysian Fields or Paradise, or whatever country faith and imagination may prepare for the abode of the Blessed; but you must look out for the mood and often wait for it to blow over.

We float into Karystos and lie there an hour feeding our eyes on the lovely landscape again. Sketch-books are out and pencils busy with the lines of the lofty acropolis. But the subject is too large for the time. My own eyes are lifted to the summit of Ochê in the hope of making out the remains of that primeval temple on the spot where Zeus and Hera mated,—and the Olympian unpleasantness began,—evidently that is a matter of climbing and must wait. We glide across to Andros on a path of purple and gold, for behind us the sun is sinking on Euboea's hills, and Gavrion harbour receives us darkling. We are impatient of the stop, but it proves a long one, with its own lesson. We know better than ever that the island, whose gods were Poverty and Helplessness, is to-day fairly rich in flocks, for we take aboard some two hundred head of cattle, sheep and goats for the Syra market. Taking freight in the Aegean, and live freight in particular, is not after our fashion. Even at Piraeus there are no docks—every passenger must be rowed out and in. At Laurion, indeed, there is a little wooden pier from which you can scramble aboard this little boat. Gavrion has a good stone pier but it does not reach out to deep water. Upon this the brutes are driven; from it they are tumbled into little boats, and so rowed out to the steamer. Here the larger cattle are hoisted by pulley ropes,—four sailors belaying with their ἴσα ἴσα, while sheep and goats are tossed aboard as ruthlessly as so much dead matter. The wonder is that any of the beasts get to market alive. A year ago I witnessed here a bit of cruelty to make one's blood boil, and we see plenty of the like to-night. In the former case, a

steer jumped overboard, evidently preferring the deep sea to the Devil of inhumanity. But the poor beast got its fill of both; for, after being dragged out of the water by a rope tightened about its neck, it was hauled up the ship's side and on deck in the same barbarous way, with the life well-nigh strangled out of it. Another young bullock makes a break for liberty, leaping out of the little boat as it lies under us, and swimming bravely half way to shore before it is overtaken by two boys in a punt. Watching the pursuit, we wonder what they will do with it, for it is evidently exhausted, and loading it into the punt is out of the question. To the boys it appears an easy every-day matter. One dives for the rope and is in again with it in a twinkling, the other pulls away for the steamer. The poor brute is on its back, and hardly makes a struggle; it is towed out and hoisted back with every refinement of cruelty, yet alive. Strange how history repeats itself: an old writer tells us that the temple of Athena Tauropolos in Andros was founded on a spot where a steer, given to the Atreidae by King Anios, sprang from Agamemnon's galley and swam ashore. And after sailing on many seas, I have the Homeric scene reproduced under my eyes in this Andrian harbour.*

When we are done lading there is hardly an inch of deck in the clear. Unluckily our invalids are shut up in the little cabin, whose doors are both barricaded with beasts. Only as we are running into Batsi is a little space for egress cleared. It is 9 o'clock when we land on Andrian soil, or rather on the Andrian rocks—wondering that Philip does not meet us or at least send for the beds he has ordered

* See page 11.

from Athens by this boat, and which must be set up before we can sleep. The Batsi folk crowd the landing-rock, as is their wont, and there is no lack of porters. Big and little, we count ten, and our boxes, bags, and baskets are still more numerous. An old acquaintance from last summer's sojourn here, the son of the village priest, takes us in charge and marshals the procession. Up we scramble over the rocks, led by a line of porters, each with a lighted taper, till a door suddenly opens in a dead wall, and we are welcomed in strange quarters. It is not the Big House or Philip that receives us, but Philip's brother in his humbler dwelling communicating by the usual *volto* with his *magazi* below. It is a weird place as we are taper-lighted in, but bright enough with hospitable cheer. The indispensable *glyko* is at once forthcoming, and the house is ours.

"But where is Philip?"

"At home."

"Why, did he not receive my telegram?"

"No."

"And did not the boat bring our beds for the Big House?"

"No beds."

"But Philip's brother, the advocate in Athens, who was to attend to this, told us we should come on and that everything was ready. And I have his letter to Philip in my pocket."

So with a torch-bearer to light our way over tortuous tracks of rock, up and down and up again two of us clamber to the Big House. Philip has received no telegram, he has no beds, the advocate "knows letters, but not how to keep a hotel!"

"But you have *stromata* (shake-downs)?"

"Yes, for two or three."

We clamber down again to brother Gianni's—two family councils are held concurrently: outcome, half a dozen of us, invalids included, turn in with Gianni; the other four—we scramble up to Philip's again and thank Heaven for a shake-down. But there is a shaking up that we haven't bargained for. Not an earthquake, but a domestic volcano in eruption. Philip may run a hotel in the Polis, but seems to play second violin at Batsì; at least the household hegemony is in warm dispute, and our *symphonia* (which is Greek for bargain) is threatened with shipwreck in the squall. We begin to think it may be quite as comfortable in a humbler dwelling; and in the morning Philip proceeds to offer us house after house—his mother's, his brother-in-law's, his brother's. The village appears to belong to the Chalas family, and every household is ready to turn out at Philip's nod that we may turn in. But there is not a house among them big enough to hold us. At last, it is agreed (provisionally) that we shall occupy Gianni's dwelling together with some part of the Big House; and for two days we keep house on a ladder, so to speak. Our Andrian maid-of-all-work, who has served us a year at Athens, has thereby lost something of the goat-like agility to which she was born and bred amid the crags of Katakoilo at the top of the island; and it presently becomes a question of rigging a lift or vacating the ladder. Moreover, Gianni's house, though built on the wave-washed rocks, is shut in: only the shop gets the sea view and the sea breeze, while the living rooms on an upper terrace are crowded close by

other like dwellings which exclude both light and air; and the invalids are drooping. Something must be done. It takes the shape of a letter to Philip—in the most polite yet positive Greek at my command—a diplomatic ultimatum in fact. Now it is one thing to treat with a sovereignty, quite another with an appanage. In falling back on the original treaty of Batsì (my symphonia with Philip), I am forcing the issue of the household hegemony; and I am anything but confident of the result. There are councils and councils, the whole Chalas clan taking part; that letter is thumbed and studied and debated —possibly with a dictionary, for it is not in the Andrian dialect; and finally it does the business. We are to have the quarters originally engaged in the Big House at the top of the ladder, and the hamlet is forthwith pillaged to provide the furnishings.

Thirty-six hours after our arrival, Philip receives my telegram; it had been dispatched only sixty hours before our departure from Athens.

I am bound to add, however, that by the same messenger I received another dispatch from Athens only twelve hours old. The wire crosses just before our window, but the nearest office is at the capital, Andros, on the other side of the island, four hours distant by the worst of mountain tracks. No wonder there are but two mails a week, and a telegram from Athens may be as cold when you get it as a letter from London. My own dispatch announces the arrival in Athens of our Minister at Rome, Governor Porter, and of another countryman who should keep me company in some of these Aegean rambles, Professor Kerr of the University of Wisconsin.

Back to Athens then to welcome them! But our little steamer, returned from Syra over night, is already out of harbour and out of sight, and I shall have another chance in just a week. Such is communication between the Hellenic capital and our Andrian watering-place.

But it is all the more restful, and a little reflection is followed by thanksgiving that the *Mina* has got away.

CHAPTER V.

An Aegean Watering-Place.

The ideal summer resort should have a weekly mail and nothing more. Then people would stay long enough to get cool and fresh and rational again. Provided, that is, that not too many sophisticated folk seek the same spot; a family or two with a guest apiece is quite enough. So they may really enjoy the unconventional and come to know something of the strange life about them.

Up to date Batsí is that kind of watering-place. While polite Athens was fleeing from the awful heats of last summer to Kephisia or Phaleron, to Poros or Methana,—from crowded capital to crowding haunts —we stole away to this simple Andrian fishing hamlet, sole foreign visitors for the season. Quarters were close and living primitive, but we throve. This year we profit by that experience to come earlier and stay longer, to select our quarters and hold them against fate, but we can hardly count on the old monopoly. Already a German lady, with her child and nurse, is installed up one of the glens half an hour distant; and the next boat is actually to bring visitors from trans-Atlantic shores. But sufficient for the day.

Fancy a little cove hollowed in a sea-girt mountain rock and opening southward on the softest of sum-

mer seas,—this full-bosomed Aegean all atwinkle with the marble radiance which the Homeric eye had already caught and the Homeric mind eternalized in a word (μαρμάριος). No illimitable oceanic expanse with unbroken horizon that gives you an unearthly homesick feeling; but a canny, comfortable, island-studded sea which the eye traverses without weariness, with buoyancy, resting now on Keos with its softly serried outline and its glorious poetic memories, now on Kythnos, laid like a yoke upon the water, now on Gyaros, nearest yet loneliest of rocks! Climb higher and isle by isle the sea shall lift up her treasures till from the dome of Kouvári these Pearls of Hellas shall flash a full coronal upon your view. Such is Batsí looking outward, such the mind-cure it ministers.

The little cove offers three perfect sand-beaches: one is under our windows, and there lies the Batsí fleet, now seven pretty two-masted caïques. Above this the hamlet perches on the rocks on either side of the deep narrow gorge which brings down the mountain water, a trickle or a torrent with the changing seasons. There may be fifty houses, and our Big House looks down upon them all. Straight across the cove we face a second sand-beach—a lovely crescent with horns of rugged cliff. There we kept our evening picnic yesterday; and while the little ones were afloat, each buoyed up by a pair of great gourd-shells, I lay on the shelving rock and mused on a new mystery. Firmly set in the cliff, as if they had sprouted from it, stand at short intervals three perfect ancient columns—one of them a delicate white marble streaked with serpentine, and still some six feet in height. Here and now they

are simply mooring stones—for the Andrian, like the Homeric, sailor 'loosens his cable from a pierced stone' (πείσμα δ' ἐλυσαν ἀπὸ τρητοῖο λίθοιο. *Iliad*, i, 436); but when and whence came they thither? What story might they not tell of the ancient city a few miles distant, or possibly what greater tale of Holy Delos not too far away for the Andrian spoiler!

The little cape that gives us this beach also lends the tiny harbour its security: over this low saddle on it we catch from our windows another glancing bit of sea and then a nest of tiny islets lying off Gavrion's harbour-mouth, then a dimmer bit of sea, and, last of all, the cloud-like Attic mountains. That is our sunset track.

But *the* beach of Batsí is the larger curve, where the cove heads at the North. It is a good five minutes' walk around from cliff to cliff on the softest of sand, and when your walk is done Dame Nature has all things ready for the lustral rites. There are dressing rooms hollowed in the cliffs, and great smooth rock shelves for the sea-plunge and the after sun-bath. Of all the Newports and Brightons and Phalerons in the world, not one can offer more superb accommodations. And nature and you have it all to yourselves. Man has never lifted hammer here. And this beach has yet another distinction: above it stretches a wide expanse of level land—there must be three acres of it—so level that you could lie down on it without rolling off—and tolerably green, though the south sea-winds have blown the sand upon it to its hurt.

There you have Batsí looking out and looking down; the picture gets its background when you lift up your eyes to these everlasting hills. For these

islands are only insulated mountain ranges or mountain peaks. Turn on the sea again and what exquisite islands you have in Hymettos, Pentelikon and Parnes! Sweep out the Aegean, and what a Switzerland you make of the Cyclades! Andros is like its fellows,—only, next to Naxos, the largest of them all. Over a tumbled mass of rugged acclivities the eye travels up to the top of it all—the symmetrical dome of Kouvári towering over 3,000 feet above the sea. The top of the Cyclades (Zia in Naxos) is barely a hundred feet higher.

If you want more topography, you must climb for it. Our business at Batsì is rest, and we propose to have our fill of it. Once settled in the Big House, we begin to live. Not riotously, for until the fruits ripen the market is a meagre one. Even fish is scarce, while butter is yet to be introduced; but with their pure mountain pasture the sheep and goats give choice milk which makes rare cheese, if you can get it while still moist and sweet. The Andrian cows' milk is too precious for anything but suckling calves, and so Andrian cattle are sought all over Greece for their strength and endurance. From the story of Agamemnon's guest-gift, we may infer that it was always so: for it was with its choicest that ancient hospitality would speed the parting guest. Andrian bread is not for the fastidious, but a stout staff for all that. You can get good eggs in plenty, and very small potatoes; and for fresh fruit and rare red wine even now one need only send a boy with a basket up a mulberry tree. A fortnight later we shall be luxuriating on the grape and the fig. A fowl now and then may fall in your way; but, for a banquet, look out for a fat lamb and roast it whole in the

village baker's oven or have it done to a turn on a spit in the open air. Such a holocaust was ours yesterday, and in our felicity we forgot to envy them that dwell in Kings' Houses.

True, eating and drinking is not the greatest thing in the world, else every-day life on an island without a market would leave much to be desired. But Nature, the dear old nurse, has other ministries, and the child upon her knee thrives even on a scant larder. Before our eyes opened that first morning at Batsì, the little ones had gone fishing, and were actually hooking the tiny finny things with their fingers. And what a week it was! The long restful mornings on our upper balcony with the dream of study dissolving in the reality of vision. I had loaded myself with literature to delve in the life of the old Greeks; and lo! here are the old Greeks doing business under our eyes—fishing, bartering, wrangling, digging, building, carrying water from the village spring, washing on the smooth stones in the brook, winnowing barley on the hill-top threshing floors, tending their little flocks and tilling their tiny holdings, creating them even so that to-day our windows look down on a little green garden where was a yawning chasm a fortnight since. Is not this the folk, this the life, that Agamemnon and Themistokles and Alkibiades must have found here! As our eyes open every morning they rest upon that bare brown rock over the way which was the country of Simonides, and one can almost grasp his hand across the narrow sea and over all those summer centuries.

The Keian lyre is hushed, but there is still music on these waters. Our siesta done—and it is no

winking matter in these isles of eternal afternoon—we bundle off for our sunset picnic. Big baskets of provender, bathing-gear, fishing-tackle, *impedimenta* of a procession tapering down from the grizzled *proxenos* to four-year-old 'Snip'—goal of the march the clean roomy sailboat *Phaneromenê*, with our brawny skipper Georgi at one oar, and his old henchman Barb Gianni at the other. In we stow and off we row for some quiet cove with a sandy beach and a near spring and a green glen. With the rhythmic dip of oars the music spirit stirs and out comes little Sara's violin. No plantation darkey was ever more eager to

> Lay down the shovel and the hoe
> And take up the fiddle and the bow

than are our Andrian boatmen to see the black box open and the trained fingers toying with the strings. And when the clear notes ripple out and nine big and little voices take up the words of some simple melody—well, with all their piping and fluting, the old Greeks knew nothing of that music. It would be a fine thing to hear Simonides training a chorus again over yonder at Karthaia, and no end of help to us in our study of the old drama; but for downright deliciousness commend me to the 'Swanee River,' or 'Annie Laurie,' or 'Home, Sweet Home,' mixed up with the liquid droppings of the fiddle as you float in the sunset or the moonlight on the still Aegean.

And then to clamber out on the sands—to lose yourself in the surf, that just plays with you and turns you out in a glow of new life—to fall to with the new-whetted appetite that gives your frugal

banquet on the rocks a relish beyond nectar and ambrosia! Then to watch the sunset as it lays its purple glow upon the sea, or lifts up its crimson banners in the west, until the Attic coast rises near and clear in the transfiguring illumination! At nine you may think of coming in for the little ones' sake—and the float back under a full moon fits you to put on your night cap, and in the sea's lullaby that follows and will not let you go to forget every word but *rest*.

So passed our first week at Batsí. We had evacuated a hospital, so to speak, and we brought no physic. But the best of nurses, the prince among physicians, had taken us in hand. Nature and the Sea had got in their work. The little ones, tossing with fever a week ago, were again in the flush of health—swimming like ducks,—clambering the cliffs like so many young goats.

CHAPTER VI.

The Squally Sea and Syra.

Thus I left them for a week's duty at Athens; and, that duty done, I set my face again and gladly towards our Andrian retreat, carrying off Professor Kerr to share it with us for a time. Instead of returning by way of Laurion, we had decided to take a Piraeus steamer to Syra in order to see more of the intervening isles and arrange for a later visit to Delos. That was a woeful decision—a sad case of confidence misplaced. Though it was a serene Summer morning (July 28) when we steamed out of Piraeus on the Hellenic Company's big *Heptanesos*, it began to rain as we passed Sunium and the squally * sea gave us a good churning before we dropped anchor in Syra harbour.

We had been nearly twelve hours from Piraeus instead of eight, and we lost no time in seeking rest and food. Ask for the best hotel anywhere in the Levant and you may count on being directed to a Hotel d'Angleterre or Grande Bretagne: it is a subtle flattery that gives Her Majesty's subjects everywhere a choice between the two biggest words on the map, whereas the pilgrims from all other

* The etymology which derives *Aegean* from αἰγίς, in the sense of *squall, hurricane,* is absolutely convincing—in its season.

shores as a rule find nothing homelier than a Hotel de l'Europe or des Etrangers. It is generally safe to select your hotel for its name's sake and turn in under the British arms—not always that these guarantee good living; but you are pretty sure to go further only to fare worse. So we found it in Syra, where the Angleterre is unquestionably the best of a bad lot. Its cuisine tended to aggravate rather than to allay our sea-sickness, but we were not looking forward to a long stay.

We dined and made a call, and at eleven o'clock went aboard the *Mina*, which was to leave at midnight and land us at Batsí on her way to Laurion. We stretch out on the benches of the bridge-deck under the twinkling stars, fearing no evil; but we have scarcely cleared the mole when Boreas bears down upon us in a howling rage and we are in for the worst storm of the season. There is a new man at the wheel who speaks English, but not of the kind that rules the waves. Fireman frantic keeps rushing up to reiterate that the coal-stores are flooded and fire going out. If we can only get across the channel and under lee of Tenos, we shall be all right, says the man at the wheel; but we are more likely to go to the bottom. Every lurch threatens to be our last; no such cockle-shell can outride this storm. So eventually our helmsman comes to realize—the captain has not shown himself on deck though said to be sleeping below—and the boat is put about and driven straight before the wind back to Syra.

After four hours of that sea even the Hotel d' Angleterre seemed inviting. We turned in there and found a room and beds as sweet and clean as heart could wish—a very godsend, as it proved.

For we had three long days and nights to spend there before the sea and the waves should be stilled; and on my three doses of the deep I was in a condition to be seasick ashore. But for the pleasant room looking out on the pretty little square and the Professor's nursing, I should have had a bad enough time of it; yet with these I was able even to survive the stews that were carried up to me by the Angleterre's man-of-all-work, who with the landlord and scullion made up (so far as one could see) the personnel of the establishment. Syra has a good market and fruit especially abounds: but from the hotel *menu* (scrawled in execrable Greek) one would fancy the island provisioned exclusively with veal. Now, veal is my pet aversion: and to have it thrust under my nose three days running lent the very word βιδελάκι, bastard Latin at best, a new horror.

It was tantalizing enough to be shut up at Syra with Delos only two hours distant. For Delos was the goal of our desires, and Syra has little of interest outside of its own picturesqueness. A pretty picture, indeed, as you look up at it from the water, with the new town swung up on the cliffs by the sea while behind and above rises old Syra, a steep symmetrical cone terraced with houses and topped off with a pretty church. From the Middle Ages down to the War of Independence this sky-piercing acropolis was the *polis*—perched out of range of the corsairs who swept these seas, and impregnable in its very nature. When the war-cloud burst and the Eastern Aegean was harried by the Turk, the Chiots and Psariots who had escaped the brutal butchery of their native islands fled hither and laid the foundations of a new city, which soon came to

be the commercial metropolis of the Greeks and so continued until outgrown by Piraeus and Patras within recent years. This new town occupies the site of the ancient Hellenic one—probably abandoned early in the Middle Ages when the upper town was built. Of the ancient city the new founders effectually buried whatever remains they may have found: only a few seats of the Theatre and some blocks of the Temple of Poseidon Asphaleios and Amphitrite are said to be still visible. Judging from the silence of history, neither city nor island had obtained any great importance in antiquity. The Homeric poems indeed describe the island—if it is to be identified with the country of the royal swineherd Eumaeus—as

> Fertile in flocks, in herds, in wine, in corn;*

but it does not look it to-day. On the contrary its aspect is one of exceptional sterility; and well-nigh the entire population seems to be concentrated in the capital and old Syra. There is little running water and few trees outside of the city-gardens, yet the island is said to yield no little corn and wine: hardly enough, I judge to qualify it as *οἰνοπλῆθής* or *πολύπυρος*. And for cattle and sheep we have seen that the Syra market depends largely on Euboea and Andros. Of more human interest, little has come down to us: the island is most frequently mentioned as the home of the philosopher Pherekydes, is said to have been Ionized by Athenian immigrants led by Hippomedon, to have been betrayed later by one Killikon to the Samians, and

*εὔβοτος, εὔμηλος, οἰνοπλῆθής, πολύπυρος. *Odyssey*, xv, 404.

it appears in the tribute-lists as a member of the earlier Attic confederacy. Then it vanishes from history, though some remaining inscriptions show that it continued to be a comparatively prosperous community to the time of the later Roman Empire. In the later Middle Ages it was a possession of the Dukes of Naxos.

In refounding the ancient city the Chian remnant builded better than they knew, and their nineteenth century Syra doubtless outbloomed all its predecessors on this spot—at least commercially. It became what Delos had once been, the great central station of Levantine commerce. It is little more than a decade since every Western traveller had to come to Syra on his way to Athens: this was, indeed, the one entrepot of the Greek kingdom. Trade was brisk, ship-building flourished, the town grew rich. Walk through the Northern part of the new town and you see the evidence of this in the broad clean streets and the pretty little square, all paved with cut marble. Around the square cluster well built hotels, coffee-houses, markets, while on one side of it rises the marble town-hall—one of the finest public buildings in Greece. The neighbouring church, built of honest marble and innocent of stucco, is a far nobler structure than the Metropolis of Athens—to say nothing of its superb site and the pretty little park with the Lion Monument which faces it.

This quarter is made up of stately dwellings which look out upon the sea, any one of them commanding a semicircle of islands, with Mykonos and Big and Little Delos lying in a group straight before you. Such is the sea front of Syra to the North. To the South a little back from the harbour curves the long

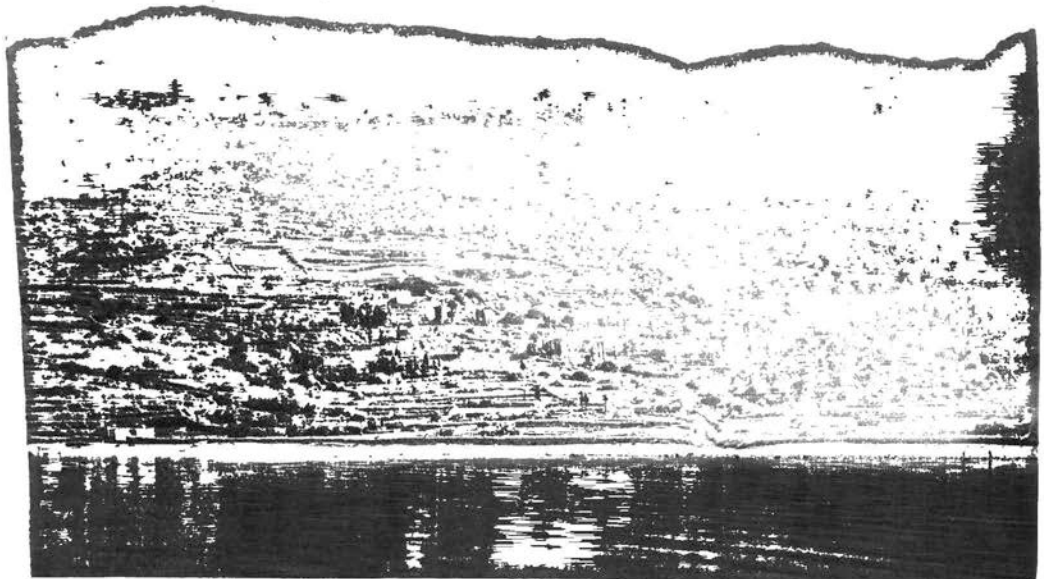
Poseidonia boulevard—the favourite drive of the town; for there are carriages in Syra, and even a carriage road to a watering-place three hours distant. We walked through the Poseidonia to the ship-yards where ten vessels were on the stocks in various stages of progress. Then we took a turn inland, and were shown a noble mansion set in the midst of rich gardens on a sightly eminence: the whole property, gardens and all, being to let for sixty drachmae or less than ten dollars per month. This tells the story of decline: railroad-building in Greece has diverted commerce to Patras and Piraeus, and the latter is rapidly resuming its ancient prestige. As a result Syra is stranded; the great Hellenic steamship company, its strongest financial institution, is bankrupt, and its business in the hands of a Scotch firm at Piraeus; the hum of industry and the din of trade have in great measure died away; and empty tenements abound. The city of Hermes (Hermoupolis), fitly named for its brief and brilliant career, has had its day; and unless this generation of Hermoupolitans has salted down a lot of money, the next one may see grass growing through their marble pavements. We were told that the fine town-hall was only a mortgaged monument to pride and improvidence, and the seven per cent. was already pinching sore.

It's a long lane that knows no turning and old Syra looks down from her eyrie with a complacent "I told you so." These are two worlds—the shore and the mountain. The old population is Roman Catholic and largely of Venetian stock: having long before abandoned the shore and the sea-cliffs, they sold out their holdings there to the newcomers (all

orthodox Greeks) and extended their possession inland wherever there was a little glen with a bit of a brook to water it. So they have grown rich, for islanders, in flocks and fruit,—the substantial wealth in all ages; while they have seen the bubble swell and shine and burst down below. As we clambered up to the deep torrent bed which separates the two communities, our companion—a Greek resident in our own Consular service—had much to tell of their singular relations and antipathies. Not only is there a great gulf between them in the matter of Faith: their dialect differs to such a degree that communication is difficult. And to cap the climax, they are in perpetual feud about their common boundary. Old Syra claims a stretch of sterility below the torrent bed, and new Syra will not yield an inch: it is the kind of question that used to bring on war when Greek states crowded one another so close that two or three acres of territory more or less was a serious matter. Now, while the two Syras appear to be one town in every point of view until you get in between them, they are two demes or townships—each with its own town government. In case of war, old Syra would have an unfair advantage; it would only be necessary to loosen a few crags and let them go. They would do the business for the shore folk.

At last on Monday morning (August 1), the wind had fallen and the *Mina* ventured out. We had a good passage with clear view, taking in at once Naxos and Paros, the group about Delos, and Gyaros and Tenos between which lay our course. The South and West coast of Andros we perused closely and, when midday found us at home in the Big House at Batsí, it was with a feeling, that,

through however much tribulation, we had transferred a good section of the Cyclades from the map to the mind. And with all our *mal de mer*, the sea-cure had gone on at home. The faces that welcomed us were as fresh as we were fagged.



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PALAEOPOLIS : SITE OF THE ANCIENT CITY OF ANDROS

CHAPTER VII.

An Oldtown Picnic.

Georgi was already bespoken for the row, and morning found us again with all our picnic impedimenta, violin included, stowed away on the good *Phaneromenê*, and her sails set toward Palaeopolis (or Oldtown). The sea was still, the day perfect, and all hands happy—save one. On him the power of the sea outlasted her squally mood and gave him a rolling gait for many days. But, even so, the goal was full of interest.

We had already put in on our evening junkets at every little cove between Batsí and the ancient city, drank from the mountain springs, and roamed the glens. But Palaeopolis was a new revelation in beauty—another proof of the old Greek felicity in selecting their sites whether for sanctuaries or for cities. The choice here was not determined by considerations of a good harbour; for harbour, strictly speaking, there is none. The bay opens like a saucer instead of narrowing to a bottle-neck. Something was done to give security and anchorage in a pinch, as the remains of a rude ancient mole still witness. But it is clear from the first glance at the coast, as it is certain from the old writers, that the real harbour of the capital was Gavrion, some eight or ten miles North. Our little cove at Batsí is the

only nearer haven and that quite inadequate. Why then was not the ancient city pitched above Gavrion? Possibly because the founder Andreus, being son of the river Peneios, wanted plenty of fresh water and found it here. With an eye to landscape he could hardly have chosen another spot. From the sea one looks upon a mighty amphitheatre—a semi-circle of noble hills topped off with the dome of Kouvári, which dominates all Andros and much of the Aegean. Right up the centre of the vast theatre ascends the κακὴ σκάλα (*bad ladder*), as it is called: it is in fact a black cascade starting from the very summit and weird enough even in the dry season—with the winter torrents full it must be a grand spectacle. Under these mountain walls perched the ancient city—the κοῖλον of the great theatre,—with a very narrow level of beach to suggest the orchestra, which the mind's eye must widen seaward.

Landing on this bit of sand, occupied now by a rude store-house for the onions and other exportables of the place, we make our way as usual up the dry torrent bed seeking shade and spring. One finds it a hard road to travel, notwithstanding the old marbles he may stumble over in the channel or see built into its embankments. A half-mile scramble brings us to the lower springs shaded by fine old willows—a tree not often found in Greece. The water trickles from a great rock into a considerable basin, then flows out to form a little pool, and from this again goes dribbling down the rocks. Here we pile our *impedimenta* and prepare to picnic. Little Helen inserts a split reed in the smitten rock above and this tiny aqueduct fills our cups with pure cold water. Further up the children discover what they

dub 'the ivy-throne'—a great bending willow festooned with the Dionysiac κισσός—and here they hold court and 'high jinks' all by themselves.

Meantime, after our late start and long sail, it is high noon and a dozen individual famines are imminent. The fire is lighted, the red mullets are broiled, tea is drawn, and the baskets are emptied on the great flat rock prepared for our table before the generations were brought forth. The rest of us fall to with scant ceremony and appetite to lick the platters clean; but one has toyed with the banquet—our budding jurist, Michael, already introduced in connection with an Andrian *cause célèbre*. Contenting himself with a hasty bite, he resumes his mysterious enterprise of draining the lower pool by first engineering a new channel and then dipping out the water that remains. The youth must have put in two arduous hours at this business and then at last we see what he is up to: the pool is an eel-pot and, once drained, he proceeds to spear with a table-fork four eels that are left wriggling in the mud. They are not

> The best of eels, the loveliest and the best—
> First-born of fifty damsels of the lake,

—such as the Theban brings from Kopais for Dikaiopolis in the *Acharnians*—and they are too late for dinner; but they garnished our table next day.

Dinner done, rugs are spread on the rocks in the cool willow-shade and who will may stretch him out and doze. Two of us are minded to do nothing else—the sea-sick pilgrim for cause, and the little maid with the violin for company. The rest at once or after a brief siesta scatter—some

to forage (by leave) on vineyards and gardens against another famine at eventide; others, with the professor, to trace out the ancient city. We who stay enjoy our undisturbed repose till late in the day. Then company begins to drop in, bringing their curiosity with them. The first comers, two fishermen, worry us with an Albanian jargon calculated to wear out a well man until at last the little maid draws her bow and our troubles are over. By evening, when the stragglers return with full baskets and store of archæology, the violin has evoked from the rocks as it were a goodly audience, and the theatre of Palaeopolis enjoys a simple opera—the first, it may be, in fifteen centuries. Sunset rings down the curtain as of old; the willow shades are deepening; again our table is spread upon the rock. Then we go down to the beach, and bathe, and float back to Batsí in the mellow moonlight, brawny Georgi and Barb Gianni keeping time with the oars to the melody of viol and voices.

CHAPTER VIII.

Some Oldtown Folk in the Flesh.

At our first merry-making under the willows, I had seen but a sylvan solitude where once throbbed the ancient city's heart. So a week later I pieced out the picnic with a more strenuous pilgrimage.

It was not now the dreamy drift of the *Phanerομenê*, but a mountain march; and it convinced me that Alkibiades may have been no carpet knight after all. It was the same track which he and Themistokles and Ptolemy and Attalos must have taken to besiege or storm the capital; and I can now testify that it was no common achievement just to trail up these hills and then trail down again.

I could have had no better auxiliary than Dr. Paul Wolters, of the German Archæological Institute at Athens, whose mount was a much enduring mule, while mine was Cæsar's diminutive donkey with legs a good many centimeters short of my own. Our good friend Gianni, the shopkeeper, piloted the way and we had an agogiat to prod the beasts. Any one who has made an Andrian overland journey will know that his was no pastime: steering a donkey up and down the Devil's Ladder which goes for a road here is the landsman's 'labouring oar.' If any one could have a harder pull of it, it is the rider whose legs are constantly dragging on the sharp rocks or getting jammed against the stone walls, while his

head is in imminent peril from the brambles and thorny oaks which overhang them.

It is two hours and a half from Batsì to Palaeopolis and strenuous hours they are though the distance can hardly exceed five or six miles. This is broken by as many glens, each an oasis evoked from the barren rock and affording delicious springs or fountains, while in every sheltered spot the figs are bursting in the sun and the ripe clusters load the ground or hang over the walls.

A last steep climb and Palaeopolis lies beneath us—even more picturesque, though less awesome, than it looked from the sea. For the mountain wall is at our back and the great hollow stretching down to the water's edge is a wilderness of orchards and gardens out of which shines at intervals a white cottage or a snowy dove-cote. We leave the road, sending on the donkeys to scale by it another steep ascent, and cross the tiny terrace-fields to the hamlet, which with its thirty odd cottages replaces the ancient city. Such is the riot of vegetation in this favoured spot that hardly half a dozen houses in the hamlet can be seen from any one of them, while every one has a sea-view to be an artist's despair.

Our first call is on the village priest. He receives us hospitably in a great clean airy room floored with terra-firma and furnished with a good settee, a few chairs, and a table covered with batches of very thin dough ready for the baking. The wife, a sunny-faced little woman, promptly appears with the inevitable sweets and water; and then we fall to on local archæology. Now there can be no worse authority on such matters than a Greek priest. Our dear old Archimandrite in Athens had lived half a

life-time, hard by one of the great historic monuments there without knowing what it was. In an out-of-the-way region of Argolis, I once met a priest who had ministered for eighteen years in a little church built on the ruins of a Demeter temple and yet remained quite unconscious that the Panagia he served was not the first Mother of Sorrows to be worshipped on that spot. So with our *papas* at Palaeopolis: to our first inquiry about the acropolis he declared there was no such thing there, an opinion in which I found every other villager concurring, though one of them knew of the acropolis at Athens; and it dawned upon us presently that *acropolis* had ceased to be a common noun—driven from the field by *kastro*. But in the course of these inquiries even Dr. Wolters had come to doubt the existence of a citadel—maintaining rationally enough that such a *polis* as must have occupied these rugged acclivities was an acropolis in itself.

With all his want of erudition, and he was evidently illiterate, the good priest is the sole minister of Palaeopolis in things intellectual as well as spiritual. There is no school of any kind in this community of thirty households except what he provides, and this is probably limited to the catechism.

In the good man's company we next visit Gianni's uncle Aristides—the old fisherman we had already met that first day at Philip's table. A twinge of rheumatism now accents his Doric gravity as he receives us under his own roof. It is the Big House of the place with a spacious and lofty *megaron*—its ground-floor trodden smooth and hard, while every appointment, from the slender red cypress stems

that form the ceiling to the handsome *narghileh* in the corner speaks of cleanliness and comfort. Anon bustles in the house-wife—a matron Aristophanes in his kindlier moods might have delighted to put upon his stage. Short, stout, rippling over with sunny humour, one would think she had been born laughing and was laughing her way back to heaven because she couldn't help it. She is no rustic but born and bred at the new Andrian capital across the island, and proud of the fact. As she purrs and bubbles, a worthy tritagonist comes upon the scene; it is the daughter of the house, with the tray of sweets and water again, a comely damsel with all her mother's plumpness and her father's quiet dignity. She has the bearing of a lady, yet she has never seen Athens, never been off these Andrian rocks, probably never passed a school-house door. She is followed soon by the son of the house, a young Hermes of abundant brawn, whose unstudied grace had captivated us all at our picnic under the willows.

But, the first rites of hospitality honoured, we resume our social round leaving the priest under orders from Mistress Aristides to light the kitchen fire and help cook our dinner, an example of usefulness to all country parsons,—a reminiscence, too, it may be, however humble and far-off, of the age when Achaean princes butchered their own beeves and barbecued them over the hearth of the throne-room.

Among our morning calls there was one that brought into yet more exquisite antithesis this eternally hob-nobbing old and new. It was a lowly cottage and a simple hostess, with the unvarying Andrian spirit—that of unconscious refinement in the hospitable offices. After the canonical sweets and

water, out from some hidden chest the good dame fetches a bit of marble steeped in the sunset tint the world knows best as the glory of the Parthenon. It is a plaque, not more than six inches by three, and the relief represents Kybele, with cup and cymbal in either hand and her lions in her lap, enthroned in her sanctuary, while Hermes and Hekate (wrought in low relief on the pilasters) seem to guard her portals. The piece, though Hellenic—second century, perhaps,—is an artisan's rather than an artist's work, as such votive offerings usually were; but the exquisite marble and the faithful mythology give it real interest. What a subject to pick up in one's garden—a document of primitive faith in which the wear and waste of twenty centuries have not marred a letter. Coming out, we observe that the garden in front is a tiny cornfield. Thus the new world, sunning itself in the sweetness and light of old Greece, makes some return. On a spot consecrated to the Mother of the Gods, our milky roasting-ear in its prime!

No wonder our mouths water as we return to Uncle Aristides' to lunch. We pass through the little kitchen, its roof utilized as a wood-yard, and in a long low shed of a room opening on the court we are now presented to another member of the family, quite as interesting in her way as the Marble Lady with the Lions. It is the grandmother, claiming 'a hundred years and a hundred children'—both claims, I have reason to believe, well grounded; and here she sits erect, plying her distaff with eyes as sharp and wits as bright as either daughter or granddaughter can boast. She is a native of the island capital, the χώρα, and answered my questions about

Theophilos Kaïres and his school without hesitation, but when I spoke of his peculiar theology she tilted her chin.* I find it hard to get any Andrian to talk on the subject.

The old lady is the first accredited centenarian I have met on the island but there are said to be plenty of them, as indeed there are all over Greece. One can hardly take up an Athenian newspaper without meeting the obituary of one, and not unfrequently the age stated runs ten to twenty years over the hundred. But the Greeks were always fond of round numbers and the long bow, and there were no parish registers under the Turk. So the ages of the old are mere matters of tradition to be taken on trust: in the present instance there seems to be no room for scepticism. Half the grown men one meets about Batsì claim this fruitful dame as grandmother.†

Her son-in-law, Aristides, is a man to be looked

*ἀνανεύειν (*to nod up*) is immemorial Greek for every shade of dissent.

† The Athenian *Hestia* (Jan. 24, 1895) chronicles with every detail of proof the death of a Naxian, Jakobos Detses, at the age of 156. And statistics show that of persons aged 95—100 Greece has 1 : 12,000 against France 1 : 83,000, while of those over 100 Greece has 1 : 16,678 against France 1 : 382,000. The Greek (that is to say) has seven chances to the Frenchman's one to survive the age of 95, and twenty-one chances to his one to round the century goal. Dr. Ornstein, late Surgeon General of the Army, was an authority on the subject; and he ascribes Greek longevity to good climate, pure air, simple food, superior physique, and infrequency of hereditary disease. All these causes will operate at their maximum on an out-of-the-way island like Andros. *A propos* of Greek longevity and its causes, old Tournefort on the occasion of a visit to the Samian Convent of Our Lady of the Thunder notes some curious facts. "Among other rarities they showed us the Dean of Mankind, if I may so say; an honest caloyer 120 years old, who still amuses himself with cutting of Wood and looking after the Mill. We were

up to. His holdings are several hundred feet in perpendicular extent and his terrace-walls have arrested enough decomposed rock to sustain an abundance of olives, figs and vines—all heavy-laden, thanks to careful tillage and constant irrigation from unfailing springs. Under his dwelling—everything here is *under* or *over* and the terms do not imply literal superposition—is his mill turned by the usual waterfall from a high flume and grinding his own and the neighbours' corn. Such possessions, with a relatively big house and a fishing boat, distinguish the first family of Palaeopolis.

We found a little square table spread for the four of us, muleteer included, and our host. Mother and daughter in this primitive society rarely sit down with their guests. For Lent, it was very good—fish, eggs, potatoes, salad, fruit, and a home-made claret quite fine and free from resin. For dessert there were peaches from the garden, very large and fine looking but as usual quite unripe. You rarely find here a fine peach, pear or apple—for one reason because they are not left to ripen on the tree; and Greeks undervalue their own tropical fruits from their very abundance. Hence the foreigner is sure to be offered what he would throw away at home,

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informed he never in the whole Course of his Life drank anything but mere Wine and Brandy. Lest such an instance be urged to countenance those who drink Wine to excess, I shall subjoin another quite contrary to it: M. Lappazuolo, a Greek by Nation and Consul of Venice at Smyrna, never drank any thing but Water and yet lived to be 118 years old; but what redounds more to the honour of his Memory is his having one Daughter 18 years old and another 85, without reckoning a Son who dy'd near 100 years old."

while the most delicious fruits are going to waste all around him. The mulberries, which are just so many cups of red wine, either empty their libations to Mother Earth or are distilled into strong brandy (*Mouroraki*), while the wild blackberry—feast for the gods—is left to dry up on the stone walls.

CHAPTER IX.

Some Torn Leaves of Andrian Story.

In our morning ramble we had stumbled on more than one bit of Andrian antiquity—caught more than one glimpse of a deep background against which the Oldtown folk of to-day stand out in yet more trenchant relief.

Oldtown we say, for short and homely; quite as legitimate, too, as its Greek synonym Palaeopolis, which passes for a name with the peasants. A proper name it can hardly be, here or elsewhere. Point anywhere in Greece to a dead city—as I did one day in Aegina—and ask your guide 'What is that old town?' and back like an echo will come the answer 'Oldtown.' Whether *Palaeochori*—which is the every-day designation—or the less usual Palaeopolis, as here, the term always carries a suggestion of the immemorial, though the peasant rarely distinguishes very sharply between Moslem and Mycenaean antiquity. I remember a goatherd feeding his little flock on a bit of grass slope right under the acropolis walls at Athens, who assured me that Perikles fought the Turk; while an Andrian youth named Leonidas told me that his great namesake was a *Klepht* who fought at Plataea.

In its great days, undoubtedly, the Andrian capital had no name but Andros, as was true wherever there was but one island-city. Keos with her tetrapolis

was an exception and Rhodes and Lesbos were others. The rule could hardly have been otherwise, considering how the ancient city was all in all and the territory nothing but a base of supplies. Attica was a geographical term, but it never had the least political significance: that was all summed up in Athens.

Andros, now, doubtless became Palaeopolis or Oldtown when—evidently about the eleventh century—it was deserted to set up a new capital with the old name on the other side of the island. Here, then, after an immemorial career, she has sat in her solitude for well nigh a thousand years save as the silence has been broken by a little handful of humanity such as we now see living its quiet life on the spot.

Well, this ghost of a city has not left itself without a witness. New Andros doubtless carried away what she could to build her new walls, but the eleventh century cared precious little for the Past. The archives of old Andros—not on papyrus or parchment, but in stone—were not worth 'toting' over the roof of the island. Hence the ground is 'full of letters,' as the peasants say, and the ploughshare and the hoe and even the snouts of the swine keep turning up these marble pages—not only texts, but now and then illuminated texts. Indeed, with a little digging and patching, one might put together the torn leaves of Andrian story, rebuild the ancient altars, set up again the old marble gods, even chant their very liturgy composed and hymned upon this spot.

But instances are better than generalities. Let us ramble. And note as we go, that there are two

ways of archæologizing in Greece—the hard way of the spade and the handy one of just keeping your eyes open and watching the walls. Here, however, the spade has done no scientific work as yet, but every peasant who could pick up a torso, relief or inscription has proceeded forthwith to build it into the front wall of his house, right side up or upside down as it happened. If there be but one bit, it goes over the lintel; if more, they are thrust in where they will do the most good in decorative effect. The first example we meet is a fine marble *stele* bearing a long inscription in characters of the fourth century. Unfortunately, the letters being small and in the full blaze of the noonday sun, we could not then read it and were unable to return.

We fare better at the house of Gianni Loukrezês, whose upper terrace yields an incomparable sea view. Over his lintel and projecting a good bit both ways is a great marble slab some six feet long and two broad. It has been carefully whitewashed with the rest of the wall, but through the lime you can still read a Hymn to Isis chiselled on it in four columns of some 180 lines when this was a blooming Roman city, and here as at Delos and Athens the gods of Egypt hob-nobbed with the gods of Greece.

No doubt there was an Isis temple here, as we find another of Serapis and Isis under the Athenian acropolis, reminding us of Aristophanes' complaint that 'Athens was turned into Egypt by a host of strange gods.' Here we can fix a probable date for the incoming of the Egyptian cult, for in 308 B.C. Ptolemy Soter brought Andros a momentary deliverance from the Macedonian yoke, and in thank-offering for this intervention, the Andrians may well

have built a house for 'the linen-robed queen of Egypt, golden-throned Isis, eldest daughter of King Kronos,' as this old whitewashed marble calls her. Or we may assign it to the end of the following century when, after Ptolemy Euergetes overwhelmed Antigonos in a sea-fight off Andros, Egypt held the Cyclades for the next forty years. The Hymn itself, however, is referred by Bergk to the third or fourth century of our era, by Sauppe even to the fifth.

The hymn made a great noise when Ludwig Ross found and published it fifty years ago,* though it was no such sensation as our new Delphic Hymn to Apollo with its musical score. In this connection it is an interesting circumstance that M. Homolle, to whom we owe this Delphic find of 1894, had fourteen years earlier in his brilliant excavations at Delos turned up an Andrian poet of Delian Apollo, though without his hymns. The inscription is a Delian decree 'to crown with laurel Demoteles son of Aeschylus, Andrian poet, for his services to the temple and town of the Delians and for the Delian myths he had written'—which Homolle naturally takes to mean processional hymns to be sung at Apollo's festival. And he dates the Andrian poet as contemporary with Kallimachos of Alexandria, *i.e.*, 260 B.C. Now the repulse of Brennus and his Gauls, which was the occasion for the thanksgiving hymn recently found at Delphi, dates less than twenty years earlier (B.C. 279).

* Rheinisches Museum, N. F. II, 326; Classical Museum, I, 34; edited with a Latin version by H. Sauppe (Turici, 1842); by Bergk in Ztsch. für Alt., Nos. 5, 6, 7 (1843); and by Hermann, *ib.* No. 48.

Farther down the gorge we come upon a superb bit of ancient terrace wall, fifty paces long and some twenty feet high, laid up regularly with huge blocks of slate, some of them Cyclopean in bulk. It was no mean city that prepared such foundations for her temples. Here the torn leaves point to two public buildings, a Prytaneion or Town Hall, and a temple of Apollo. Thinking the latter back, we have a sacred grove ready to hand in our shady willow dell hard by—though, to be sure, the tree is proper to Persephone, and the water from the rock seems the very preserve of the Nymphs. But on or near this spot we know the radiant god was worshipped and his house was a sort of Westminster Abbey for the Andrians. To get a memorial window in it (so to speak) must have marked the top notch of fame. Here, for example, is the god's own namesake Apollonios, son of Apollonides of Kymê, who had done the town some good turn for which the Senate and People vote to him and his offspring forever all the rights of citizenship which they themselves enjoy—the new citizen to choose his tribe and phratry (as at Athens)—while the town clerk is instructed to have the decree recorded (that is to say, chiselled on a marble slab) and set up *in Apollo's temple*, and the treasurers to pay the stone-cutter's bill out of the public chest. That the clerk obeyed orders we know, for here is Apollonios' patent in marble as good as ever, though his citizenship these two thousand years and more has been in another country.

There was some more stained glass in Apollo's temple, though it has now been carried off to Gavrion. It ought to be restored, and so I put it in its place here as one of the most pathetic pages of these

broken archives. It is indeed a document of universal humanity. The cadence of Isis' hymn has died upon the ages and finds no echo in our hearts: but an old Greek doctor fighting a pestilence and doing it so splendidly that Senate and People vote to crown him with a golden crown and to proclaim the crown at 'the Games' and set up the decree in Apollo's temple—that is something you can feel the throb of even in marble. This good physician, whose name ought to wear the crown of gold forever in the annals of the guild, was Artemidoros, son of Menodotos,—no rough sawbones, but just a dear old tender-hearted doctor such as many of us know. The marble speaks of his 'utter earnestness and assiduity, with all intense zeal, that the sick should have proper care and healing': what a touch to outlast the wreck of ages and transport us back to the crowded city smitten with death and the heroic healer measuring weapons with him! No wonder the Generals * for the year are to proclaim the crown and at the Games to boot. For Dr. Artemidoros is a militant and athletic figure with all his tenderness.

But pestilence was not the only visitation nor the doctor's the only golden crown. Hunger is on record, too, and a largess of corn for the pinch. Here is the marble document, unluckily cracked and worn so that the benefactor's name is lost; but the grant of the crown is all there and two new data with it. The decree is to be set up not in the temple, but in the agora where it would doubtless do more good as a

* In Hellenic times each of the islands has its βουλή and δῆμος but the titular executive varies. In Andros the στρατηγοὶ appear beside the πρυτάνεις and ἄρχοντες.

spur to public spirit. And the crowning is to be proclaimed at *the tragic contests*! What would not one pay for a seat in this provincial theatre when the tragedies were on!

It was a grateful town, but not all their public acts were quite so worthy of freemen. Here, for instance, built in a garden wall are two monuments of Roman sway and Greek servility—pedestals of statues set up by the People, one of a Cæsar's daughter, the other of a proconsul. The first preserves hardly more than the fair Julia's name; the other is a fine block in perfect condition and reads: 'The People to Publius Vinicius the proconsul, their patron and benefactor, for every virtue.' Verres, no doubt, got many of these marble compliments in his day. Sad enough for Publius to have his patrician patronymic racked by the Greek alphabet into *Ouinikios*, even sadder to think of his marble image feeding a lime-kiln, while the basis proclaiming him the paragon of every virtue goes to patch a garden wall. So, his older and greater contemporary,

> Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
> Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.

And in fact a marble Cæsar may have fared no better here, for a little way up the steep is another dedication: 'To the Saviour and Founder of the Inhabited World, Emperor Trajan, Olympian.'

With so much on the surface, one cannot doubt that a little steady digging here would turn up notable things. Find the Prytaneion, and you may uncover the hearth whence adventurous Andrians carried their holy fire to light a new hearth in

Thrace—namely, at Stagira which three centuries later was to breed the world's great master of knowledge. Andros mothered the mother-city of Aristotle. And this hive swarmed Thrace-ward in that early seventh century with other colonies, notably Akanthos, of whose founding old Plutarch tells this cunning tale:

The Andrians and the Chalcidians, on a colonizing errand in Thrace, learning that the barbarian inhabitants had fled, sent two spies—an Andrian and a Chalcidian—to see how the land lay. As both drew nigh and found the barbarians really gone, the Chalcidian rushed ahead to take possession in the name of Chalcis, but the Andrian coolly poised his lance at long range and sent it whizzing through the gates. This Andrian pre-emption—on which Oklahoma has not yet improved—stirred up an early territorial dispute,—one of the first, it may be, to afford business for an international court of arbitration. The panel included Samians, Erythraeans, and Parians—the first two finding for the lance, while the third brought in a dissenting opinion that legs had it. From that time, Plutarch avers, the Andrians took a solemn oath never to give nor take in matrimony with the Parians.

No doubt more or less of this story—possibly the very decree of Senate and People to break off marrying relations with their old Parian neighbours—may be just waiting for the ploughshare or the spade to turn it up.

And there must be another document lying with it to accent the irony of fate—to record how the mother of famous colonies got colonized in turn. For two centuries after her lancer had taken Akan-

thos on the wing, so to speak, Perikles punished Andros for her Laconian leanings, by parcelling out her rocks among 250 Athenian squatters (κληροῦχοι), and the Athenian land-warrant must have been recorded here as well as at Athens—*i.e.*, by setting up a marble duplicate in this town-hall. When found, it should throw new light on old Athenian methods of land-grabbing.

These are but random hints of the historical sources under our feet, but it is not letters only that this bit of earth holds down. In the little vineyard where we stand, walled about with imperial and proconsular names, other treasures lie hid. At least, such treasures it has already yielded. Sixty years ago Demetrius Loukrezes was digging on this spot among his mulberries and his maize when the mattock struck an immense slab of this fissile mica slate. With the help of three brawny sons, he was able to heave it up, so revealing a great family tomb with plastered and frescoed walls. Along the back ran a lower wall forming a shelf about eighteen inches in height and breadth, and on this shelf still stood erect a life-size marble lady, wanting only the head, while fallen on the soft earth (as Lóukrezes informed Fiedler) and so uninjured lay the splendid marble now known as the Andrian Hermes—one of the prime glories of the Athenian Museum.

Critics agree that it is a fine copy of a fine work of Praxiteles or his school and that it belongs to the best period of Greek art, perhaps to the fourth century B.C.; and, while the ideal beauty of the Olympian Hermes has since eclipsed it, it still commands general admiration. Now we do not look for masterpieces of sculpture in tombs—at least, not

in historical Greece. In Egypt, to be sure, marble gods were entombed with the dead to protect them from demons and terra-cotta slaves to fetch and carry for them. And throughout the Cyclades we find prehistoric graves stocked with marble idols—always maternal, as if the Divine Motherhood would follow the child through the valley of the shadow and beyond. But here we have to do with the classical age, which had outgrown the simplicities of old religion; and I cannot account for an entombed Hermes. Ludwig Ross thought he could: it was to commemorate an Andrian youth raised after death to heroic honours. If it was a portrait statue, Uncle Aristides' son might have posed for it—so strong is the likeness; but Ross tells us these heroic figures were not portraits but ideals taking the type of an Achilles, Apollo or Hermes. Kabbadias, on the other hand, interprets this marble as a Chthonic Hermes in his proper quality as conductor of the dead.

It is the democratic diffusion, as well as the unique perfection, of old Greek art that challenges us moderns. Religion was no less august at secluded Rhamnous than at imperial Athens, at remote Lykasoura than at thronged Olympia; and religion never moved without art. Hence we find Pheidias and Damophon and Praxiteles at home even in the backwoods. And an island capital, with its stadium and theatre and senate house and temples, must have owned many a marble as fine as the Andrian Hermes. And they had a better chance to escape the spoiler than they would have had in more frequented places.

What a spot for an archæologist's camp! Stumbling over this litter of marbles, you find yourself

all at once on the outstanding corner of another ancient building above which fruit runs riot. The lawless vines have flung themselves in festoons on the fig-trees; and fig and cluster hang cheek by jowl in prodigal profusion. Palæopolis can sit under her own vine and fig-tree without any figure of speech.

CHAPTER X.

Outcroppings of the Heroic Age.

From this Vine-and-Figtree Corner a stiff ten-minutes climb brings us to the Great Portal—two huge monoliths of slate, with a third for lintel, all half-mantled with ivy. These gate-posts are over ten feet high and the lintel nearly eight feet long, with other dimensions to match, that is to say, the portal is but little less lofty and spacious than the Lions' Gate at Mycenae. Standing midway up a very steep acclivity, the gateway frames a wondrous vista of sea, now a sheet of tossing spray under the North wind's lash.

So these Andrian problems go in pairs. The people who buried their marble gods—did they also build their gates where no wall was? Why this lonely portal pitched upon the steep? It was a temple doorway—to take one guess—and this dizzy slope was Apollo's temenos! Now conjecture is cheap, and I may venture another: I am tempted to take it for the gate of the primitive city. It is only less massive than the gates of Tiryns and Mycenae, and who shall say that it is not as primitive as either? Where fashions never change, it is difficult to draw lines of chronological cleavage. On Tenos, Ludwig Ross—the best archæologist of his day—mistook a new stable for a prehistoric dwelling: there was

positively nothing to distinguish them. But this Cyclopean portal is not of yesterday, and it goes without saying that it did not stand alone. The Cyclopean blocks we have noted in the Hellenic wall may once have made part of a primitive wall with this entrance.

Now this is not the only Cyclopean work on the island: bits of such wall are found at several points along the West shore from here to Gavrion; and, most remarkable of all, the Round Tower at Hagios Petros is built upon a construction of the general type of the so-called Treasuries at Mycenae and Orchomenos.

Then there is the upper acropolis wall, which we first get sight of as we go back in the evening. On the North side there must be a quarter mile of it standing, if such a clambering construction can be said to stand. It was too late for a near view; and a third visit expressly to examine the acropolis was unfortunate: for, after walking from Batsì and coming down upon it from the mountain road, we found the wind so furious that we could not keep our feet and were literally blown down to the village. The wall is laid up of great blocks of slate, which has the easy cleavage of straight-grained pine; and, rising the steep acclivity, it presents a most peculiar appearance. Why such a wall, or any wall on this rugged precipice, should have been built at all—unless by old Cyclops in his cups—puzzles one at first. One would think Nature had set a citadel here that needed no fortifying, and in the wrong place at that. But the position of this acropolis* and

* Eine art von abgesonderten Akropolis, Ross calls it.

the nature of the harbour, if we may call it such, throw light on more than one chapter of Andrian history. Why should Alkibiades, for example, have marched his army from Gavrion eight or ten miles over these atrocious mountain tracks, fighting and routing the Andrians on the way, instead of landing under the very gates of the city and storming it? Obviously because the harbourless city was unassailable from sea; and so the citadel was pitched above the mountain road from Gavrion, the only haven the island offered to a hostile fleet. If Alkibiades, and Themistokles before him, found the Andrians in this eagle's nest and behind these walls, no wonder they gave up the siege. If King Attalos fared better (B.C. 200), it was because he found the Andrians out of sympathy with the Macedonian garrison.

As this is a record of diversion, not of research, one may indulge a bit of speculation without responsibility. The indications we have noted in speaking of the portal, accord with the literary tradition—not to call it history—of the island. Originally a mere nest of Carian pirates, these were swept out of the Aegean by that old Cretan sea-king Minos, after which it is peopled by Pelasgians or Minyae. Now Andreus, son of the Thessalian river Peneios, is also mixed up in the legends with the Boeotian Minyae of Orchomenos—a tradition which is certainly strengthened when the architecture of Orchomenos is met with again in an island which claimed him as an old settler and eponymus.

If these combinations have any validity, we may reconstruct a Pelasgian or Minyan—we should now say Mycenaean or Minoan—Andros dating somewhere in the second millennium before our era—a

strong-fenced city joined to its harbour eighty stadia distant by a road which was certainly fortified in every glen if not in its entire extent.

It was an old town already when Agamemnon put in here on his homeward way—to look upon a castle stronger by nature than Priam's or his own. But it was not rich in gold or sumptuous with art. Andros was only rich in flocks as she continues to this day—her cattle being still the boast of the Aegean. No happier spot could the well-greaved Achaeans have pitched upon for a barbecue after their hungry tossing on the deep; and better than any golden beaker or jewelled sword was the sleek fat steer wherewith King Anios sped his parting guest.

"Very true," observes my Andrian scholiast; "but he knew the brute could swim."

The Andrian in all generations has had a shrewd eye to the main chance. Themistokles found it so and the summer visitor to-day cannot deny it.

CHAPTER XI.

An Andrian Monastery.

It was not my first visit to this hill-top cloister; and I had by no means forgotten the terrors of the way. My companion, a year before, the old Macedonian, had assured me over night of a good road and easy going—thus beguiling me to foot it with him. The result convinced me that, in the matter of roads, the most perfectly sanctified Greek is no better than a Cretan. Our fine boulevard proved a straight-up scramble, for two hours, over rock-ledges and stone-walls, without the pretence of a track—like nothing in the world except the road to *Nephelokokkygia.* But, with the dear old Macedonian clearing it serenely at seventy-five, who was I to grumble?

This time we took donkeys, and, piloted by an islander born and bred, we followed a road which was more practicable than the bee-line of last year. We were a picturesque procession as we wound up and down the rock-stairs, seven of us, big and little; and as the pilgrimage was a pre-arranged dinner party, as well, the good *caloyers* were waiting to receive us. We were ushered at once through the iron gate and up to the apartments of the abbot, where sweets and coffee were served, and we were shown to quiet resting places to put off the fatigue of our ascent and prepare for dinner.

Thus refreshed, we gathered round a most hospitable board, together with the young Hegoumenos, his venerable predecessor, and three of the brethren. It was clearly a state dinner, and it showed what the brethren could do. There were the substantial courses of meats, all toothsome and appetizingly served by a long-haired monk—with entrees, desserts, fruits, wine, and coffee to repletion. We were quite two hours at dinner, but the table-talk never flagged. The Hegoumenos himself was the youngest of our hosts and as modest as a girl—a man of rare beauty, even among Greeks. He had been chosen to his office since our last year's visit, when we found the establishment in a crisis and the brethren in the midst of a hot campaign, so to speak. For they choose their own head (subject to confirmation by the Government), and they admit that the political methods of the wicked world are not unknown among them. Yet, whatever the method, they seem this time to have chosen most worthily. The new head succeeds his uncle, who had been in office fifteen years—a jolly, stout old monk whose genial curiosity was a great stimulus to conversation even in a strange tongue. The other brethren were hardly less curious, and one of them—Brother Athanasios—a man cast in a poetic mould, with a striking resemblance to our Longfellow—quite led the conversation. This brother had entertained us last year in the absence of the Hegoumenos, and then gave us some glimpses of a very peculiar experience which might puzzle a psychologist.

It was a company such as one does not often meet, and the talk took an unusual range. Here were five men born and bred on an island with an area of less

than two hundred square miles, and (as if that were not limitation enough) voluntarily shut up in this mountain monastery at the top of it—yet every one of them looking fit to adorn a senate. And here beside them, another son of the island and playfellow of their youth, who—instead of shutting himself up in a cell because Andros was too big for him—had found his way to the wide new world, learned its language and its ways, taken its degrees in arts, medicine, and theology, and, withal, a wife from among its daughters, and was now returned to his native rocks to do good and communicate. And here were we, a half-dozen barbarians, cradled in that new world and bred by its newness to a consuming curiosity about all things ancient and (especially) Hellenic. With the collision of two such curiosities, ours for the old and theirs for the new, and a mediator steeped in both atmospheres, there could be no want of winged words to brighten the banquet.

Curious about the new world, they are strangely incurious about their own great history. Lines from Homer fall flat, even upon him of the Longfellow cast. The traditions of their own little island seem unfamiliar. The ancient tower stands on their own domain, but they seemed to know little and care less about it. There was not an old Greek author in the place, and I saw but one of the Fathers;—but what a treasure of illuminated manuscripts was to gladden our eyes! At last, we finish our coffee and scatter for siestas, after which we are shown over the monastery and have its treasures opened to us.

It is a vast rambling establishment, covering an acre or so of rock, and built of course of this fissile

slate: from its lofty site it looks out upon the sea, both East and West. On a clear day, you can see at once the mountains of Attica and the shadowy outlines of Chios. The outer walls are lofty, with defensive towers, so that at a distance the establishment looks like a fortress—as in fact it had to be in the old unquiet times. The buildings are of varying date, and when these present foundations were laid no man can now say; but some three hundred years ago (1577) a visitor came here who left a record of what he found. It was Theodosius Zygomalas, the correspondent of Martin Crusius, who was making a visitation of these islands as legate of the Patriarch. His memorandum is still to be read where he wrote it at the end of the manuscript Book of Canons in the library. From it we learn that an ancient church had then been rebuilt, with tower and cells and enclosing walls: that 'here resides the Andrian Bishop most beloved of God, Arsenios, while the most holy Abbot, Joseph, with fifteen monks, pursues the path of virtue, praying God for their own and all Christian souls, giving alms daily, and feeding all who pass through this island, Andros—*inasmuch as the cloister is on the road.*' From the number of cells and the account of Thevenot (1655), we know that the fifteen monks grew to be a hundred. And the tradition of their hospitality seems to have continued unbroken, as we have found it to-day. During the Holy Struggle for Independence, the Monastery played a more patriotic part than the Andrians had taken at the Marathon stage of the Eastern question. It was, in fact, a commisariat for the Greek navy in these parts, and the accounts still preserved show that it expended "for the succour

of the nation" over 22,000 drachmae in the years 1822-4; and there is evidence that it lent willing aid to the national cause from the beginning to the end of the war.

Of thirteen monastic establishments, including one nunnery, formerly existing on the island, ten are long since closed and their possessions have reverted in large part to the three which are left. Though not the richest, this one has a revenue of some thirteen thousand drachmae, and large holdings on the island and elsewhere. Most of the arable of Gavrion belongs to it, as does the Round Tower itself. Yet its glory has departed; only the cells on the North and East are now habitable, the rest in ruins. The monks now live after the idiorrhythmic order, each a law to himself, as opposed to the 'common life' (*κοινόβιον*) system. There is no common refectory, but each brother does his own housekeeping in his own quarters. At our first visit, the brother of the poetic cast not only made the coffee, but cooked and served the dinner with his own hands. There is, of course, room enough and to spare with the population so reduced.

I had been particularly anxious to see the manuscripts, and they were now freely opened to us. Every monastery has its *σκευοφυλάκιον* used mainly to safeguard the sacred millinery, but this one holds other treasures as well. There are about a hundred manuscripts, many of them richly illuminated. The one which heads the list and most fascinates us is an *Evangelion* written on 342 leaves of parchment, each page containing 20 lines. The writing is exquisite and the work perfectly preserved. Each gospel is preceded by a portrait of its author.

Further, Matthew has as frontispiece a representation of the Birth of Christ; Mark, of the Baptism; Luke, of the Birth of John the Baptist; John, of the Resurrection. An inscription at the close gives the history of the manuscript: "By order of the Most Blessed Archbishop John of Cyprus, written by the priest Manuel Hagiostephanites. Finished in the month of June 1156." As a work of art this manuscript, with its splendid illuminations, is of great interest; and there are two more parchment 'Evangelia' that seem to be from the same fine hand. In the 87 MSS., catalogued by Meliarakes, the layman finds nothing of first importance; but a Rendel Harris might light upon some real treasure here. For, with all our debt to the monks for safeguarding precious writings through the dark ages, they have not always been intelligent or careful keepers. One need only recall Clarke's account (*Travels*, vi, 42 ff.) of the neglected litter of the Patmos monastery from which he rescued the priceless manuscript of Plato—now the chief treasure of the Bodleian and the sure foundation of Platonic scholarship.

In the pretty little Byzantine chapel is an image of Our Lady of the Life-receiving Fountain (*Zoodóchos Pegê*), dating from the thirteenth century; and before the chapel—issuing from its wall, in fact—is a fountain, the only one within the sacred precinct, though there is a more abundant one without. The water of the inner fountain flows from a cave behind the rood-screen, and this is entered by creeping through a low narrow passage back of the altar. I made my way through this, lighted by one of the brethren with a taper, into the grotto of six feet in height and breadth. Around

this runs a deep channel which collects the dripping water and carries it out to the reservoir that supplies the fountain. Here are the conditions for a pious fraud, such as seems to have been operated in Andros as well as elsewhere in old Greece. Three ancient writers, Pausanias among them, inform us of a spring in the Andrian temple of Dionysos, which flowed wine instead of water at the god's festival. Not a stone of this temple has been found, but there are still in the island three churches built over springs. One of these, at Menites, is commonly held to be the successor of the Dionysos Temple; but the flow of water is altogether too abundant there to have been easily managed, and moreover there are no traces of antiquity on that side of the island. I agree with Meliarakes that this monastery affords a far better working hypothesis. The spring here is absolutely hidden and its flow is so slight that it would be a very simple matter to turn off the water and turn on the wine, whether for one day or seven. Moreover the site is in close proximity to the early centre of population. Just under it in a field is still to be seen a piece of Cyclopean wall; and the road from Gavrion to Palaeopolis must have run near by. On the spot, indeed, few vestiges of antiquity appear—chiefly an inscription immured in the wall of the court, giving a list of the generals of the year. On the assumption that the monastery, whose beginning may go back to the twelfth century, has really succeeded to the site of an ancient temple, one would expect to find more considerable remains. But if we suppose the temple to have been built of the Andrian slate, like the tower still standing hardly two miles distant, its whole material might have disappeared in the later building beyond recognition.

Here, or elsewhere, it matters little, we know that the Andrians flocked to the service of the cheery god. It goes without saying that the vineyard and wine-press, in which every householder rejoices to-day, are no new things under the Andrian sun; every old Andrian coin, stamped with the image of Dionysos, is a voucher for that. And, while the old writers have left us no praises of Andrian wine for quality, the legend of the wine-spring scarcely suggests drought or dearth. So we may readily recall here the ancient scene when the simple island folk in bright apparel gathered for the festival of their jolly god. It is early March and these rocks are just bursting into a brilliant bloom, the air laden with fragrance and melody, and the wine-faced deep blushing to the touch of rosy-fingered dawn. Here we are in the Month of Flowers (Anthesterion) to keep the Festival of Flowers, with the broaching of the casks to-day and the Pitcher Feast to-morrow. We wreathe our brows in the first spring blooms and the drinking-bout begins. When we have had enough of that, we leave our garlands on the altar of the god and are ready to take our headaches home with us! Could there be a happier moment, economically, for turning on the wine or, morally, for turning it off?

The dream dissolves in the solemn tones of the sunset bell and we go with the brethren to vespers. Their wine may be worse than of old, but there is a simple reverence in their worship which the old times hardly knew. And so our hearts invoke God's peace upon them as we quietly leave them at their prayers and clamber down to the world again.

CHAPTER XII.

Hagios Petros and the Round Tower.

Midway between the Monastery and Gavrion stands the chief landmark of Andrian antiquity, the Round Tower of Hellenic or prehistoric date, with the picturesque village of Hagios Petros to relate it to the homely present. That is the goal of our next pilgrimage on a fresh August morning; and it takes us for a bit over a fairly easy seaside road on which we are joined by a government official with a letter pouch. He carries the mail from Andros to Gavrion, a five hours' trudge over the mountains, making two rounds a week, and his salary is eight dollars a month. But he gets himself up like a pallikar; and we should go a long way at home to find a more presentable postman.

As we pass *Phourno* (the Oven), the Monastery on its mountain perch shows like a picture. Then we cross the low cape and find ourselves at the foot of the great glen of Hagios Petros, topped off with its Alpine village under which rises the Tower. If our road has been easy thus far, it makes up for it now. It would be hard to find anything more tortuous and torturing on the island, and we should certainly have lost the way but for the children who overtook and led us.

Passing through the lower lane of the village,

seeking bread for our lunch as our own has been mysteriously left out, we meet a bright-faced woman who recognizes the Macedonian and hales us up the steep to her dwelling. It is a typical Andrian house—built in the form of a bracket and opening only to the South. We are received in a large long room with earth-floor; it opens into a tiny bedroom with a masterpiece of a bed piled halfway to the ceiling; hence there is a step down into a long low weaving room, from that into a little pantry, and last of all the corner-kitchen closing the rude court at one end, as the 'big room' does at the other. The kitchen fire burns on the earth-floor in one corner, and the smoke works its own way out between the rafters and the roof-tree.

Such the mansion whose peasant mistress we found knitting for her peasant husband stockings of the finest silk—her own handiwork from the rearing of the silk-worm through all the stages to this final process. The weaving room is hung with fishing-nets of the same fine silk of the same origin. With our feet on the earthen floor, under a ceiling of rude slate-slabs laid on red cypress stems, we regard these tokens of a well-nigh extinct industry; and are hardly surprised to see an opera-glass on the rough table and a handsome *narghileh* in a niche of the wall. There is one book in the house—an Ὀνειροκρίτης (Dream Interpreter); and this prepared us to hear that our hostess was a "wise woman" who could do more with ten words and certain witcheries in the starlight than all the doctors on the island. But she had served at Syra and Athens, and this may be exoteric wisdom. We are treated to exquisite Turkish coffee with *raki*, and then our lunch is spread

upon her table and helped out with her stores. Meantime a damsel of the village comes in to visit the visitors: a rustic beauty in fact with a brightness not so unworthy of her name—Athene. A fine type of the Andrian girl but somewhat sophisticated by service in an Athenian house. Such may have been Menander's Andrian heroine, Chryseis, of whom we have a portrait retouched in the 'Andria' of Terence: a girl in the beauty and bloom of youth driven by penury and kin unkind to Athens—there to spin or sin as the devil of need may drive.

Hagios Petros affords a good example of perpendicular farming even for Andros. Here, for instance, is a tiny terrace built up just to support a single olive tree. And the village itself is in suspense. It is fenced as it were by the lofty ridge of Mt. Rhethi on the South-east and a lower ridge to the South-west, whose uppermost acclivities fall together and so form the bed of a torrent which discharges in winter into the broad bay below. Near the top of the gorge perches the village, and a quarter of a mile below on the West side of the torrent and several hundred feet above it rises the Tower—which is about equidistant (say half an hour) from Gavrion harbour on the West and the sea on the South. Across the gorge on the South-east and on a lower level are ancient iron mines, which have been reopened of late experimentally and show a considerable output on the surface.

The Tower is cylindrical in form, 21 metres in circuit at the base and about the same in height—which has not been diminished, as we see from some of the roof stones still being in place. On the North and East, where the ground is highest, there are

thirty-three courses of stone, varying irregularly from eight to twenty-four inches, all dressed to a perfect curve. On the other sides the whole construction is exposed down to bed rock and there are ten additional courses of much more massive blocks.

The Tower proper, that is to say, rises from a construction analogous to the so-called Treasuries of Mycenae and Orchomenos. This basement, four metres in height, is built mainly of massive unwrought stones some of which are ten to twelve feet long, three feet high, and six feet thick, or twice as massive as the largest block in the circuit of Tiryns. These blocks are joined without mortar, and have their upper and lower surface quite smooth from the perfect cleavage of the slate-rock, while the end fitting is irregular but artistic after the Pelasgic fashion. The curved outer surface is entirely unwrought, the stones jutting out or in as it happens. Upon this foundation is reared the huge structure of the Tower—the stone wrought to the topmost course so as to present the appearance of a finished cylinder. The only entrance to the Tower is the door on the lower level, but over this three windows one above the other look southward down the precipitous declivities and over the valley upon the sea. To the North-east toward Gavrion are three narrow slits (or loop-holes) for admitting light and emitting arrows.

The basement of the Tower, as I have said, is a construction like the so-called Treasuries of Mycenae and Orchomenos, only it is above ground and of course lacks the covered approach or dromos; and, instead of the imposing doorway, the entrance here is little more than four feet square and, like the great

portal of Palaeopolis, framed of two upright slabs with a lintel, each having the thickness of the wall which is exactly two metres, while for the threshold there is nothing but the living rock. The interior of this *tholos* is accurately vaulted as at Mycenae by the symmetrical overlapping of successive courses of stone, though this does not appear to have been carried to the apex, which is now broken in, leaving an opening into the upper tower some ten feet in diameter. One might enter this round chamber and inspect it pretty thoroughly without finding any communication with the Tower, and Dr. Wolters actually had this experience. In stooping to enter the low doorway, one cannot look up; but there above his head is a rectangular opening in the thick (two metres) wall, with hand- and foot-holds by which one person at a time can climb up or down. It is a very shrewd contrivance: for a single man at the top of this shaft with a long spear could hold the fort against a host whether trying to raid the cattle below or (what is unthinkable) to force a passage up. Nine chances out of ten, with the trap-door above closed, an enemy would enter without discovering the hidden stair.

Just over this passage is a window (or door), about four feet by six, lighting the first storey—2.30 metres in height—of the Tower proper; and from this level a spiral stairway, formed by the projection inward some four feet of the building blocks, winds to the top. At the height of some twenty-four steps there is a break of about six feet, but above this the steps are intact. Though the floors are in the main destroyed, the traces remaining indicate six storeys. In the distant view the Tower appears absolutely

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THE TOWER OF HAGIOS PETROS

intact, but there are some breaks in the top on the South-east curve which have a dangerous look.

While I muse in the Treasury, enters Leonidas, a youth of the village, who had seen me here last year with the monk Gabriel. Asked about the greater Leonidas, he describes him as a Klepht who fell at Plataea; and goes on to impart his opinion that this Tower belonged to the Klephts. No doubt, it did; but the suggestion recalls other scenes and sets one dreaming of an older time.

The Carian corsairs have had their day—a thousand years, it may be, before their mother-city lent its warlike queen to Xerxes' army or cradled the Father of History to embalm forever her wisdom and her prowess! The Minyae have broken up their nests and swept them out and their first care is to guard against their revenge. Their leader is Andreus, son of Thessalian Peneios and founder of Orchomenos, whence he may have brought his architects. They would launch from Iolkos as did Jason, or from Aulis as did Agamemnon: in either case they would make a straight course from Geraistos across to Gavrion, which must have been the Pirates' Nest. But it was no place for an ancient city, which always shunned the sea and sought Nature's fastnesses. Still there was good land here and the sole outlet of communication with their kinsmen of the continent. Wherever they pitch their city, this must be their port. How they secured the harbour more immediately there remain no monuments to tell us, unless indeed the Round Tower did the whole business. Hidden from the harbour by the lofty intervening ridge, it yet commands every approach to it; and—what may have

been more important—it dominates absolutely a fertile valley and the only iron deposits on the island, which still evidence very ancient exploitation. As a look-out the Tower would signal the enemy's approach in ample time to send succour to Gavrion, half an hour away, if—as is improbable—this primitive folk ever met their foes at the water's edge. We must think of them rather as seizing the glens between port and city for their sustentation and securing as best they may the rugged road that joins them.

So the Tower accounts for itself. The construction, so familiar before or after to the builders of Mycenae and Orchomenos, lends itself here to other uses. It becomes at once a sort of Treasury and the foundation of a watch-tower—that is, at the same time, a refuge and a fortress. A descent of corsairs signalled, in half an hour the flocks are driven into the Treasury (of which they are to-day tenants at will) and the rural folk swarm up the hidden shaft into the tower carrying their portable wealth with them. There would be no great store of this if (as we conceive) they dwelt afield only to sow and reap and shut themselves up for the winter in their fenced city.

CHAPTER XIII.

Andrian Religion and Culture.

My first real tug with an Andrian boulevard came early—it was a part of our first summer's reconnaissance. A *Panegyris* was on at the little church of Katakoilo and at that stage of acquaintance Katakoilo seemed to be the top of the island. We made an early morning start—two donkeys for the women and children, while four or five of us fared afoot. The road is in the main a rocky stairway, up hill and down—the uphill business apparently in the lead, no matter which way you are going. But on descending the last long hill, you come upon a true Arcadian landscape: a clear cool stream rippling over rocks and under plane trees, a pretty mill-house on its bank with a laden peach-tree overhanging, while beyond rises a steep mountain slope relieved towards the top by abundant greenery amid which nestles Katakoilo. Even the look-up daunts one, and we would fain have made our picnic here on the shaded rocks by the singing stream; but the *Panegyris* is above, the word is *excelsior*, and we set out on the final climb. It lifts us at last into the village perched on rock ledges with its two churches and its few scattered houses.

To one of these by many rude stone steps we climb for rest. In the wide covered porch there is

hospitable welcome at the hands of the housewife, while the sweets are served by the daughter of the house who has earned her *dot* at Alexandría and is now come home to marry. Rested, we clamber on through winding narrow ways between high stone walls loaded with winey blackberries that refresh us as we trudge. The church of the Panagia is dense with people and dim with incense. The rude windowless structure, wrought from floor to ceiling of the slate-rock of which Andros itself is built, is a simple shrine; but religion depends not on Parthenons or Westminsters. Zeus and Hera could have found but a rude nuptial altar on Mt. Oche and Apollo had nothing to boast of on Delian Kynthos. These rustics go about their worship very much as a matter of business, but I wish we might witness half their reverence in our own churches. To be sure they take their faith without debate, and it is sometimes a task to say how much of their belief still has its roots upon Olympus; but who of us is sure of his license to throw the first stone?

Not we: and leaving them to swing their censers and intone their litanies, we wander back through the shaded lanes to the place provided for our entertainment. It is a twelve-storey farm, whose perpendicular exceeds either of its lateral dimensions; and, strange to say, the property of an American citizen born on the spot but domiciled now in the larger fatherland beyond the sea. Years ago the Andrian youth found his way to Smyrna, thence to New York, went through college, studied medicine and theology, married an American wife, with whom and the children of their union he has since summered for the most part in this rambling stone

cottage at the top of Katakoilo and wintered in his larger house on the seashore at Batsì which was at the time of this visit our domicile. Now, since his return to America, the house is only used as lodging for the schoolmaster who trudges over from Batsì and finds one trip per week sufficient exercise. The village priest takes care of the farm, and has his reward. For terrace above terrace is literally loaded with fruits—peaches, pears, pomegranates, figs, lemons, oranges, olives, quinces, English walnuts, mulberries, blackberries, grapes—fruits in such profusion and perfection that one longs to be a boy again with an elastic interior. In the old house we lunch, we lie on the ground under the fig-trees, we clamber up and down the twelve-storey farm of Anastasios Zaraphonides and think of the life here of his American wife in these quaint environments. We fancy the schoolmaster, climbing up from Batsì, and domiciling here for the week: here is his little store—a paper of salt crystals, as big as bird-eggs, with a round stone to crush them; a bit of black crust, half a dozen eggs, and the thyme lying ready to light the kitchen fire between two rough stones in the middle of the native-rock floor.

At last, steeped in rest and peace, we go down to the dancing-ground where the young men and maidens are tripping it well nigh as gravely as if they were still at their prayers. The *orchestra* is but a level rounded terrace before the wine shop, and the dancing but the sequel to the morning liturgy. There is no resplendent apparel and little spirit in the movement: the most rigid moralist could hardly find matter for criticism. But one conquest was made: among the comely girls dancing at that

Panegyris we chose out one conspicuously fresh, fair and modest, and when we came back to Athens to take up house-keeping she came with us to serve. Our Andria did not disappoint us.

When we prepared to return both our beasts had disappeared, and we were shut up to the Adonis of the day and a solitary mule for escort and transportation. But instead of the mule's coming to us, we must go to the mule; and in so doing we fall into the hands of a Katakoilo dame on hospitable thoughts intent. Her house (she avers) is on the way to the mule and thither we must go. It is a stupendous climb, but, once at the top, in a long low room the mistress points with pride to a cargo of timber she calls an American bed and insists upon our trying it for the night—abundant accommodation for all of us in and about it! And indeed, after that climb any couch is a terrible temptation. But we are not to be taken in. So with much ado the sweets are served; an old chest is opened and we are loaded with pears; and at last with many a χαίρετε and προσκυνῶ, we effect our escape in quest of the mule—a myth stalled in Utopia, we begin to think before we realize upon it. Toiling down the rocks, we have full proof of our suspicion, viz., that we have been lured up that climb by a downright hospitable lie. We presently get back into the road out of which the exhausted ladies had been enticed only on the solemn assurance that it was not the road to the mule at all. It is the old road of our morning climb and seems longer coming down than going up. At last it brings us to the mule by the old mill on the Arcadian stream and on it we pack the feeblest of the women-folk, still leaving to foot it over these

unspeakable tracks our old Macedonian of seventy-five summers, a young Greek mother with a buxom babe in arms, and the rest. It was a bad march and plenty of stumbling as the night fell moonless long before our destination was reached. But we saved our appetites and in the long run were none the worse.

It is a year later and the 12th of August, when I revisit Katakoilo—this time in the company of my adopted countryman who owns the twelve-storey farm. As we ride out of Batsì on our tardy donkeys, a lawsuit is in progress under the open sky as in olden times—it is the Chalas family against the Demarch and only an incident in a standing feud. On our climb we discuss Andrian agriculture and economy and our Andro-American insists that the island is ready to sink to the sea's bottom under the burden of its mortgages to the money-sharks of the *Chora*. Yet all visible signs suggest comfort, if not prosperity; even the house-tops are garners of grain and fruit drying in the sun.

Again the Arcadian glen with the rippling brook and the shady mill invites us to rest, and again Katakoilo on its mountain-perch constrains us to climb. For it is the Last Day of School and we are to assist at a Katakoilo 'commencement.' The school-house is just four walls of Andrian slate, ceiled over with cypress stems as usual, with a great *volto* partitioning it halfway down the middle. The floor is terra-firma, the master's desk a sort of wooden box, and the forms rude unbacked benches. The windows are also wooden—no glass anywhere. In his box stands the schoolmaster in his shirt sleeves,

his rusty coat thrown across his shoulders, while some twenty lads of twelve and under occupy the benches. Arriving only at high noon, we find a lull awaiting the advent of the priest who is to examine in Religion. We are given stools—there is not a chair in the house; and, the *papas* putting in an appearance, the work goes on. One of the lads recites a prayer, all standing, and catechism follows —in the course of which our old Macedonian insinuates a good deal of preaching. Now comes the first class (four lads) with Herodotus in new Greek, of course: it is the Argos tale with which the great History opens. The master drills hard on forms and accents, orally and on the little blackboard. The lads at the board illustrate afresh the terrors of Greek spelling: it has come to be, if it was not from the beginning, as great a cross as our own English cacography. We, who learn the language mainly with the eye, have the advantage of the Greeks themselves in spelling Greek; they have a great advantage of us when it comes to accenting it for that is a matter for the ear. Following Herodotus, came an exercise in Arithmetic, in which the lads were worried with vulgar fractions and abstractions they are not likely ever to meet outdoors. After this a more rational tilt at Greek History, not stopping at the death of Alexander but actually coming down to the nineteenth century and the Holy Struggle. In the course of this, one of the lads recites Zalakosta's spirited poem, Το Χανὶ τῆς Γραβιᾶς — not the whole of it, for it runs to the length of seventy quatrains. How vividly it brought back our camp a year before under the great oaks

of Doris on the very ground where Odysseus with 180 men made his heroic stand against 3,000 Turks in 1821. Graviá deserves to be named with Thermopylae, as it adjoins it in my memory: for the following night we had slept on the hillock where Leonidas fell.

Hereupon the school rises and sings in chorus Rhegas' Battle Hymn:

ὡς πότε παλλικάρια
νὰ ζῶμεν 's τὰ στενὰ
μονάχοι 's ἂν λεοντάρια
's ταῖς 'ράχαις 's τὰ βουνά.

As pallikars in other days,
Let's haunt the passes grim;
And lone, like stalking lions, range
The mountain's beetling brim.

The harmony left much to be desired, but the pallikar spirit rang out through it all. Now comes the third class with the Odyssey—grand old tale that entrances even when turned into new Greek prose; then the second class with that captivating little school-book, The Heroic Age (Ἡρωικοὶ Χρόνοι), telling over again to the youth of New Greece the immortally fresh tales of the mighty Foretime. Last of all the little tots with their primer (Ἀλφαβητάριον) reading by the syllable with remarkable articulation. There are four of these infants, among them a girl—the only one in the school, and there is no girls' school nearer than Batsì. No wonder our Andria was left to learn her letters at our house in Athens.

I have taken occasion all along to assist my confrère, the schoolmaster of Katakoilo, in the examination. After he has quizzed on the Rape of Io and the Tale of Croesus, I seek to recall the

lads from the banks of Inachos and Paktolos to their own island and its history. Will the lads tell me what Herodotus has to say of Andros? No; that has not been in the lessons. Themistokles, with the laurels of Salamis fresh upon his brow, bluffed and beaten by the Andrian gods Poverty and Helplessness—the old story is new to them. Do they know of another great Athenian who tried conclusions with Andros and came to grief? No: Alkibiades, too, is a stranger in the one episode of his brilliant-baleful career that should come home to them. As for Attalos, they have never heard his name. The cross-examiner again essays a diversion from the history of the Revolution to the institutions and industries of Andros—an appeal from the book to the boy. What about their deme and its government? What do they send out of the island and what do they bring in? How many *stremmata* has your father, Leonidas, or yours, Perikles, in his terrace-patch? What do you know about farming? The schoolmaster was amused and the boys perplexed: these were unprofessional questions to be answered only by that upward tilt of the chin which is immemorial Greek for "I don't know and I don't care." Here too the school sins in its contempt for homeliness—Nature goes to the wall and the book is all in all. As a living Greek writer has well said: "Instead of other useless learning, such as the history and geography of Palestine, there should be taught an elementary knowledge of botany, physiology, natural history, physics and ethics." The illiterate Andrian to-day believes that the dead can rise and torment the living; for is not the belief in vampires general throughout Greece? He believes

that consumption is a female Erinys standing at the four corners of the chamber in which a consumptive has died and that she can seize upon every one who enters. With you and you alone, generation of the future, it rests to pull down this present aimless system of education and organize a new one based on the common needs and demands of the Greek people athirst for real teaching."

When these words of Meliarakes * first came under my eye, I regarded them with incredulity. A few months later I read in the *Andros*, the small sheet issued weekly at the island-capital, a hideous story headed: *Brykolakes and the Dead: a son dismembering his mother's corpse.* The facts there set forth at length are briefly these: In the hamlet of Bourkotê, just across the mountain from Katakoïlo, a peasant was troubled with a tumour which he attributed to the nightly visitation of an enemy who had died three days before. Without wasting time on a physician he proceeded to the burying-ground at dead of night, exhumed the body, and according to custom drove his black-handled knife through the heart to pin down the satanic spirit, then cut off the limbs more effectually to prevent locomotion. A kinsman of the violated dead found out the fact, and reported it at the capital with dire threats of law but no action followed. Why? The kinsman had a son whose wife was suffering from puerperal fever. This affliction the young husband attributed to the agency of his mother, recently deceased: as the old lady had died without the sight of a longed-for grandchild, she was thought to visit

* Andros and Keos, p. 56.

the sick wife's bed by night and torment her. The son promptly dug up his mother's body and dismembered it! Hence the stay of proceedings in the other case. And the *Andros* editor adds: 'Since these lamentable and gross superstitions concerning *brykolakes* (vampires) and their action upon the living are commonly believed, we fancy that an excavation of Bourkotê graveyard would show that hardly a single tomb remains inviolate.' And as a remedy he invokes a return to the ancient Greek custom of cremation!

After a simple address by the old Macedonian, enjoining diligence and truthfulness, there is another standing chorus—martial of course:

Ο καλὸς ὁ στρατιώτης
πρέπει νἄχῃ 's τὸ πλευρό
τὸ τουφέκι του ἐν πρώτοις
καὶ γεμάτο καὶ γερό.

The soldier bold and steady
Must have ever at his side
His musket, primed and ready,
Whatever may betide.

At last the Praktika or minutes of the term are drawn up and signed by the Demarch's proxy, the priest and two villagers, whereupon we adjourn to the Commencement Dinner. It is served by the schoolmaster's wife, among the brightest and best of Andrian women, in the house of our Andro-American friend of the twelve-storey farm; and a more abundant or more appetizing banquet no honest man could ask. For the schoolmaster has his own little holding above Batsì—grows his own corn and wine, olives and figs, pigs and goats—all of which

the excellent housewife turns to good account. Otherwise they could hardly keep the larder full at home and their bright boy at his studies in the Syra gymnasium. For after thirty years of service in this school—teaching eleven months in the year—the schoolmaster's salary is only $160 per annum. Since our visit I hear he has been promoted to the more lucrative and less laborious office of town-clerk (γραμματεὺς τοῦ δήμου): prosperity attend him and his!

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CHAPTER XIV.

A Modern Greek Pilgrimage.

Twice a year one can embark at almost any Greek port for Tenos; for that island has supplanted Holy Delos as a place of pilgrimage, and thither to the Greater and Lesser Panegyreis, in April and August respectively, flock the Hellenes from three continents. This fact was brought home to me the first time I travelled by the little Attic Railway from Athens to Laurion: every Midland station was thronged with picturesque peasants in holiday dress and loaded with all the impedimenta of migratory tribes. The train was a long one, but not adequate to a whole population, and many a village contingent was left to wait for another. Arrived at Laurion, the train discharged its motley burden upon the dirty little steamers which were already tooting "all aboard." It was the spring pilgrimage to Tenos.

Now, on the 26th of August one of those same sacred galleys (vulgarized by steam instead of wreathed with flowers) calls at Batsì, and I join the pilgrim throng. It is not a fine day, but Poseidon favours us with a fairly smooth sea, and at half-past seven, in the semi-darkness, we find ourselves anchoring in our desired haven. Harbour in any strict sense it is not, but an open bay very like that at Palaeopolis. However, a long narrow mole has

been built out from the north, and another from the south-east, almost enclosing a little port for the shelter of small craft. Outside of this the larger vessels ride at anchor, and before we are fairly moored a mob of boatmen beset us with their importunate din. No one who has ever landed at Piraeus or Patras or Syra could hear or read without a smile a recent burst of Congressional eloquence, which characterized the coasts of Greece as being 'silent as at the dawn of creation.' Even here at out-of-the-way Tenos, to justify the description, one must assume for creation a regular Fourth of July dawn. To escape the battle of the boatmen, I wait until the crowd is off, and then go quietly myself; but, once landed on the little mole, scarce a stone's throw from the steamer, I find one must pay for such squeamishness. The drachma I tendered was three or four times the pilgrim fare, but my boatmen insisted on double that sum; so that the landing cost me nearly as much as the voyage from Andros.

That was my introduction to the Tenian tariff, as I found when I proceeded to look for a lodging. For Tenos, the goal of ten thousand pilgrims annually, has inns to shelter a hundred at most. But, as we shall see, the town turns itself into a tavern for the time being. With a lad as pilot and porter, I direct my steps to the Ὡραία Ἑλλάς in the upper town near the Pilgrimage church, but the *Fair Hellas* is full. The ἐστιατόριον (restaurant) next door offers one of two beds in a closet for ten drachmae, or the entire closet for twenty drachmae per night. At an image-shop hard by there is a little room and bed for fifteen drachmae. Fortunately, I hear of a tiny tavern (Ξενοδοχεῖον ἡ Τῆνος)

near the water's edge, and there Petros gives me a little bedroom for five drachmae—or not much more than one would pay at a good Athenian hotel. It was clean and comfortable; and if Petros is still there, the place can be wisely sought by pilgrims who object to paying a month's house rent for a night's lodging.

Thus installed, I am ready to go with them that make holy day, and at nine o'clock set forth through the narrow, winding lanes for the little fifteenth century church whither the faithful are now flocking. It is full of people, who stream in and out—stopping only to dedicate a lighted taper and kiss the pictured saints. The wax lights and the swinging censers sending up their fragrant clouds, the robed priests and devout pilgrims, combine in a scene of weird and solemn impression. Before my eyes are yet wonted to it, I catch the sound of my own name and feel the grasp of a familiar hand. It is my friend the artist, Lampakes, whose Tenian nativity I had forgotten only to stumble upon him here—a bit of true Greek felicity, after vainly seeking any intelligent or intelligible guide. For Lampakes is not only to the manner born, he is an alumnus (so to speak) of the Evangelistria, learned in and proud of the traditions of his native island. Born at a mountain village (Mountalos), so pitched in the morning shadow of Kechrovouni that the sun never rises there before eleven o'clock, the lad—without any lotus to nibble—was bred in a land of well-nigh unbroken afternoon. But out of this sluggard's paradise he made his way—lighted, it may be, by his name;* studied art at Munich as a stipendiary of the Evangelistria;

* Λαμπάκης, *shining*: a *lucus a non lucendo*.

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TENOS: HARBOUR AND TOWN, WITH THE PILGRIMAGE CHURCH

and is now engaged on commissions from Paris. His two brothers, of the same twilight origin, are also well-established at Athens—one of them the foremost of his countrymen in Christian Archæology.

Quitting the shrine where the chanting and the censer-swinging will go on till midnight, we proceed to the great Pilgrimage church. The way is up a broad avenue roughly flagged with marble and lined on either side with hucksters' booths; it bears north and ends at the gates of the vast irregular quadrangle which lies some half a mile from the sea and well above the town. Before the gates of this enclosure, on either side of a semi-circular pebble-paved forecourt, there is a marble fountain and a tiny garden grove. Along the open cloisters, we pick our steps with difficulty over hundreds of prostrate forms,—men, women, and children who have stretched out for the night on their rude "shake-downs." Off these cloisters lodgings open, all occupied by more favoured pilgrims; a little chapel is packed with more; and even the landings are beset with snoring companies.* It is no new scene; for in old times, at Delos and Epidauros, the gods kept open house as does the Virgin here. Nay, long before the great days of Delos, this very spot was the gathering place of the Ionian island-folk: here, in the midst of a sacred grove rose a stately temple of Poseidon and Amphitrite, with its refectories and entertainment for all who flocked to the gods' great festival. As the deity of the Dashing Wave shared the honours of the isle with the god of the Purple

* So at Lesbian Aiasso: "During the Panegyris the church is used as an inn, and the women are allowed to sleep there at night" (Newton's *Travels in the Levant*, vol. ii, 6).

Grape, there could have been no lack of good cheer. Nor is there now, as we found on revisiting the holy hostelry at midday when the pilgrim housekeeping was in full swing, tables were spread, and none seemed so poor as to want an equal feast or, in plain English, a square meal.

But how comes it that precisely on this spot old Greece thus repeats herself in the new? Thereby hangs a familiar tale: Greece abounds in chapels and cloisters of the Virgin Revealed (*Panagia Phaneromenê*) and this is the most notable of the lot. The story goes that in 1823 a nun dreamed of finding here an image of the Mother of God; the faithful dug and found it.* The marvel was noised abroad; pilgrims flocked from the East to keep the Feast of the Annunciation; and with their gifts, and the unpaid labour of the Tenians, even before the War of Independence was over, the great marble church was built. With increasing revenues there were added quarters for the clergy and provision for pilgrims, a school and a hospital; and the entire establishment is maintained without any tax upon the community. In fact the church has built and sustained the town: it has made the wharves, paved the streets, put in a water supply, and encouraged art. My friend Lampakes, as already noted, was its beneficiary; and in its great salon hangs a noteworthy painting of Joseph interpreting Pharaoh's Dream, a thank-offering from another of its alumni. During our call upon the Vestry, while the proper deacon was cutting for us the great loaf, two feet in diameter and seven times baked, we could watch the pilgrims as they brought in their offerings—

* Compare the story of the Nea Mone on Chios (pp. 317-320).

eggs, fruits, cloths, silks, beribboned lambs, and the like. All these gifts are sold and the proceeds enter into the church revenue (some two million drachmae per year) for works of utility and benevolence.*

Perhaps the secret of this prosperity is in the healing virtue of the Revealed Virgin. In the dusk crypt of a chapel where the image was discovered, I found crowds filling their vessels with holy water and earth from the favoured spot. And the church proper is as full of votive offerings as ever was the Epidaurian temple. To begin with, the revealed icon—which needs a fresh revealing, as only the eyes show through the graven work that frames it in—is loaded with diamonds (some of them gifts of czars and kings), and the case is studded with silver and gold beaten into shapes without number. Here an arm, there a leg, again a breast—mementoes of the member healed; for, be it remembered, the icon of miraculous discovery still works miracles; and not only upon and about it, but pendent from the multitudinous lamps, hang the thank-offerings of those who have experienced the healing power. My artist-friend gravely recites case after case as we inspect those dedications, such as cauldrons, cradles, ships and fishes of silver and gold.

Here, for sample, hangs a big silver ship with a golden fish piercing her keel. And here is the story: "A great ship, overtaken by a storm, sprang a leak and was going down. The captain called

* So the revenues of the Pilgrimage church at Aiasso on Lesbos (where the Panagia works miraculous cures of mind and body) have supplied the village with an excellent aqueduct and provided a large school at Moria (Newton: *l.c.*). See also on the Church of the Hundred Gates at Paros (Chapter xvii).

upon the Virgin of Tenos to save him from sinking, and forthwith a great fish appeared, swam into the hole, and neatly plugged it up. The ship came into port with flying colours, and here you have her in solid silver with the good fish in fine gold." On my asking when this occurred, my friend replied without a wink: "Oh, but a few years ago"!

The old marble "case-book" at Epidauros* is quite outdone by this modern instance; nor has the Amphiaraion at Oropos or the Asklepieion at Athens yielded more interesting *anathemata*. Indeed, old Greece has left us nothing half so funny unless it be the little man carrying a colossal leg (all in good Pentelic) which Dr. Dörpfeld recently unearthed in the little "water-cure," hard by his Enneakrounos, where Sophokles once served as priest.† If the serene poet ever *cracked* a smile, it must have been when the gouty convalescent brought this gift to the altar.

That there is nothing new under the Hellenic sun, we are again reminded when Philochoros tells us that Poseidon was worshipped here as a great physician. The sea god would seem to have been a doctor of the order of St. Patrick, for tradition

* Two of the votive tablets recording cures, of which Strabo tells us the sanctuary was full, may now be seen in the dingy museum at Epidauros. One of the cases thus handed down for the instruction of modern doctors is that of one Cleo who had been with child five years. "She came and slept in the Dormitory of the Sanctuary; and in the morning as soon as she had quitted the sanctuary she was delivered of a son who immediately washed in the cistern and walked about with his mother" (Frazer's *Pausanias*, iii, 249).

† By a simple emendation Körte identifies this new-found shrine of *Amynos* with that of the otherwise unknown *Alôn* or *Alkôn* of the poet's 'Life.' See *Ath. Mitth.*, xviii, 231 sq.

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MARBLE EXEDRA NEAR THE TEMPLE OF POSEIDON AND AMPHITRITE (TENOS)

says he sent myriads of storks to destroy the reptiles which had given Tenos its ancient name of *Ophioussa* (Isle of Snakes). Possibly, however, the island eponymous was not the serpent but the *serpentine* (*ophites*)—anyway, it was on Tenos alone that the ancients quarried this exquisite veined marble, which certainly resembles a serpent's skin, and which may still be taken out in blocks a foot through.

Whatever Poseidon may have done for the public health, there was another ancient worthy whose works do still follow him. That was the North Wind, with his lair on the granite peak of Mt. Kyknia up there—where Hercules slew and buried two of his blustering sons. That veracious traveller, Pasch van Krienen—the same who discovered the skeleton of Homer sitting bolt upright, pen in hand, in a great marble tomb on Ios—saw there the ruins of a splendid temple of Aeolos; and that the Windy God with all his brood still haunts the spot no one can question who ever ventures out of port in these parts, what time Kyknia draws on her misty hood. No wonder the old pilgrims to Delos poured libations to the storm-god as they passed; but the sailor's bane is the landsman's benison, for old Blowhard sweeps the air clean and sweet and leaves little work for the doctor. Still the island has its faculty and even a medical literature—here for example, is Dr. Zalloney's *Voyage à Tine, suivi d'un traité de l' Asthme* (Paris 1809), which not only gives an excellent account of his native island but a very intelligent study of its then prevalent plague.

I find my friend Lampakes with his mother lodged in a queer old castle over the sea, with a great lofty

megaron wherein, they say, old King Ludwig danced when his son Otho occupied the throne of Greece.* The house dates from Venetian days, and makes one think of Verona. Here the artist finds his inspiration, whether he looks seaward on the circling isles or landward where the mountain pushes up a huge bulk of red granite above embowered villages, monasteries and dovecotes. But he likes best to catch quaint views of his island capital. At this moment, however, the painter is forgotten in the patriot. In the harbour two Hellenic battleships are firing a salute as the festal procession, escorted by Hellenic "blue-jackets," pours into the little square and halts to answer the national guns with the National Hymn. The Tenian *Panegyris* is not merely a pilgrimage of the faithful, it is a patriotic demonstration. Here the Greeks of the Captivity from all the East come to kiss the soil of Free Greece; and Free Greece takes care to meet them with her best and bravest show. As Athens used to send her splendid *theoriai* to Delos, so she now sends her ironclads to Tenos—and sweeter than droning liturgy, ay, sweeter than the national hymn to the pilgrim from afar is the music of Greek guns.

Listening to that music and regarding this motley pomp, yet of one blood and one faith, one wonders why a new and nobler Delian League may not come into being here at Tenos.

* 14 February, 1836, visit attested by a tablet in the façade of St. Nicholas Church. Otho visited the island five times during his reign and King George keeps up the tradition.

CHAPTER XV.

A Voyage to Naxos.

I had fain prolonged my two days on Tenos to as many weeks, but Naxos and Paros were beckoning me out of the hazy South. So I board the *Heptanesos*, already packed with returning pilgrims, and in an almost perfect calm float across to Syra. Landing there at ten o'clock, I find the two hotels, the England and the Europe, crowded to the last cot; and, in default of a Hotel d' Amerique, I am piloted up hill to an American consular establishment. There a deal of knocking and ringing brings down first a savage dog and, a bit later, the master of the house, Kyr Padova, who combines the duties of a *didaskalos* with the dignity of Consular Agent for the United States. In the latter quality, his functions are not frequent nor arduous; and, nearing midnight though it is, he turns out with right good will to receive his chief from the capital; and I am presently tucked away in a big bed-chamber that looks out on Delos.

Rising at half-past five to a delicious cup of coffee, I hasten down to catch the *Heptanesos* which should weigh anchor for Naxos at seven. In fact, she gives me plenty of time to breakfast and to work out (with the help of my friend McTaggart of the McDowall Steamship Company) my itinerary for

the week;* and it is nine o'clock before we get under way, leaving the Poseidon and Theseus and other classical craft at anchor. After the frightful churning I had suffered in these waters a month before, it was delightful to see storm-brewing Kyknia without a cloud and to feel the blue sea beneath as calm as the blue sky above.

Next to whiling away delicious days on these islands is the joy of floating on this dreamy sea with isle after isle rising on the view to give body and background to its old, old story. Thus as we clear the harbour mouth we have under our eyes the Delian group, with its gently broken outlines, lying low upon the water until it rises in the considerable elevation at the northern end of Mykonos—the battleground of Hercules and the Giants. And then, as we head South, Seriphos rises in clearer view to our right with its solitary town on the ancient site above a good harbour and just under the ancient acropolis which is now crowned by a mediæval castle.

Seriphos enjoys a complex fame. It was here the old angler Diktys fished up the 'carven chest' which bore Danaë and baby Perseus, whose immortal lullaby still echoes in our hearts—thanks to Simonides' immortal verse. Here too, later on, when King Polydektes forgot to conduct himself like a gentleman—as a grandson of Aeolos he must have been a rough fellow—Perseus with one flirt of the

* The resultant schedule, in view of the state of communications in the Cyclades, was reassuring: between Sundays (and mine was a Sabbath day's journey) one might spend two days on Naxos, two more on Paros, and one on Ios, and visit Mykonos and Tenos; or he might give two days each to Naxos and Paros and three to Thera.

Gorgon's head turned His Majesty and all his subjects into stone. And who knows but that the manganese iron ore, which the little islet is shipping to America for the tempering of our Bessemer steel, may be quarried out of these stone folk of old; or that your jack-knife may not contain a bit of his Seriphian Majesty!

The new breed of Ionians from Attica were of finer stuff. With their neighbours of Siphnos and the Melians, they refused earth and water when the other islanders submitted to the Persian; and Seriphian triremes were on the right side at Salamis. As loyal allies of Athens then and in her Imperial days, Seriphos deserved better things than the flings of Attic comedy.

Siphnos makes a better figure, with her greater area and elevation and her bold and picturesque outline. The formation is limestone, whereas Seriphos is mainly slate with a modicum of granite. On a high plateau at some distance from the sea is pitched a considerable town embowered in orchards and gardens: this is Kastro and it occupies the site of old Siphnos. The island looks as if it might still justify its old renown for fertility in corn, wine, and oil; but the gold and silver mines (whose output annually divided among the people, as early as the sixth century B.C., made them the richest of islanders) yield no more. From a tithe of the ores (as Herodotus relates) they built and dedicated at Delphi a treasury as fine as any there;* and their own agora and town hall were adorned with Parian

* The statement is now abundantly borne out by the French excavations at Delphi if the beautiful building, with Parian frieze found almost intact, is to be identified as the Siphnian Treasury.

marble—probably the earliest use of that marble in architecture. No wonder they inquired of the Oracle how long their prosperity would last; but they were little the wiser for the Delphic reply:

When the Prytanies' seat shines white in the island of Siphnos,
White-browed all the Forum—need then of a true seer's wisdom;
Danger will threat from a wooden host and a herald in scarlet.

The danger came (524 B.C.) in a squadron of red-cheeked galleys manned by Samian exiles who ask for ten talents to carry on the war with their tyrant Polykrates. But, failing to discern the sign, the Siphnians refused, whereupon the "wooden host and the scarlet herald" beat them in battle, harried the island, and helped themselves to a hundred talents. That was the beginning of bad days, which must have culminated when (as Pausanias tells us) out of avarice they ceased bringing their tithe to Delphi and so the sea flooded and buried their mines. Ross's researches on the spot went to show that such a catastrophe had actually occurred.

Leaving Oliaros a little to our right, we enter at 11:30 a.m. the spacious but wide-mouthed harbour on the north-east coast of Paros, within which lies the city quite hidden till you round the lighthouse headland. The aspect of the island, bare as it is, is still pleasing. It is the well-known Pentelic tone with the grey less dominant. But, with three days to spend here presently, these impressions may wait.

As we resume our voyage, keeping close to the rugged Parian coast, a great dolphin bears us company for a time—the second creature of its kind

I have seen in Greek waters. A picturesque lighthouse on a high sheer headland marks the mouth of the northern harbour of Paros, Naoussa, which Bursian regarded as next to Navarino the finest in Greece and which is in fact (as Ross observed) ample enough to shelter the navies of the world. It was here the Russian fleet lay in 1771 when Catherine II was playing her unscrupulous game with the Greeks; and here Pasch van Krienen, who had been knocking about the Aegean some years already, joined the forces with a commission from Catherine to recruit the youth of the Cyclades for her service.

From Naoussa on, the Parian coast presents a succession of picturesque inlets and channels; and, rounding the north-eastern point, we see that side of Paros mostly flattened out to the sea while the great marble mountain, Marpessa, lifts its bulk in the centre. The channel between Paros and Naxos is barely five miles wide, narrowing farther down to three. Through it we have a glimpse of Ios and Sikinos lying in smoky black to the South; and from several mouths I catch the name *Nio* . . That corruption is already familiar; but it is still novel to hear Nikaria, established on the maps though it is. The N in these corruptions is the last residuum of εἰς τὴν [Ἴον, etc.], reducing first to 'ς την as in ς τήν πόλιν—pronounced by the Greeks 'ς τὴμ βόλιν and perverted by the Turk to Stamboul. Sometimes Peter is robbed to pay Paul; and so Naxos was long known as Axia.

It is two o'clock when our anchor drops in Naxos roads—harbour it is not; and we row ashore with our faith in the Aegean quite revived.

CHAPTER XVI.

Historic Naxos.

Naxos, pitched as of old on a hill which springs from the shore and straightway falls off again to the other three points, is a picture of a town—an Edinburgh castle, with its wynds, set off by itself on the sea. But picturesque as it is, in more substantial entertainment it leaves much to be desired. The *xenodocheion*, to which my porter pilots me up the wynds, is little more than a stable flagged with rough stones, but for the kitchen boxed off in one corner. From this ground floor rude stairs lead up to a big loft with several beds and opening all around into tight little cells, like the sleeping galleries of the White Hart in 'Pickwick.' Outlook, there is none, and, for ventilation, that is purely internal, barring chance chinks in the rubble wall. Postponing the question of lodgings, I order my dinner from the stews on exhibition and, with a fine water-melon to take the taste out of my mouth, come off very well. Meantime appears mine host, unseen before, who says (as I understand him) that he has a 'monastery room' above. I catch at the word, recalling Ross' happy days with Father Angelo in the Capuchin Cloister, but the 'monastery' to which I am now conducted turns out to be a white-washed hovel with a solitary cell at my service.

But, if Naxos fails to offer luxurious entertain-

ment, I am at least sure of one Naxian who can put me in the way of making the most of my brief visit. Among our Athenian acquaintance we have found none more genial than Michael Damirales, a devoted student and translator of Shakespeare; and he is now taking his holiday (for he belongs to the staff of the National Bank) on his native island. I find him staying with his uncle, Dr. Damirales—chief physician of the place, and more than once its deputy in the Greek Chamber. The doctor has a pretty stone cottage on the little point over against the Ancient Doorway, and the old marbles disposed about the grounds attest his interest in Naxian archæology. After a little visit here I set off with my friend for the doctor's garden behind the Castle Hill. On the way we pass a fountain where Naxian maidens are still drawing water, as they may have been doing when Ariadne woke from her siesta here to find Theseus had given her the slip and to console herself by wedding Dionysos and immortality. For it is 'Ariadne's Fountain'; and Naxian wine is still good medicine for wounded love.

The doctor's garden proves to be a pleasant spot sheltered from the wind by great green reed-walls and planted with lemon, orange, cedra, peach, pear, fig and other fruit trees all watered by a very thorough mule-sweep irrigation; and in the adjoining vineyard, furnished with a stone bench and marble table, we banquet on the rich clusters which Damirales cuts by the armful and rinses in the clear running water.

From Ariadne's Fountain and these tropical gardens, it is hardly an agreeable transition to the squalor and wreck of the town. But mine host

Alexandros gets me a guide, and we scramble and twist through tracks, half the time arched over by houses not content with a single front, until we come out at last on a road which leads up to the back door of old Naxos. Entering that gate, we knock up the solitary monk at the Capuchin cloister, who proves anything but a worthy successor of Ross's Father Angelo and only too glad to be rid of a stranger who does not hail from his dear Rome. There are ruined quadrangles and churches, and at the top of all a mass of debris which was the castle of Marco Sanudo seven centuries ago, as the same spot had been the seat of Lygdamis some seventeen centuries earlier still. The first house in the quarter, just under the castle wall, bears a marble plate blazoned with the Lion of St. Mark and inscribed "1875: Σωμάριπα." So a scion of the house that lorded it over Andros six or seven centuries ago still holds the fort of Sanudo and Lygdamis.

What a sweep of history this Castle Hill surveys!* Naxos was always the pearl of the Aegean, the garden of the Cyclades, as she is to-day. No wonder Dionysos was at home here, and fair Ariadne, if Theseus did play her false, readily consoled herself on waking by the Fountain to find the golden-haired wine god and his juicy gifts at her command.† Of the prehistoric time here—the

* In this sketch I have drawn freely on Ernst Curtius' early (untranslated) Essay: *Naxos*, Berlin, 1842.

† "The inhabitants of Naxos"—quaintly remarks old Tournefort—"pretended that that god was brought up among them and that this honour had procured them all manner of felicity." As a fact, the priest of Dionysos in classical times signs as eponymous magistrate the Naxian coins, which are stamped with the god's bearded and ivy-crowned head.

To face p. 118.

NAXOS

time of Phœnician trader and Carian corsair and sea-king Minos (Ariadne's sire), who swept them both out and established order in the Aegean—we have as yet no clear view; nor have we much more light on the coming of the Ionians to occupy the Twelve Isles encircling Holy Delos. But Naxos must have held the hegemony of that first Aegean League; hers must have been the bravest array and the richest offerings when the Delian festival came round. And it was no provincial glory; for with them the Ionians of both mainlands gathered about Apollo's altar—the central hearth of the larger Ionian world, binding together in the bonds of kindred blood and culture two shores that had faced each other in immemorial hostility. As the veil lifts and recorded history begins, we catch glimpses of the same social struggle here which marks the growth of the Greek city-state in general. The landed gentry, dubbed the *Fats* (*οἱ παχεῖς*) and doubtless sprung from the first families of the Ionian migration, find their monopoly of privilege and power threatened. For the industrial classes, attaining to wealth and weight, there arises a leader in Telestagoras, a noble so beloved of the commons that they freely supply his table, and when the gentry haggle about prices the word is always "Why, we'd rather give it to our Telestagoras than sell it to you!" So the 'Fats' forget themselves and misuse the noble demagogue and his daughters, whereupon the people rise against them and Naxos enters upon her stage of *tyrannis*. It is another Naxian noble, Lygdamis, who lends a hand to Peisistratos in his last usurpation; Peisistratos pays the debt by setting his ally up as a tyrant here; and the latter in turn helps

Polykrates to the tyranny of Samos, and so a triple alliance of tyrants spans the Aegean. In this castle Lygdamis held the Athenian hostages of Peisistratos and hence he could look out upon most of the twelve isles which doubtless owned his sway. What Peisistratos did for Athens the great aqueduct from Hymettos still realizes to us, and Eupalinos' famous tunnel speaks for the civic enterprise of Polykrates, while statuary scattered from Samos to Venice attests a Naxian school of sculptors working their own coarse-grained marbles long before and during the reign of Lygdamis. Indeed, Aristotle tells us that on seizing the reins of government Lygdamis auctioned off the belongings of the banished 'Fats,' including a lot of half-finished *anathemata*—some of which may yet be identified among the broken marbles in Dr. Damirales' courtyard.*

* Since my visit, Bruno Sauer (*Ath. Mitth.*, xvii, 37-79) has traced nearly fifty works in Naxian marble—from one of the colossal lions now guarding the Arsenal at Venice to the colossal Apollo (or, as he regards it, Dionysos) lying rudely blocked out near the quarry on the island—and he ably maintains his thesis that all these are the productions of Naxian stone-cutters dating from 650 to 500 B.C. For a century and more (650—540) these artisans devoted themselves to rough-hewing stiff naked Apollos for Delos: witness the Great Basis still *in situ* there, though the colossus "of the same stone" that occupied it is gone; and for the type the archaic Apollo from Thera in the National Museum at Athens. In the latter half of the sixth century, doubtless under the new impetus of the tyrants' triple alliance that widened the horizon of the island world, the Naxian school limbers up a bit and its works are in request not only at Delos, but wherever Apollo's cult prevails—as attested by finds made at Aktion, Megara, Athens, Ptoon and Samos. Of these younger works most date from Lygdamis' reign (say 530—520 B.C.). All are of Naxian marble and (Sauer maintains) from Naxian workshops; but singularly enough the one well known work signed by a Naxian sculptor is of foreign material and provenance, namely, the Orchomenos *stele* of blue Bœotain marble—now in

But Sparta puts down Lygdamis as well as the mainland tyrants and restores the 'Fats'—who, however, are sent packing again, and now take refuge with the tyrant of Miletus. Aristagoras, who had long coveted the Cyclades, lends a willing ear to the exiles as they dwell upon the fruitfulness of Naxos and its muster of eight thousand shields * and many long ships; and in his mind's eye he already sees Miletus the capital of the Cyclades and himself their overlord. But his own forces are unequal to the task of restoring the refugees and winning the isle, and he calls in Artaphernes—dangling before the Persian the same bait that had been dangled before his own eyes. So in the spring of 499 B.C. an allied fleet of three hundred sail is launched against the island; but the commanders fall out on the way and the Persian warns the islanders who secure this citadel and successfully withstand a four months' siege. Baffled at every point and in terror of the reckoning with Persia, Aristagoras stirs up the Ionian revolt—thus firing a train whose detonations are to be heard at Marathon, at Thermopylae and Salamis, at Plataea and Mykale, and ultimately in the flaming conquests of Alexander. It is one chain of events (as Curtius

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the National Museum at Athens—with the spirited relief of a man offering a grasshopper to his dog, signed by Alxenor of Naxos—a work referred to a date later than 500 B.C. Literature has thus far told us nothing about these old Naxian sculptors, but Pausanias has preserved for us the name of one Naxian stonecutter—that of Byzes, the first to invent a marble roof-tile away back in the seventh century B.C.

* Herodotus, v. 30.

observes) "that leads from the Naxian nobles' outrage on Telestagoras to the ruins of Persepolis." Certainly this old citadel is no mean landmark in world-history. On the way to Marathon the Persian has his revenge, burning town and temples and carrying away captive the few who had not escaped to their mountains; ten years later Naxos, making a virtue of necessity, mans four triremes for Xerxes' fleet, but when the lines are drawn at Salamis their trierarch Demokritos promptly ranges them on the national side and bears himself so well as to earn a good word from the historian and a noble elegy from the poet-laureate of the war.*

Third in the order of battle Demokritos led, when the Hellenes
Hard by Salamis' isle fought with the Medes on the sea.
Five were the ships of the foemen he took and a sixth he re-captured,
Out of barbarian hand saving the Dorian crew.

At Plataea again she stood for the good cause and no doubt at Mykale. But, for all that, she was soon to feel the heavy hand of Athens, as she was the first to break from the imperial city's despotic control and to be whipped into the traces again—seeing her rich fields parcelled out to Athenian land-grabbers, Euthyphron's father among them. When Athens in her turn is down, Naxos has good reason to welcome Sparta's hegemony and to stand out against the new Athenian League; thus this old citadel witnesses another crisis in Greek history, for

* Herodotus, viii. 46; Simonides, 123 (translated by Professor George M. Whicher).

in the narrow strait that washes these marble shores Chabrias crushes the Lacedaemonian fleet (376 B.C.) and makes Athens again mistress of the Aegean, Naxos included. From that time she passes from hand to hand—to the Ptolemies with their adopted Egyptian gods and to the Romans who turn her into a Botany Bay, and so on till the light of ancient history goes out.

Ages pass unmarked, and the next clear glimpse we catch of Naxos shows us Marco Sanudo, a crusading grandee of Venice, rebuilding the castle of Lygdamis and from it pushing his conquest of the Cyclades until he reigns here as prince of the Latin Empire and Duke of the Aegean, the first of his line to enjoy the latter dignity for a hundred and sixty-five years (A.D. 1207—1372). For the Sanudi built their realm on firmer bases than those of the short-lived Latin Empire, and so they ruled on under the new Greek Empire and held their own stoutly against the Turk. But in time Francesco Crispi of Melos succeeds (by assassination!) to the ducal dignity, to be followed by eleven others of his line (1372—1566), who fall on troublous times and at last yield the throne of the Aegean to a rich Portuguese Jew!* This prince out of Israel, too

* The titled Jew was still a novelty in the sixteenth century and the story of Duke Joseph Naci (alias Juan Miquez) is worth telling. With other refugees from religious oppression in his native land where he had made a compulsory profession of the Christian faith, he sought religious liberty (and shekels) under the Crescent; and, thanks to his own gifts and to the rich Jewess who eloped thither with him, he became the Rothschild of his time. By his seasonable loans, good dinners, and fine wines he ingratiated himself with the heir apparent Selim so far that the latter promised (it is said) to make him king of Cyprus in case of the conquest of that island. Fortunately for him,

full of business on the Golden Horn and sure only of a waspish welcome to his new realm, was content to rule by deputy in the person of a high-born Spaniard, Francesco Coronello, whom he sent out from his palace in Pera and who governed Naxos with great acceptance as long as he lived. That was the end of the Aegean Duchy, and thereafter Naxos was ruled directly from the Porte, handing over its fixed tribute to the Capudan Pasha on his annual round, notwithstanding occasional ventures of the Frank to bring back the feudal days, until the hour strikes and the poet's dream that Greece might yet be free comes true for Naxos and her sister Cyclades, if not for all the isles of Hellas.

Of the thirty centuries that look down upon us from the old castle, history affords but slight and scattered glimpses; but an old traveller has left us an engaging picture of Naxos as he found it two

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Selim came to the throne just in time to receive the Naxian malcontents who had risen against their twenty-first and last Duke—Giacomo Crispi, a dissolute bankrupt—and who came, as the rebels against Lygdamis had come over twenty centuries before, to sue for help from the East. To their dismay, Selim promptly named his Jewish banker and wine merchant to reign over them under the style and title of Josephus Naci, by the grace of God Duke of the Aegean Sea and Lord of the Twelve Isles. Thus (as Curtius remarks) the first goal of the aspiring Jew was reached in extending his sway over the vine-clad isles of the Aegean; for the wine-tithe (amounting to 15,000 crowns a year) drawn from them was the main thing with him, and his first enterprise was an attack upon Tenos with a view to adding the isle that produced the far-famed Malmsey to his wine-realm. But his avarice and ambition were yet unsated, and he is thought to have instigated the burning of the Arsenal at Venice in order to weaken the republic and hasten the fall of Cyprus over which he was to reign. But that goal was never reached: far from losing Cyprus to the Jew, Venice would seem to have won back for a time the control of Naxos.

hundred years ago. As Tournefort's *Voyage* is out of most readers' reach, either in the original French or the quaint old English version, I venture to revive him here.*

"The castle situated on the most elevated part of the Town—is a circuit flanked with great Towers within which stands a large square one, whose walls are very thick and which was properly the Palace of the Dukes. The Descendants of the Latin Gentlemen that settled in the Island under these Princes are still in Possession of the Scite of this Castle. The Greeks who are much more numerous enjoy all from the Castle down to the Sea. The Enmity between the Greek and Latin Gentry is irreconcilable: the Latins would rather make alliance with the meanest Peasant than marry Greek Ladies: which made them procure from Rome a dispensation to marry with their Cousins-German. The Turks use all these Gentlemen of both sorts just alike. At the arrival of the meanest Bei of a Galliot, neither Latins nor Greeks ever dare appear but in red Caps like the Common Galley-Slave and tremble before the pettiest officers. As soon as ever the Turks are withdrawn, the Naxian nobility resume their former Haughtiness; nothing is to be seen but Caps of Velvet, nor to be heard but Tables of Genealogy: Some deduce themselves from the Palaeologi or Comnenii; others from the Justiniani, the Grimaldi, the Sommaripas.

"The Grand Seignior never need to fear any Rebellion in this Island: the moment a Latin stirs, the Greeks give notice to the Cadi; and if a Greek opens his mouth, the Cadi knows what he meant to say before he shuts it. The Ladies here are most ridiculously vain: you shall see them return from

* Tournefort's "Voyage in the Levant," i, 229 ff.

the Country after Vintage with a train of 30 or 40 Women, half on Foot and half on Asses—one carries upon her head a Napkin or two made of Cotton or a Petticoat of her Mistress's; another marches along holding in her hand a Pair of Stockings, a Stone Kettle, or a few Earthen Plates; all the Furniture of the House is set to View and the Mistress sorrily mounted makes her Entry into the City in a Kind of Triumph at the head of this Procession. The Children are in the Middle of the Cavalcade and the Husband usually brings up the Rear . . . . . The Gentlemen of Naxia keep wholly in the Country in their Castles which are pretty handsome Square Towers and visit one another but very rarely: Hunting is most of their Employment. When a Friend comes to see them, they order one of their Servants to drive the first Hog or Calf he can light on into their Grounds: the Animal thus caught straying, as they call it, is confiscated and put to death according to the Custom of the Country, and they feast upon his Carcass."

Such is the picture of Naxian society drawn by this worthy predecessor of Edmond About, who also shows us how the hegemony of the Turk as well as the comfort of the Greek was limited by the Frankish freebooters. "The Turks did not dare to appear much abroad in these islands before the departure of the Privateers who would often go and take them by the beard and away with them on board ship, where they made slaves of them. Our Privateers have sometimes been more successful in the Preservation of Christianity than the most zealous Missionaries; witness the following example. Some years ago ten or a dozen families of Naxos embraced the Mahometan Religion: the Christians of the Latin Communion got them snapt up by the Privateers who carried them to Malta. *Since which time*

no one has thought it worth while to turn Mahometan at Naxos. The famousest Corsairs of the Archipelago had nothing odious about them but the Name. They were Men of Quality and distinguished Valour, who only followed the Mode of the Times they lived in. Did not Messieurs de Valbelle, Gardane, Colongue come to be Captains and Flag Officers of the King's Fleet after they had cruised upon the Infidels? How many Knights of Malta do we see supporting in the Levant the Christian Name under the Banner of Religion! These Gentlemen minister Justice to such as address themselves to them. If a Greek insults a Christian of the Latin Communion, the latter need but complain to the first Captain that puts into that Port: the Greek is sent for, taken up if he refuses to pay obedience, and bastinado'd if he has done amiss. The Captains put an end to Suits at Law without Lawyers or Attorneys. The Evidence is carried aboard Ship and the Party against whom the Trial goes is sentenced to make satisfaction in Money or dry Blows: all this is done gratis by the Judges without Fee or Reward, *except perhaps a Hogshead of Wine or a good fat Calf.*" *

Following the old monk's directions, we work our way down the castle front, and I turn in with mine

* *Ib.*, ii, 187. Not a large fee if we can trust an Englishman who visited the island some time before Tournefort (Bernard Randolph, 'The Present State of the Islands in the Archipelago,' Oxford, 1687): "A French Merchant bought 5,000 Barrells of Wine, while I was there, which cost him but half a Dollar per Barrel, which is about half a crown English for 15 Gallons of Good Wine; Provisions of all sorts is very plentifull; Partridges and other fowls are here in abundance; and they live the best of any of the Islanders next to those of Tine and Scio." The total population, he adds, is not above 5,000.

host, who being a townsman of Trikoupes from Missolonghi has given his inn the name of 'Aitolo-Akarnania.' He has been settled here for twenty years, sometime as clerk in the emery mines, and is somewhat of an archæologist in his way, having served as dragoman for Richard Lepsius, Albert Thumb, Ehremburg, and other foreign visitors to the island. And, though appearances are against him, he proves a pretty decent landlord after all. I dine on good mutton chops broiled on coals, with onions, melon, and tolerable resinato; and withal enjoy sitting in his dingy place and chatting with him and his casual guests. But of my choking night in the loft—stretched out at right angles to the old Parian who was my shipmate hither—the less said the better.

My second Naxian day was devoted to the country. Setting out at ten, with a donkey mount and guide, we took our way between the castle and the shore through streets often so narrow that the pedestrian must squeeze into a doorway to let a rider pass, although the doorway is often of pure white marble—here and there elaborately carved. But the country road offers an agreeable contrast—a broad gravelled carriage way, though without a wheel track, as Naxos seems to be innocent of carriage or cart—with extensive vineyards on either hand fenced with tall reeds or more commonly with aloe-hedges whose pale green gives a more agreeable effect than the gray Andrian slate-walls. The peasants, carrying their grapes to market, salute us with a *'γιά σας* (short for *εἰς τὴν ὑγιείαν σας*): Dionysos' isle, indeed, when "Here's to your health" becomes the customary salutation.

After half an hour of this fruitful plain, we gradually rise into a broken country strewn with huge granite boulders reminding one of New England; and rest at a cross-road fountain under a plane tree—a fitter fountain of Ariadne than that in the edge of the town. Just above the fountain is a deserted chapel, in which lie a large Byzantine capital and an Ionic base; on these data one may build his three tabernacles! It is certainly a spot to invite the temple-founder: solid granite to build on, and a grand view whether you lift up your eyes to the granite hills or turn them to the smiling sea and Paros' marble mountains beyond. Under us, in a sort of level basin, is a country-seat—rich gardens about a group of buildings, partly old Venetian, with a clean white Greek mansion at the centre. The broad road to the right, which we have just quitted, leads over a white marble bridge to a pretty village on the hills; and to the south the plain presents a sweep of verdure not unworthy of old Naxos. Well planted and well watered, it yields two crops a year, one of barley, and a second of cotton or melons.

Pushing on around the mountain by a road hewn in the living granite, we follow the course of a torrent overhung by plane trees and full of oleanders, and so enter an Arcadian valley with two villages. The larger of these, Melanas, a half hour east, is our destination. Still following the water-course, with an occasional pool and abundant planes, we rise over an outcrop of white marble to the village. It is on the south side of the gorge, whereas

the far-famed *peribolia* (gardens), which had invited this hot journey, are on the other, and passing there is none without returning on our track for an hour. My agogiat has deliberately misled me in order to visit his own home at my expense; for the village cafè, with its pretty hostess Kalliope, seems to be among his family affairs. But one might easily have found a worse place for a hot noon-day: there was cool shade, fresh eggs, good bread, figs to melt in one's mouth, delicious grapes, and Naxian wine such as young Ernst Curtius drank here fifty years ago—*hell wie Wasser der Quelle, aber voll Feuer und Geist*, as he pronounces it ("Naxos," S. 7). Upon this feast, topped off with good Turkish coffee and a short siesta, I am half ready to forgive the young rascal until I find he is coolly to bide at home and the coffee-house imp is to succeed him in my service. Then, indeed, I feel my own weakness in objurgatory Greek and long for a little of Archilochos' gall.

Across the unbridged gorge shine the fair white houses of the "Gardens" and the tall square tower which was Sanudo's first castle on Naxos. That region with its forest of olives, oranges and lemons must have been always the "Gardens" *par excellence* of the island—the fairest preserve of the landed gentry who flouted Telestagoras, as of the grandee-adventurers of the Ducal Court at whose revels the songs of the Troubadours rose upon the air once ringing with the odes of Sappho and Anakreon. Fancy the scenes witnessed by this now tranquil paradise when—a dozen years before Columbus found the new world—the princes and nobles of the Twelve Isles gathered at the Naxian

Court to assist at a state wedding whose festivities engaged them for a month long!

Pindar, in the greatest of his odes (Pyth. 4, 88), tells us how "in glistening Naxos died ere now, they say, the children of Iphimedeia, Otos, and thou, bold prince Ephialtes"; and here at Melanas that delectable Dutchman Pasch van Krienen found the lettered landmark of their sanctuary (ὅρος τεμένους τοῦ Ὦτου καὶ Ἐφιάλτου)—a find fully attested by Ludwig Ross. If this was the giants' tomb, as Pasch supposed, it was nobly guarded. To the north-east Koronon rears its sharp-pointed, shining pyramid, and farther east and south another marble summit looms; for the mountains of Naxos are granite masses topped off sharp with marble. Did this determine Pindar's epithet (λιπαρᾷ) which puts Naxos in the same class with his "glistening violet-crowned Athens"?

Home again at 5:20, rest a while, and then row over to the islet for a sunset view of and through the great Portal. It is a gate framed of three huge monoliths, the piers measuring some 25 feet high and the lintel 18 feet long, giving a door of about 20 by 12 feet in the clear—all of the coarse white marble out of which the old Naxian sculptors hewed their rude colossal Apollos and the great basis at Delos which still proudly proclaims: "I am of one stone."

Greece is rich in old gates, with their vocation gone. I have already mentioned that of Andros. In Athens we have the noble gate of Athene Archegetis and the pretentious gate of Hadrian; at Messene, under Mt. Ithome, the splendid circular

gate which Epaminondas built. Most of these tell their own story: that of Andros alone stands dumb and waits for fancy to help it out. This Portal of Naxos, now, is a half-open secret; for behind it, partly uncovered, lie the foundations of a temple-cella, tradition says of Dionysos. This should be true, considering the wine-god's precedence in Naxos. His priest was ἐπώνυμος ἀρχή of the island, and its coins were stamped with his image. It seems even to have borne his name (Dionysia as well as Dia). So his temple here would stand like Athena's * at Sunium to challenge or welcome all comers on the god's own threshold. To that office has now succeeded a tiny wave-washed chapel at the very extremity of the rude old granite mole where sailors pay their vows to the Panagia of the Haven.

Another stifling night in my 'Aitolo-Akarnanian' cell and I pull myself together to breakfast on coffee and eggs—pay my score (12½ drachmae for two days' entertainment, including guide and mount for my excursion to Melanas) and go down to the shore. No boat; engine reported out of order at Amorgos and arrival here uncertain. Wind and waves roaring over breakwater. Threatened with donkey transit to landing at Hagios Prokopios an hour distant, as boats do not venture into this harbour in foul weather. Damirales with a military friend joins me by the seaside and introduces Sommaripa—which, of course, ushers in coffee *al fresco* and much talk. The present representative of the old lords of Andros is as fair as a Scan-

* Now Poseidon's, thanks to Staes' spade.

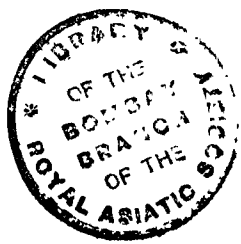
dinavian, with a long gray beard, and follows the high calling of a notary. His is the marble mansion under Sanudo's ruined castle, and he has his country house amid those pretty gardens I saw yesterday at Melanas. The square tower there, he tells me, was Marco's own pleasure-house and that the earliest Venetian settlement on Naxos. If I will stay a few days longer he will go with me to the emery mines on the east side of the island, seven hours distant. I covet one of Pindar's Naxian whetstones,* and should enjoy the company of a Venetian grandee, improved by seven centuries of Hellenizing, but my programme will not bear this wrench. I enquire about the Palaiologos family, whose garden I passed on my way to the country, and a smile goes round; it is a name appropriated day before yesterday, as the Greeks say, in place of some plebeian one. Knowing the ways of the country, I can well believe it. We cannot count much on Greek surnames, and the Barocci of whom I have just bought two mustard plasters for a penny may be innocent of Venetian blue blood.

Naxos has its bazaar which reminds one of Argos and the opening pages of Herodotus: this little square of sand by the wharf is not only the evening promenade of the Naxian *élite*—and they make a surprisingly brave and urban show; but here are spread the imported wares for sale. The conspicuous item now is Siphnian pottery—a rude, red ware as heavy as stone. The little wharf is covered with great baskets of fruit (among them the cedra),

* Lampon of Aegina "among athlete men is as the bronze-grinding Naxian whetstone among other stones" (*Isthmian*, vi, 73). Emery is the Naxian staple, as marble is the Parian.

and on the sand there is a huge pile of melons—all waiting for the steamer. These products, with a boat-load of calves for the Syra market, make up the visible exports.

About 12:30 the steamer is seen rounding Cape Prokopios. I fortify myself with fresh eggs and cantelope at Alexander's, put down my name, go with Damirales to take my ticket to Paros, and get rowed aboard the *Heptanesos*.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CHAPTER XVII.

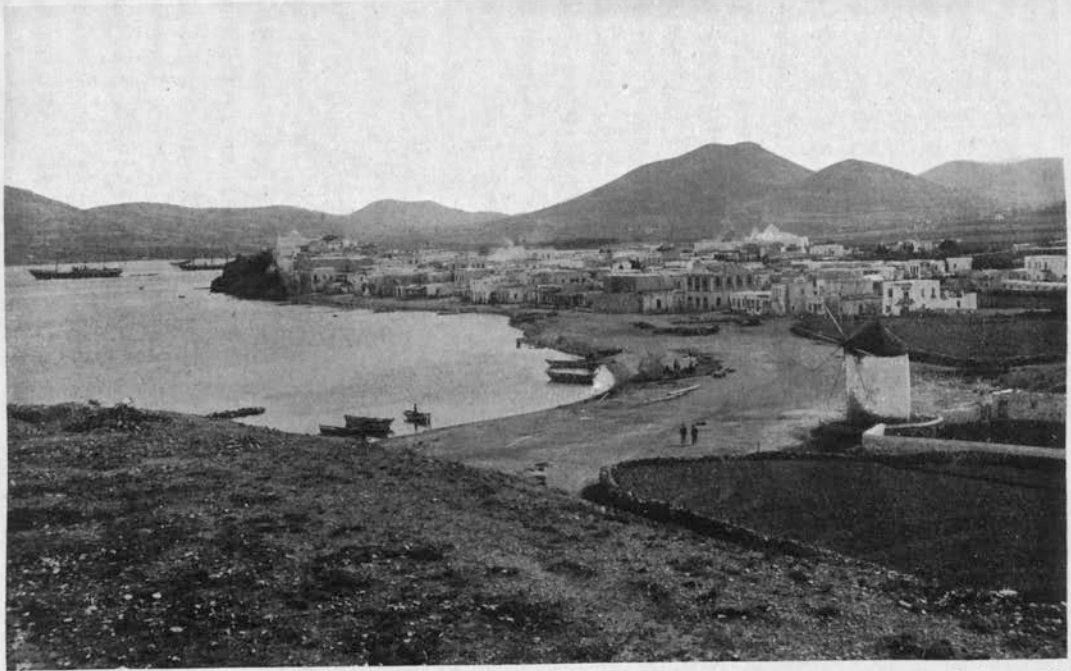
Paros the Marble Island.

Four days for the native isle of Archilochos and Skopas, with her marble mountain and her Church of a Hundred Gates! That was no common thrill with which I set foot on the Parian marble wharf, and the exaltation of the moment forestalled any misgiving, little as I knew where I was to find bed or board during my stay. A week earlier I might have joined the pilgrimage and lodged with our Lady of the Hundred Gates, who of course keeps open house at her panegyris; but her pilgrims were already sailing out as we sailed in. However I had my tokens in the shape of a letter from my Shaksperean friend at Naxos to his cousin, the younger Dr. Damirales, whom I find playing a quiet game of whist at the little café and who promptly commits me to the care of the *astynomos* or chief of police. That dignitary, in the exercise of functions kindred to those of the ancient proxenos but usually discharged nowadays by the provincial demarch, at once secured me clean airy quarters in a gardener's house just outside the town. There I turned in—with Apostolos, the gardener, to be my Parian guide; with the gardener's cheery wife to cater to my wants—though four days was all too brief a space to transform her into an ideal English landlady;

and with their hopeful Gianni, a pupil of the Hellenic School, to be my catechumen in Parian history.

Thus snugly installed and renewed by a glorious night's rest, sadly needed after the tribulations of Naxos, I am ready to explore Paros.

Here again the modern town clings to the ancient site and is built largely of the material of the ancient city. The acropolis, indeed, is by nature far less imposing than the old citadel of Lygdamis on the neighbouring island; for it is but a slight elevation rising some forty feet straight out of the sea and falling off gradually to landward. But the Frankish castle, now crowning it, makes a braver show than does Sanudo's castle at Naxos; indeed, it is the most remarkable patchwork of ancient marbles to be seen anywhere in Greece. Its north-east tower is still standing to a height of sixty feet, and from it stretches southward in a gentle curve a section of the castle wall some 300 feet in length and 40 feet high. Tower and wall alike are built wholly of dazzling Parian—the plunder of two temples that once rose hard by. The tower itself is faced with ancient drums, architraves and triglyphs, varied by two immense inscribed blocks; while the wall, above a ruder foundation, shows first a course of massive architraves, then two courses of large rectangular blocks, then a course of drums laid endways, then again two courses of smaller rectangular blocks—above which triglyphs, small blocks, and rough stones are laid up hit or miss. Thus the Venetians turned Hellenic temples into quarries; and in their turn the Parians of to-day have quarried the Venetian castle to build or at least to patch their



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PAROS

own dwellings. Ross was told in 1835 that within living memory an Englishman had carried a ship-load of these Parian columns and the like to Malta; and we know that the 'Parian Marble' had found its way to England long before.

But we may better appreciate this wreck of a marble city when we have traced the radiant material to its source. Over my breakfast, Apostolos had contracted (for the moderate charge of three drachmae) to provide donkeys and go with me to the quarries; and so we are off at ten, with young Gianni to keep us company. It is not an inviting road through the little plain that lies eastward from the town; for most of it is dusty and arid, what little vegetation there is being wholly due to irrigating wells. There are hardly any trees except in the suburban gardens, like that in which I am lodged; although we are told the plain was once a fine stretch of olive woods until the Venetian troops, who occupied the island for nine or ten years before the long siege of Candia, felled or uprooted the trees for firewood. To the north, indeed, where mountain glens open on the plain, one still gets glimpses of rich green gardens and orchards; and immediately under the town we pass patches of cotton, with the white bolls just bursting. Thus the women we had observed twirling their distaffs in the narrow streets have not far to go for their raw material. The field-walls and ruined chapels by the wayside are relieved by marbles from all parts of ancient buildings—a clear indication that old Paros was no mean city.

In half an hour we clear the dusty plain and begin a winding ascent; and a fine ride over a high

upland brings us to the quarries. These we find provided with extensive buildings and other requisites for carrying on a large industry; but workmen there are none—only one old woman on guard who fetches a miner's lamp and three wax tapers to light us down to the marble depths. The main quarry opens to the east of a deep narrow defile, which extends southward from this point; and our descent is by a traction railway track at an incline of about 45 degrees. This now unused track is strewn with Parian chips and in places overgrown with nettles, making it a hard road to travel; but where shall we find another railway tunnel pushed even 300 feet through massive radiant Parian? From the bottom, a hundred yards or more below the entrance, diverge right and left low narrow ancient galleries which we explored till the chill and damp warned us to be gone; and we worked our way painfully up to daylight. Over against this quarry to the south-west and several hundred feet higher are two other shafts, both showing extensive exploitation; and one of these we find likewise connected with the traction railway ready to carry down to the port the fine blocks which lie quarried in considerable numbers. Though this appears to be operated solely as a surface quarry now, there is an opening just below and partly overgrown with bushes which (according to Fiedler) is the mouth of the ancient sculpture quarry. We had neither time nor breath for another descent, nor could we seek the rude relief of Pan's Festival which still embellishes the quarried grot wherein the shepherds to this day take refuge with their flocks from the noonday heat. That naïve work has often been described, but never

more sympathetically than by old Tournefort who saw it before the Vandals and Time had done their worst upon it.

"This Basso-Relievo" (he says) "is four feet long and its highest part is two feet five inches, the bottom of it is cut level, the top is pretty irregular, because the Performer fitted it to the Figure of the Rock. Though the Work has been very ill-handled by Time, it nevertheless appears to be a kind of Bacchanal or if you will a Country Wedding, containing twenty-nine Figures tolerably well designed, but ill put together. Of twenty of these Figures which are upon a Line, the six biggest are seventeen inches tall; they represent Nymphs dancing a sort of Brawl; there is another sitting on the left hand that seems to draw back though pressed to dance. Among these Figures appears the Head of a Satyr with a long Beard, that laughs till his sides crack. On the right are placed twelve smaller Figures which seem to come only to be Spectators. Bacchus sits quite o' top of the Basso-Relievo, with Asses' Ears, and a huge gurdy Gut, surrounded with Figures in several Attitudes; they all seem perfectly merry, especially a Satyr that stands in the front with Ears and Horns like a Bull! The Heads of this Piece were never finished: 't was a whim of some Carver who diverted himself while loading his marble and who wrote at the Bottom of his Basso-Relievo ΑΔΑΜΑΣ ΟΔΡΥΣΗΣ ΝΥΜΦΑΙΣ 'Adamas Odryses reared this monument to the Girls of the Country.'" *

* Voyage in the Levant (i, 213). For a copy of Adamas' composition, see Stuart's "Antiquities of Athens," (vol. iv, Plate v). Tozer ("Islands of the Aegean," 115 f.) says that at the time of his visit in 1874 a large piece of the group had recently been broken off and carried away by a foreigner; but it had been recovered and was then lying at the monastery in the packing case in which it had been sent back.

After looking into these sources of ancient splendour and beauty, I have the further privilege of visiting their present proprietor. Kyr Damias, rusty and rustic, and his rather pretty wife welcome us with coffee and honeycomb which speaks well for the Parian bees. For three hundred years (he tells me) his family have owned and occupied as their dwelling this cloister of Hagia Mina. It is a picturesque old quadrangle, on the summit of the ridge which walls the quarry defile on the west. Built in the stairway is a rough-hewn relief of two human figures of pinkish tint—found in the quarry and possibly akin to Adamas' merry carving. The cloisters are hung with wine-skins. The little chapel, in which the liturgy is still read once a month by a priest from the capital, shows the two-headed eagle of Byzantium marble-medallioned in the floor, and a rude *eikonostasion* with many dreadful paintings such as the "Beheading of the Baptist," the "Sacrifice of Abraham," and the Apple-tree Scene in Eden. Across the top runs a sort of frieze of twelve scriptural subjects, the first representing Rebecca at the Well. Judged by these samples, Parian painting hardly kept up to the standard of Parian sculpture.

We mount to the roof and a noble prospect is out-spread below and above us. Kyr Damias owns the whole landscape to the top of Hagios Elias (Marpessa), including the monastery, the quarries, some vineyards, a well-stocked pigeon house, and a good bunch of sheep and goats He has good water, good honey, heavenly air, and, being monarch of all he surveys even from his house-top, what more should man want? He does want to sell out

the whole business, mountains and monastery, marble quarries and all, and get away to educate his six children. I promised to let the world know about it, and I can think of no more sentimental investment than is here offered: 350,000 drachmae, or (at present rates of exchange) $50,000 is the sum asked. For that trifle any one of our rich men may own mountains of Parian marble—the marble whose pure creamy whiteness afforded happy similes to Pindar and Theokritus; aye, the very quarry that yielded the material wherewith the Alkmaeonidae rebuilt Apollo's temple at Delphi, an event of far-reaching consequence in Athenian history. Moreover, it yielded the 'Venus de Milo' and the Hermes of Olympia, and indeed the great majority of the masterpieces of classical Greek sculpture extant or perished.*

Nor was Paros less famous for her sculptors than for her marble. Not to go back to archaic art, which yields three or four Parian names, we find Pheidias supported by a trio of Parians whose works were sometimes taken for his own. From Paros came the great master's favourite pupil

* Among works specifically stated by Pausanias to be of Parian marble were Pheidias' Heavenly Aphrodite at Athens; Praxiteles' Satyr at Megara; the Fortune at Corinth; the Hera at Phlious; the Asklepios and Epione at Epidaurus; the Colossal Fortune at Hermione; Damophon's Mother of the Gods at Messene; the Hadrian at Olympia; and Kalamis' Dionysos at Tanagra. Dr. Clarke ("Travels," vi, 135) attributes the prevalence of Parian in extant Greek sculpture not to any preference for and larger use of it on the part of the ancients, but to its possessing in a higher degree than other marbles the quality of "hardening by exposure to atmospheric air" and so "resisting decomposition through a series of ages." In other words, we owe our Parian prizes not to ancient taste but to the survival of the fittest material.

Agorakritos, sculptor of the Rhamnousian Nemesis, which is usually ascribed to Pheidias himself; and, indeed, judging from the exquisite reliefs which adorned its pedestal and which have been recently recovered and placed in the National Museum, it was well worthy of the master. From Paros came also Thrasyboulos, author of the gold-and-ivory Asklepios at Epidauros, with its richly decorated throne; and Kolotas, who is said to have worked with Pheidias on the great chryselephantine Zeus at Olympia. Another Parian, Lokros, wrought the Athene that stood by the Ares of Alkamenes in the war-god's sanctuary on the Areopagus; and the Parian Aristandros was the sculptor of the 'Woman with a Lyre' (supposed to be Sparta) which Pausanias saw at Amyklai. But it was left for the son of this Aristandros to raise Paros to the first rank in the art-world of Greece: that son was Skopas, architect and sculptor, as great a figure in the fourth century as Pheidias had been in the fifth, whose temples and temple-statues adorned the cities of Ionia as well as those of the Greek Mainland and whose Carian Mausoleum was the very climax of monumental art.*

We ride home by the railway track, a great advance on ordinary island roads; and, after due

* Even more has been credited to Paros. Clarke speaks of the dilapidated town as "the wretched remnant of a city famous for the birth of Pheidias and Praxiteles." Pheidias was certainly a thorough-bred Athenian; but Overbeck and other authorities agree in regarding Praxiteles as grandson of a Parian sculptor whom Pausanias (v, 20) calls Pasiteles—perhaps a slip of the stile for Praxiteles. To this Parian grandfather Overbeck would ascribe several works usually credited to the great Athenian grandson, among them the Hera at Plataea and the Twelve Gods at Megara.

rest and refreshment, I go at 5:30 to call upon the *astynomos*. In a great house scantily furnished, two young ladies, in the master's absence, receive me; and we are presently joined by two of their cousins, a student of medicine from the University and a young lawyer. In the course of the conversation, I learn that they are all Crispis. The *astynomos* appears to be the present head of the family which ruled as Dukes of Naxos for two hundred years (1372—1566); and he has several times represented Paros in the Greek Parliament, as has his nephew the advocate.

With these distinguished gentlemen and Dr. Damirales, I make my first pilgrimage to Our Lady of the Hundred Gates, whose sanctuary is much after the fashion of the Evangelistria at Tenos and keeps its festival at the same season. As a hostelry, it lodges and partly provisions its pilgrims—serving them with grapes and figs gratis, as in olden times (according to Plutarch) Delphi served pilgrim-rations of flour and beans and Delos of salt, vinegar and oil with fuel and bed-clothes to boot. Nor does its beneficence end with the panegyris: all the year round this institutional church in the Aegean serves as house of mercy with free quarters for the Parian poor; and it employs a physician who is required to visit without charge the indigent of Paros and Antiparos as well. Its income from farms and gardens and the gifts of the pious enable it to render these public services and also to house, though it does not maintain, the Hellenic School. It is quite the pleasantest spot in or about the town; and one instinctively felicitates Our Lady's Parian wards as at hot noontide he passes one of her

hundred gates and finds himself in the great quadrangle with a bit of cool green garden on either hand—a large spreading cedar dominating the one and a noble palm-tree lending distinction to the other.

Architecturally, the Church is as unique as the Castle. The Empress Helena (we are told) began it by roofing over half a dozen standing pillars of a ruined Greek temple; and the little chapel thus formed was afterward enclosed in the greater sanctuary of which it still forms a part. Parian tradition adds that the greater church was built by a pupil of the architect of St. Sophia, who (as usual in these legends) so far outdid the master that the latter flung him from these pinnacles. The delicate embroidery on this Parian legend, as it was recited to me by another Crispi and a professor at that, I must keep to myself—as Herodotus or Pausanias would have piously done before me! Whoever the architect, he had no conscience about plundering the old temples to build with. Even his cruciform Baptistry, said to be unique in its kind, appears to be built of pagan as well as Parian blocks; an old pagan altar underlies the Christian one, which of course conceals a miraculous healing spring; and through their whitewash the columns of the cloister still betray Hellenic inscriptions.

From the church we go to seek traces of the town wall and the temple associated with the grim *peripeteia* in the fortunes of the victor of Marathon. In a wall ten minutes south-east of the modern town Ross found a stone bearing the inscription Δήμητρος καρποφόρου; and the elder Crispi tells me of a block which he had himself seen and whose

inscription identified it as the basis of Demeter's agalma. The field-wall is built largely of massive marble blocks; and a little below in a torrent bed are clear traces of an ancient city-wall. This, then, may well be the most interesting spot in Paros—so fatally connected with one of the saddest episodes in all Greek history.

It is an oft-told tale; but here of all places one may be pardoned for telling it over again—particularly as I find even my young friend Gianni, to the manner born and Hellenic scholar that he is, requires a review of the subject. He knows, to be sure, that an Athenian general once came over to trounce the Parians and 'got hurt'—"up at the *phrourio*" (he thinks); but the general's name he cannot recall and he cudgels his brains a long time before he recovers the name of Marathon.

After the memorable day of Marathon, Miltiades must have enjoyed a sort of omnipotence at Athens; and he abuses that prestige by demanding a fleet for an expedition which should add still more to Athenian glory, but which should act under sealed orders of his own. In the face of all precedent and prejudice, for even then Athens was a great parliament and governed by discussion, the forces were granted; and Miltiades, ostensibly to punish Paros for joining the Mede before Marathon, but in fact to gratify a personal grudge, sailed over here, called upon the Parians for a vast indemnity (100 talents), and on their refusal wasted the island and besieged the town for twenty-six days. Then baffled at every point, according to the Parian story, by collusion with a captive woman in the service of this temple he was admitted by night to the precinct,

which no man might lawfully enter; but before he could accomplish his unhallowed purpose (whatever it was) he was seized with panic dread and leaped over the wall again—with nothing to show for his adventure but a dislocated hip. Thus disabled, he returns empty-handed to face the Athenian mob upon the Pnyx—a mob quite as keen to crucify as to crown its heroes. Impeached by Xanthippos (the father of Perikles), it was only by the skin of his teeth and the memory of Marathon that he escaped the hemlock; but he soon died of his inglorious wound, leaving his son Kimon to discharge the fine of fifty talents imposed upon him by the angry Demos.

So, for substance, runs the story in the vulgate; but, reading between the lines, we may yet think well of poor Miltiades even when we

> Find his name the by-word of the State,
> Sung in the slanderous ballads of the town.

For he was only following up the work of Marathon, as Xanthippos himself a decade later followed up the work of Salamis, by seeking to sweep Persian influence out of the Aegean. Themistokles undertook to fine the Andrians in much the same fashion and failed, too, though Paros paid her fine without waiting for another siege (Hdt. viii, 112); but Athens then was all for pushing things and nobody cared to take him to task. That Miltiades had good Hellenic cause for undertaking to discipline Paros, she showed by her subsequent course—always waiting to see which way the cat jumped before taking sides. It was good Hellenic policy to whip in the islands after Marathon, but it required the

fleet Themistokles was yet to build to make it effective.

And (if we may trust Otfried Müller) this spot may be further associated with the grim retaliation of the jilted Parian poet, whom 'rage armed with his own iambics.' Archilochos, indeed, avows himself a 'servant of Lord Enyalios and the Muses' fosterling'; but his family had long been devotees of the gentle Mother (whose cult the Poet's grandfather had carried to rude Thasos) and the Poet was her laureate. How that service might license many a biting jest one may see from the mystic chorus in 'The Frogs.' Here, then, two centuries before Miltiades, we may fancy the Poet in his singing robes

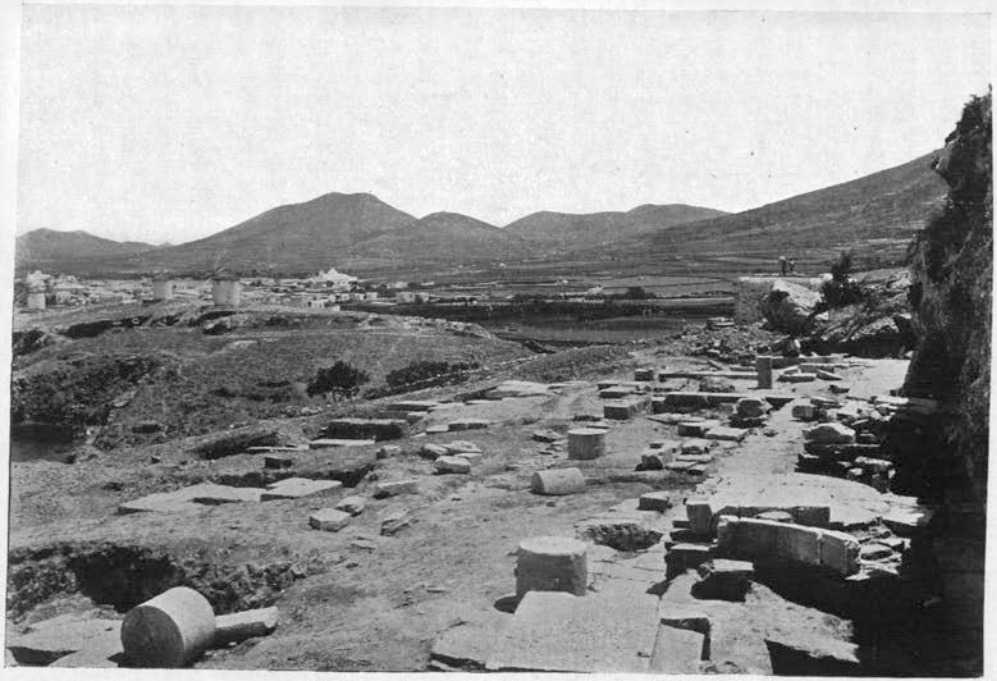
'Chaste Demeter and the Maid's high festival a-keeping,'

and withal spicing the hymn with bitter shafts that flutter the festal throng while they sting perfidious Lykambes and fair Neoboule to the quick. They may not have hanged themselves; but he had made good his boast:

'One great thing I know—
How him who does me ill with dire ills to requite.'

I cannot follow the Poet further, for my first day is already overfull; but on it all I slept soundly until I woke at dawn to lie and watch the slow heralds of the sun upon Marpessa and to note the rare radiance of the Parian atmosphere exceeding even that "most pellucid air" of Attica. Out of this delicious reverie I am roused by my good hostess to *café-gala*, helped out by fresh eggs and dewy fruits from the garden under my windows.

Thus primed for the new day, I join the advocate Crispi and his cousin, sometime professor in the Chios Gymnasium, who has studied in Germany; and we revisit the Castle and the great Church, whose hundred gates are proximately within limits if one count in doors, windows and arches; and then look over the Marble Works near by. Here, as well as at the quarries, the company which leased Damias' old shafts for five years—terms 50,000 drachmae and a certain royalty on each cubic foot of marble taken out—has put in an extensive plant. There is a good railway pier with hoisting apparatus for loading ships; work-shops with all necessary tools; an excellent road-bed, well railed from the pier's end to the quarries, with traction engines; and at the quarries shops and miners' dwellings—all installed ten years ago at a cost of a million francs and for the present a dead loss. The Parians assign mismanagement as the cause of this paralysis upon their sole important industry; and, as the Athenian sculptors are to-day using Pentelic marble, even for the finest work to which it is ill-suited, because it is next to impossible to get Parian, a little Western sense and energy might be turned to good account here. That Mt. Marpessa was a mine of gold to the old-time Parian there can be no doubt: Miltiades knew that right well when he proposed to lead his countrymen where they should easily get abundant gold and when he demanded of the little island a hundred talents of indemnity. And the Parian of old knew how to work his mine and make the most of his not over-fertile fields; in other words, he was a good business man and for that reason the first to be called in when international disputes



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THE ASKLEPIEION AT PAROS (EXCAVATED IN 1900)

and party feuds abroad required arbitration. To a service of this kind I have already referred (page 68); but a more notable instance is recorded by Herodotus (v. 29). The people of Miletus, worn out by two generations of civil strife, called in Parian peacemakers; and these, after traversing the desolated territory and taking note of the few farms that were well kept, handed over the government to the masters of those farms, thus practically enunciating the sound principle that minding one's own business is the first qualification for public service. It is a lesson which, well learned, might restore prosperity and good government anywhere!

My evening stroll with the Professor, past a long line of windmills on marble cliffs and a patch of ancient tombs mostly broken up to feed the adjacent limekiln, brings up at a fine fountain some fifteen minutes south of the town where peasants are watering their beasts and lasses filling their urns. Here (says Ross) was found a temple anta with a dedication to Asklepios; and the Professor tells me that numerous votive offerings to the Healing God have turned up in the neighbourhood. Here, then, stood another of those old sacred sanitaria, the most famous of which we have studied at Epidauros and under the Athenian acropolis; and, in the matter of the spring, an essential property of the Asklepieion, this one certainly had the advantage of either. Moreover, as old Paros must have always drawn its water mainly from wells, as it still does, this rare spring on the edge of the town could hardly have escaped some sacred use. And a superb site it is for either sanctuary or sanitarium—on a gentle slope, backed against marble crags and just above

the sea. At this moment, with the sun setting on Siphnos and the Parian girls drawing water, the scene is fairer than the god's patients ever looked upon from under the Altar-Rock of Athens or from the secluded inland vale of Epidauros.

Bright and early on my third Parian morning Apostolos and I mounted our donkeys for another excursion—this time to the south. I wanted to see the Parian verdure, if there was any; to have a look across at Antiparos; and to visit some recent excavations of which a peasant (out of a job and having a pair of donkeys to hire at three drachmae a day) had given me a glowing account. The road was remarkably good most of the way, but the heat made it a hard journey. Just south of the town there are a number of fine vineyards; and for a mile or more the field-walls are full of marble fragments, sometimes with broken inscriptions. A little further on we pass the Crispi's country seat, a fine old place with a forest of gardens, a bunch of noble plane-trees and orchards of pomegranates laden with brilliant fruit; for it is not the olive or the fig, but the pomegranate, that leads in Paros.

As we cross the ridge to the sea again, we come upon a Convent (the *Metamorphosis*) perched upon a high place, but without suggestion of aught romantic. The water is bad and even the rose-leaf preserve, offered with it by a fat old nun, is insipid. The place shelters thirty of these old ladies who spend their days spinning cotton and complaining of their poverty. A more stupid and prosaic life could hardly be imagined. The door-posts are ancient marbles, and one of them bears an inscription (only half legible through the whitewash)

testifying how the Parian Demos also had followed the business of fawning on its Roman masters. The nuns begged me to read it and asked if it was in Greek letters, from which I inferred that these pious women were hardly prepared to solace their solitude with literary diversion.

Coming down from the Convent, we have Antiparos lying over against us, and so we follow more than half its length. At a point below us is a little chapel; and it is only needful to go down and open its door to bring a ferry boat from the other side to carry you over. On the low plain at the north end of the islet lies a little whitewashed town, not unattractive in the distance and housing the great bulk of the island population. It has no visible means of support; yet Antiparos is said to be much more fruitful than its larger neighbour and to produce not only its own barley bread but wine and cotton for export. The town is the starting point for the famous grotto two hours' distant by a rough mountain road and then accessible only by rope and ladder. Caves and quarries, however, have little charm for the asthmatic and I am content with a distant view of Antiparos.

An hour further south in a most sterile and forlorn plain we reach the wretched stone hovel of Gianni Dabolos, the fame of whose digging had come to my ears. To get out of the hot sun we enter. A rude pillow on an upturned bucket is offered the stranger in lieu of a chair and a block of wood serves Apostolos the same turn. A dirty bed occupies one corner of the room and a well-grown daughter, not uncomely, sits spinning cotton in another. An adjoining room holds the family stores and looks

even more like a stable than the first. Gianni is sent for and comes in from the fields in a primitive garb of dirty white cotton grown, spun, woven, and made up on the spot; but he is tall and as straight as a palm, with a good face, and speaks Greek that sounds classical by contrast with the jargon of Apostolos. Asked about his finds, he brings out a broken marble slab with a sepulchral inscription (Christian at that) and some pottery and pretty earthen lamps from the same tomb. Only these and nothing more—he talks of agalmata but fails to produce them; and that at the end of a three hours' ride on the hottest day of the season! But he leads across the parched fields to his tombs under a limestone ledge, a hundred paces or more back from the sea; and in this solitary place we know at least that a thousand years ago men had lived and died in the profession of the Christian faith. More than that, they were scrupulous about paying their debts; for on the old gravestone we can still make out as much as this: "I beg thee, Dosime my daughter, after my falling asleep to give to those who shall lay me in the eternal home eight assaria each." The good man, who may have owned this uninviting farm a thousand years ago, was mindful of his funeral expenses, and that alone in his epitaph stands intact and clear. His own name is gone, but Dosime has fared better; and so we may believe that she paid the assaria promptly and cheerfully.*

* The spelling on this stone goes to show that a millennium ago the Greek pronounced his vowels and diphthongs as he does to-day: we have here ι for η, ῃ, ει (κοίμισιν, δώσις, ἰς) and η for αι, as nowadays in ἡ (= αἱ) γωναῖκες. An unaffected heterography is the best embalmer of articulate sounds.

It is half-past one when we get back to town, hot and weary but not altogether disappointed. I have at least seen the 'other side' of Paros; and fresh eggs and fruit from the cool garden, followed by a sound sleep and a salt bath, quite set me up again. And what a Parian bath-tub it was—a little trough where the marble has been blasted out on the very water's edge. Over this the white caps break and lap me in Elysium, as another sunset on Siphnos ends my third Parian day.

A last lazy morning—packing and paying up. No pleasanter lodging have I found in my Aegean wanderings than this with Apostolos and his good wife; and the score is moderate enough. When I came with the Astynomos, they asked fifteen drachmae for four days' lodging, but compromised on ten. Afterwards, when I thought of removing my family from Andros here for the Greek September, the Crispis showed me over well nigh the finest house in town, half furnished, which (they said) had been bringing 300 drachmae per year; and they readily undertook to have every requisite for housekeeping put in, even to linen and tableware, for a total of sixty drachmae for one month. One would pay 300 drachmae a month for as good a house in Athens, unfurnished. When mine host heard of this proposition, he at once offered me his home fully furnished for fifty drachmae. The dwelling as usual is all above ground, the ground floor being used exclusively for storage; and it consists of a large square sitting-room opening into two bed-chambers on one side and a dining-room with a little kitchen on the other. Everything about the place is clean and sweet and my bed a positive

luxury after the catacombs of Naxos. For shape it is four-square, and its diagonal is just a comfortable stretch for a six-footer; but its absolute freshness and freedom from other creatures make up for the shortcoming. I part with my friends with much of a mind to come again and take full possession, leaving them to occupy a ruder garden house of theirs near by.* Apostolos, who knows no letters, is a thrifty soul: to market gardening he adds the business of butcher and distiller of raki. If the average Greek had his enterprise and frugality, Greece might soon be out of debt and well to do.

At 11 a.m. the Poseidon takes me aboard and at 3 p.m. puts me down at Syra. After five hours there, I re-embark on the same staunch craft and wake up in the morning as she enters Piraeus harbour. By eight days of fair to generous treatment the Aegean has quite regained my good opinion.

* Certainly I am in no mood to indulge myself in a farewell fling at Paros, as her bitter-sweet Poet seems to have done:

ἔα Πάρον, καὶ σῦκα κεῖνα καὶ θαλάσσιον βίον.

'Away with Paros, her figs and fishy life.'

CHAPTER XVIII.

VENETIAN ANDROS.

ONE may spend a lifetime on one side of an island-ridge like this and never see the other side. Baffled in my plans more than once, I reached the Andrian capital at last not by climbing but by circumnavigation—and by way of Athens and Syra, at that.

It was a delicious fresh September morning when we steamed out of Syra on the very mirror of a sea, a sea I had known but too well in her squally moods. Our pennant flew the figure of the Olympian blacksmith with uplifted hammer at his forge; and the boat was, of course, the *Hephaistos*. Your Greek may go to sea in a tub but it shall have a great name—unless a Scotchman christen it.

Our *Hephaistos*, indeed, was anything but a tub, and the four hours' voyage was brightened not alone by cloudless skies but by congenial company as well. There was the stately senator in fez and fustinella, but with a true Homeric bearing, who turns out to be an Andrian shopkeeper. And there was the clever clear-eyed lad from the Syra gymnasium, deeply interested in my Meliarakes.* because he finds in it unstinted praise of his native

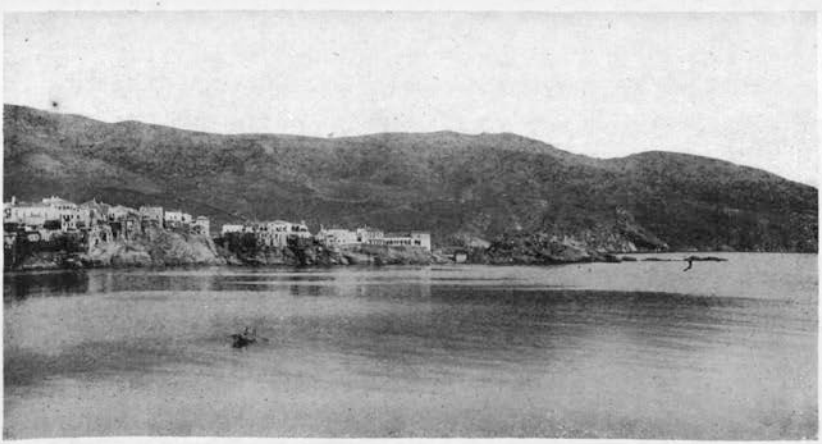
*Ἄνδρος καὶ Κέως, Ἀθήναις 1880: a little book packed with information which was of great use to me in finding my way in these two islands.

Andrian village, and this leads to an acquaintance with his father, a Syra merchant and a shrewd Greek.

Meantime we are steaming up the west side of Tenos—another island ridge riven in geologic time from Andros—calling only at Hysternia, a port overhung by a mountain village whence we see winding down a flock of white-hooded nuns. The slopes and glens are well planted and the village is a picture, but life in that eagle's nest can hardly be serene; for a misstep would (apparently) involve a fall of a mile or so with no landing-place short of the sea. But Hysternia is singular neither in altitude nor in unstable equilibration. There are scores of such eyries in the Cyclades; and not far from this one hangs another, interesting to me as the birthplace of my artist friend Lampakes. Nestled just under the island's beetle-brow, the place comes near enjoying an eternal afternoon, for the sun never rises on it (I am told) before eleven o'clock.

It is but a narrow channel the Earthshaker has cleft between the islands, and even that is narrowed further by rock islets which the trident spared. Steering through these Narrows (Στενό on the Greek maps) we get our first view of Andros on the sunrise side. There in the wide bay of Korthion—there is no proper harbour—we lie to for an hour to discharge and receive passengers and goods; and so secure a leisurely look at the southern deme which breeds the famous builders of the Levant. For Korthiote masons are in demand all over the East, and Athens and Constantinople as they now are have been built in large part by their skill and industry. Athens has her colony of them on the north-west slope of

MODERN ANDROS



To face p. 156.

MEDIÆVAL ANDROS

Lykabettos—so have Syra, Smyrna and Constantinople their Korthiote quarters—and we have already seen them building at Batsi. Their village, now, has an aspect worthy of their fame. Not so much an eyrie as a town, it is built on the slopes rather than the steeps; and the houses, though unpretending, are not huddled together but spaced and graced by gardens. At one time the capital, it seems to have been an important post under the Venetian rule of the island (A.D. 1207—1566) as attested by the ruins of a Venetian tower and fortress which still crown the mountain to the north-east. This citadel—more than 2,000 feet above the sea—was enclosed by a wall six feet thick and was further strengthened by an inner castle, the entire fortification being spacious enough to afford a refuge for the total population of the deme. That Korthion was a favoured seat of the Turk also during his long domination (from 1566 down to Independence) is shown by the numerous square towers, which still dot the so-called *Kampanaia* and are occupied as residences by the Korthiote grandees. These are picturesque enough in the soft green setting of the lemon groves, which have replaced the olive and the mulberry.

In the early afternoon we enter the open harbour of Andros, a harbour as exposed and perilous as that of Gavrion is secure and sheltered. One sees at a glance why the prehistoric settlers pitched on the sunset side. Even had Andreus sailed from the East, he would never have put in here, nor yet at Korthion nor at Palaeopolis; coming from the north-west, the first haven he entered bade him seek no further—Gavrion was his predestined port. And

the destruction of the ancient capital and the building of its successor (as early perhaps as the eleventh century) on the other side could not change a fact so fixed in the councils of creation.

For all that, the open harbour of Andros affords the loveliest prospect of nature that the Cyclades have yet vouchsafed to me. The town is built upon a tongue of land, or rather of rock, which runs straight out into the bay and so makes it a double harbour. It is a double town also,—the older (seaward) mediæval, entered by a castle gate, composed of old Venetian houses upon narrow tortuous streets; the newer (landward) built on either side of a wide level street hewn out of the rock.

Perhaps there is no spot in the Aegean where one can better isolate and study apart that romantic age of Venetian rule. Elsewhere Venice built upon old Hellenic ruins, but here the great Hellenic ages are not present to dispute attention. Even Rome and Byzantium scarcely intrude. Indeed, it is not improbable that this Eastern capital of Andros was founded long after Greece had turned her back on Rome and her face to the rising sun of the Eastern Empire, but we can hardly make out anything before the Venetian.

Now, it is not quite seven centuries since the great Doge, Enrico Dandolo, as leader of the Fourth Crusade, steered his galley out of the Grand Canal at the head of a fleet that must have purpled the lagoons; but Venice never lost sight of her commerce in her crusading, and the city of Constantine was a better bargain than the Holy Sepulchre. So in March, 1204, we see the Doge and his Frank ally at the Golden Horn, casting lots on the estate of the

Byzantine Empire. By that lottery the Bride of the Adriatic annexes the Aegean. It was a brave haul and Venice proceeded to occupy as shrewdly as did the Andrian lancer in Thrace. War was costly business and freebooting was cheap. Where old sea-king Minos had swept out the peddling Phœnicians and the buccaneering Carians millenniums before, the Venetian crusader set up a pirate nobility. The Senate proclaimed that any Venetian or ally who had a will and a way to seize upon island or mainland within the Greek Aegean, the same should be his to have and to hold in hereditary fee with sovereign rights. "Thus," remarks Curtius,* "Hellas was auctioned off in the Doge's Palace just as under the Stuarts the New World was parcelled out among English nobles. The summons sped like wild-fire through the Palaces of Venice. The young nobles banded together, enlisted mercenaries, fitted out galleys for bold adventure, and soon Lombard and Venetian grandees with squadron after squadron put out from their lagoons to win princely crowns in the Aegean." Among them came the Doge's nephew, Marino Dandolo, with his mailed knights steering straight for Andros, which he mastered (1207) and ruled until his death in 1233. The story of the Conquest may be read in the archives of Venice—Andros has none of her own later than the broken marbles of Palaeopolis; and we know that the new Lord of the Isle was mostly an absentee—ruling his little principality from his palace on the Grand Canal, cutting a great figure in the politics of Venice where he just missed the

* *Naxos*, Berlin, 1842.

Dogeate by a tie-vote, and serving the state on important missions until he was at last assassinated for his severity. Meantime he had colonized Andros with Latins in such numbers that Innocent III made it a Latin bishopric; but he left no heir to his hereditary fee. So little wars of succession filled out the century, though the island remained in the family after a fashion for some 280 years before it was yoked up with its old enemy Paros—again to give and take in matrimony and otherwise—under the Sanudos and Sommaripas for a century more. That long roll of Andrian Dukes from 1207 to 1566 is not in order here, but how many a brave romance it suggests. Out of this very castle-gate, doubtless built by Duke Marino, may have passed Luigi Cornari's daughter to her wedding with Marino Falieri just four centuries ago; and but the other day at Naxos I was hobnobbing with the last of the lordly Sommaripas, a rusty notary whose marble dwelling stands on the citadel where Lygdamis and Sanudo reigned.

For, after three hundred and sixty years of rule, the Latin element was too firmly rooted to retire before the Turk; and so to-day a census of Andrian family names shows a large percentage of Latin, as Calvocoressi, Quirini, Castellani, and the like. But in language and faith the Venetian element is thoroughly Hellenized: there is not a Catholic church left as a reminiscence of Innocent's bishopric nor has there been a priest of that order on the island for a century past. In the sailor lingo there is an infusion of Italian but that comes more from the sea-rover than the settler; and the only genuine Venetian deposit appears to be the word *paganus*

for an unchristened baby which in common Greek would be *drako* or dragon. A large holding indeed is said to be still called *feudo*, thus attesting the persistence of institutional terms.

It is common to characterize the Venetian rule as an unrelieved affliction. I think there may be something to say on the other side. If Venice ate up Greece, she was so far assimilated by the diet as to be fitted for royal compensations. Not long before Dandolo raised the standard of St. Mark here, the rosy finger of a new dawn for Greek letters had faintly flushed the East. The tongue that had never been quite hushed began to sing again with some far-off echo of its ancient sweetness, and the Latin conquerors found Greek worth learning for more reasons than one. It was doubtless due to three centuries of such Hellenizing that Aldus Manutius could gather at Venice an army of Greek scholars and printers to carry through his great task of rescuing the still extant literature of old Greece from further peril. We do not know that Aldus recruited his staff from Andros; but we do know that, a little later, Andros could produce a librarian of the Vatican and Editor of Procopius in the person of Nicholas Alamanos, who went hence to Rome three hundred years ago to begin his career as Secretary to Cardinal Borghesi. His name, which is still borne by a family in this deme, clearly betrays his Latin extraction.

This fact I owe to my Andrian Plutarch, the Bishop of Stavropolis, whose shabby little 'Lives of Eminent Andrians'—printed here at the capital—has been a mine of gold to me. Particularly does it attest a state of culture from the fifteenth century

on which must have made Andros good recruiting ground for the Aldi and their successors. It is doubtless due to his own cloth that my Plutarch runs to clerics, but on his roll of Andrian worthies there are two Patriarchs of Constantinople (Dionysios in 1660 and Gabriel in 1702), a patriarch of Alexandria (Matthaios, 1747), and another Bishop Dionysios of some forgotten see. Then comes a Deacon Auxentius who made more ecclesiastical noise than all his forerunners, waging fierce polemic against Papist and Arminian, fathering an Anabaptist schism of his own, and cutting a wide swath generally as prophet and miracle-monger at the Golden Horn until the Grand Turk tires of the racket among his infidel children, invites the Deacon to a row on the Bosphoros, and forgets to bring him back.

Venice held on to Andros more than a hundred years after the Turk had entrenched himself on the Athenian acropolis, possibly doing somewhat to keep letters alive here at a time when Athens seems to have been lost from the world's map and memory; but we cannot close the account between Venetian and Greek without adding one lurid debit. It was in the last desperate struggle to recover her lost empire of the Aegean that Venice, the saviour of Greek literature, wrecked the one matchless monument of Greek art. It was Morosini, bearing a name we meet among the lords of Andros in the fifteenth century, who in 1688 bombarded and blew up the Parthenon.

CHAPTER XIX.

An Andrian Prophet.

But we are lingering too long over our coffee in the tiny Square of Marino's walled town with its few thirsty plane-trees for shade. Quitting it by the fortress gate, we are in the modern world again with its four-square matter of fact featuring. This landward town is in the main one straight wide street with a row of solid plain shops and dwellings on either hand. But even here we cannot quite escape a greater Past. High above the wide street stands the Hellenic School, a large brick structure with ample grounds. Severely plain and unpretending as it looks, this school-house is eloquent in its appeal to the student of Andrian history. For it was the foundation of one whose name, unknown beyond the Hellenic horizon, yet stirred profoundly the little Hellenic world—Theophilos Kaïres of Andros. A trumpet-voice of Greek Independence, encyclopædic in learning, pioneer in philanthropy, but schismatic in religion, his *theosebeia* * was to the vulgar *asebeia* and he closed the long line of witnesses, of whom Sokrates was among the first,

* A short and simple creed, it would seem : *θεὸν σέβου, θεὸν ἀγάπα—Fear God, Love God;* but its silences were ominous to Orthodox Dogma.

not by the painless hemlock cup but by a most pathetic exile, imprisonment and death. When the romance of Andros is written it will present no more remarkable chapter than this of Theophilos ὁ θεοσεβής. Not least strange the fact that he once had among his pupils at Kydoniae Firmin Didot, who has told us something of Theophilos' sister, *la charmante Evanthie*, one of the most learned women of her time, speaking in their purity French, Italian, and ancient Greek, and diverting her mind with Newton's *Principia*. For an Anatolian schoolmistress in 1816, and that was Evanthie's place in history, these could not have been everyday acquirements.

Of the Andrian martyr there is no other monument, and this of his own building was long ago seized by the government which martyred him. That government had indeed seen him spurn its offered decorations and repeatedly decline a chair in its National University; for the Andrian scholar was first of all a patriot-philanthopist and made it the mission of his life to enlighten and uplift the needier among his countrymen. He travelled Europe over until with gathered mites he was at last able to build this Orphan House and equip it with the apparatus of modern education.

Five years he wrought here with power; but then the old order took the alarm. He was tried for his *theosebeia* and condemned to seclusion in a monastery on Skiathos, whence he was presently removed to another cloister on Thera. Here, two years later, as this form of persecution failed to make him see and own the error of his ways, he was sentenced to banishment from the realm; and we have an official

report of the execution of that sentence by the then Prefect of Thera (M. Anagnostopoulos) which is hardly less pathetic than the parting scene in the *Phaedo*. "That was a tearful moment," writes the Prefect, "as the old man embracing each of the bystanders shed bitter tears and said: 'My friends, I am leaving the soil of my beloved fatherland—the soil which I have watered with my tears and my blood, which I have traversed in heat and cold, ill-clad and unshod, despising dangers and urging on the Hellenes to liberty.'" And the Prefect adds: "It would be doing violence to my conscience not to confess my grief as I recall the perils which this old man took upon himself when Hellas was wrestling with death and the Hellenic soldier had need of the divine inspiration of patriotism, when this teacher of the nation was breathing into him the divine passion of liberty, urging him to a glorious death in preference to accursed servitude . . . . . Being what he was, and after bearing so much to secure the freedom of the fatherland, he certainly had a right and a good right to feel a deep and inconsolable grief when forced to leave the soil that had borne and bred him."

He found asylum in London, where he taught the next two years; or until the Constitution, wrested from King Otho and guaranteeing (in the letter) religious toleration, opened the way for his return. Under that shield he came back to his Orphanage and took up again his heavy task. For he was more than teacher. Opening these doors at first to thirty orphans, he fed, clad, nursed, taught them,—was father, guardian, physician, to them—until his fame filled Andros with pupils who flocked to him from

all Greece and the Orphan House had six hundred to shelter. Still, it would seem, he wrought single-handed, though the studies of the school (as enumerated by his Andrian biographer) fairly exhaust the encyclopædia of the time. Indeed Theophilos' Orphanage must have then led Otho's University. Of his pupils there is probably no muster roll extant; but one name among them has become a household word in Greece and may be mentioned here in evidence that the master's work did not perish with him. It is the name of Andreas Syngros, most munificent of all the modern *euergetai* or public benefactors among the Greeks. In the four formative years which he passed here—it must have been the first quadrennium (1844—48) after the Master's return—the young lad from Chios doubtless received the impressions which shaped his character and determined his career. And to-day Athens and Greece abound in the fruits of his wise and wide-ranging beneficence—museums, schools, churches, prisons, reformatories, workshops, almshouses, orphanages, every conceivable ministration to the unfortunate and always so ordered as to promote self-help, to uplift and not to pauperize.*

But good works could not shield the Andrian, any more than the Athenian, Sokrates; and the persecution broke out afresh. In 1852 on a new charge of heresy he was tried behind closed doors by the Criminal Court at Syra and condemned to two years

* When Andreas Syngros died at Athens in 1899, he had already distanced in well-doing all earlier *euergetai* from Herodes Atticus down; and his aggregate gifts to his race within the Kingdom and abroad, probably reached the sum of $5,000,000, which would go as far in Greece as $15,000,000 in America.

and ten days incarceration in the Syra prison. There he died in January 1853; and his body (we are told) was carried round the island on a Malta merchantman and thrown over like a dog—without Christian burial. Sokrates fared better at the hands of the Eleven!

I found the martyr's *Orphanotropheion* closed; but with the aid of some small boys with stout lungs I succeeded in rousing the *phylax* who was asleep within. His couch was a 'shake-down' on the low platform behind the long desk, like that of a chemical lecture room. From this *bema*, to classes of three hundred pupils packing the large square room, the founder had expounded his Physics and Metaphysics, including no doubt the doctrine for which he suffered. I was sorry not to see the great library which he left behind him and which passed with the orphan house into the hands of the state. Altogether the Hellenic School of Andros should be among the best in Provincial Greece, yet it falls far short of the old Orphanage as an educational establishment. Far from teaching the rest of Greece, Andros has to-day to send her boys to Syra or Athens for their Gymnasium training, to say nothing of higher studies.*

For an island capital of 2,000 souls, Andros makes no provision for the rare visitor. With my friends of the *Hephaistos* I found my way to the chief hotel: it was in one of the largest houses but occupied only a sort of basement corner of it opening

* Happily, the statement on page 164 no longer holds good. A portrait bust of Kaïres has at last (1912) been placed in their little Public Square by the free-will offerings of his Andrian compatriots.

on a back alley. There were a little kitchen, dining room, and three tiny sleeping boxes. The innkeeper agreed to put a cot for me in the little chamber already occupied by his only guest, a young lawyer from Syra; and a government official who arrived by the same boat was stowed away in a windowless closet which I had declined. Nothing seems more singular at first than the almost total absence of inns in provincial and insular Greece. Tenos, receiving at her two great festivals some ten thousand pilgrims, can scarcely lodge forty guests at her two little taverns. Naxos is still worse provided, and Paros has no inn of any kind. On my recent visit to the latter, a letter of introduction secured me a lodging in a gardener's house adjoining the town, but to find food remained a difficult problem. Two reasons for this state of things are lack of regular travel (especially the rare advent of a foreigner) and the traditional hospitality which allows no Greek to turn another from his door. For the stranger who does not understand the customs and speech of rural Greece, it is a serious inconvenience; but one who knows the country and is not fastidious will fare reasonably well. With my host of the Abundance Inn (Ξενοδοχεῖον ἡ Ἀφθονία) I did not go hungry although it was a fast-day. I slept well, and he made satisfactory arrangements for an agogiat to take me over the mountains to Batsì.

CHAPTER XX.

An Andrian Eden.

Next day—it was Sunday and the 11th September—with my lawyer chum and two muleteers, I set forth early to visit *en route* my new friends of the *Hephaistos* at Menites. The road is a marvel for these islands, as smooth and easy as a boulevard and broad enough for two carriages—an excellent carriage-road in fact though I have yet to see a carriage on the island. Much of the way it is cut sheer in the rock on one side or both. It was doubtless a good road in the middle ages, for the Venetian and later the Turkish grandees had their seats in the mountain villages to which it leads; but the Greek government a few years ago at a large expenditure put these three miles of it into the present excellent condition. If the work could be carried across the island on the same scale Andros would have a new charm for the visitor and new comfort for her own people.

Following the long winding ridge of which the Andrian tongue is the extremity, the road traverses an enchanting region—'one of the finest champaigns in the world' Tournefort thought it two hundred years ago. North and south the mountain slopes are fairly forested with orange, lemon, and olive, while through the rich verdure shines out now a

white dove-cote, now a dwelling, now a village, and, under the very brow of the steep summit on the south, a grim old monastery, still tenanted (we are told) by fifteen monks. Upon the road itself lies the charming mediæval Messaria, a village of Turkish towers embosomed in orchards. From a latticed casement of one of these towers, to increase the mediæval illusion, a fair girl looks down upon us. It is possibly the same tower in which Tournefort paid his 'respects to the Aga Commandant of the island' two centuries ago, and the old Frenchman's description (in the quaint old English version before me) restores some features that time has effaced.

"The Aga lives in an old square Tower to which you go up by fourteen stone steps, whereon is placed a wooden ladder of the same length; upon the least apprehension of Corsairs the ladder is drawn up and the Fire-locks prepared to give 'em a Reception . . . The whole Island is full of such like Towers where the most substantial make their abode: they are strong and have only Dormer windows and skylights, as in Dungeons of Prisons.'

Leaving Messaria, and with it the carriage road, we reach the house of my new friend, Manouses, in 'Menites—a village covering both precipitous acclivities of a gorge. The house is another Turkish tower but modernized by letting in first-storey doors and windows, though the furnishings are distinctly mediæval. For situation and prospect nothing could be finer: over its terraced gardens it looks out on a vast expanse of sunlit sea with the dim outline of Chios just showing upon the horizon.

After hospitable welcome and brief rest, we are

conducted to the centre of interest—the Church of the Assumption (known by the singular name of *Koumoulos*) which local tradition alleges to be the successor of the Andrian Temple of Dionysos. The way thither is a dream of breezy gardens and rippling brooks—such cold clear crystal as delights the thirsty soul. And the church to which we climb proves to be the head-spring of it all: built in its wall is a beautiful marble fountain with three spouts and from one of these the water flows. At this season the flow is so moderate that the ancient miracle scarcely staggers belief. The story goes—with more than one old writer—that here on Andros at Dionysos' festival the god's temple-spring for one day (or seven) flowed wine instead of water; and certainly it would be easy enough, if the Temple covered this spring, for a clever priest to turn off the water and turn on the wine at will. But this is, as we have seen, the mediæval and modern side of Andros, and we must look for genuine Andrian antiquity along the western shore. There I have located to my own satisfaction the ancient wine-spring, and there anyone may find it in the care of my friends, the Abbot and brethren of *Hagia Monê*.

I could hardly say as much frankly here. For the local archæologist, Achilles, actually points out the Tomb of Dionysos before the church door; and to my objection that the gods, being immortal, have no use for tombs,* he retorts that this is true of God only, not of gods. Even in Arcadia,

Great Pan is dead;

* I had forgotten the Cretan Tomb of Zeus, and the telling fact that it was their boast of possessing it which drew down on that veracious people the saying of one of their own poets: "All Cretans are liars."

and Arcadian Andros may bury with him the cheery god whose image was stamped upon her ancient coins.

On our way down from the church we refresh ourselves at the coffee-house of a native who has seen the world as a sailor and speaks three words of English to the admiration of his towns-folk; and we also call at the miller's whose mill is stacked with sheepskin-bags of barley and run by water from the temple-church: surely the flour should have a winey flavour. The miller's wife and her aged mother receive us with true Andrian courtesy, serving sweets of mastic and lemon with the delicious cold water.

We dined well at Kyr Manouses' on hare and pigeon, with wine of Thera and choice grapes and bad apples from his own terraces. At table it occurred to me to send for my bag and translate to them Fiedler's account of his visit to Menites more than fifty years ago:

"In half an hour we reached the Demogeront's, an old gentleman who dwelt in a very handsome tower-like building; his name was *Wawatzes* and that of his residence *Menthes*. The letter from the Eparch he at first refused to read. 'To what purpose?' said he. 'I know without that how I am to treat strangers and particularly the King's people.' I remarked that there might be more in it than an introduction. Then he read it, smiled and said: 'I am old enough and this is my own house, so there is no need of prescribing to me how I should conduct myself towards the King's people.' . . . We sat down to a table abundantly loaded with Pilaf, Meats and Salad. The wine was excellent like Madeira, but sweeter and more fragrant. In the

living room hung a Venetian fire-lock and cavalry sabre which he had inherited from his father."

Before I had finished the first sentence of my rendition from crabbed German into worse Greek, there was an exclamation from the lady at the head of the table—'My grandfather!' I had more than once read Fiedler * and wondered what had become of the old *Demogeront* and his tower-dwelling, and here by a happy accident I was dining at his table in the same room where not only Fiedler but King Otho himself had been entertained. Little Andreas, my chance acquaintance of the *Hephaistos* and my devoted attendant here, is the old Demogeront's great-grandson, his mother being the old man's granddaughter and heiress. She had already told me her family name *Babákes*, but in this it had not occurred to me to recognize *Wawátzes*—although the German's spelling is faithful enough to the pronunciation he heard then and which may still be heard—only the *tz* or *tch* sound for *kappa* is growing more and more provincial.

The tradition of King Otho's visit had not begun to fade, but the family had never heard of Fiedler's book, and it was left for a stranger from the New World to awake them to their literary fame. Kyr Manouses, who is a prosperous merchant of Syra, has quite transformed the old tower into a pretty country-house, and here he comes with his family to spend the hot summer. Happy man to have such a retreat, and so near at hand.

* Fiedler was the naturalist at King Otho's University whose researches in Greece were no less important than his colleague Ross' archæological surveys; and his 'Reise durch Griechenland' (1834-37) is still invaluable.

After seeing some half a dozen of these island capitals, I conclude that Andros with its adjacent villages has superior claims to consideration as the Saratoga of the Cyclades. The fine road, the alpine villages basking in the smile and smell of the sea, air, water, shade, fruit—all the elements in combination give it an attraction that is quite unique. Then the houses, both in town and village, are unusually good, and rents (I am told) easy and cheap.

During the morning I had missed my little friend Andreas, when suddenly he came bounding into the room in a fever of joyous excitement. In his hand he held a slender rod covered with honey and wax, and upon this fluttered a bird, its feet and bill fast in the sticky stuff. On the *Hephaistos* I had sought for an account of the bundle of rods the lad was carrying about, but the explanation was in words which I could only dimly understand: now he had brought me a very tangible definition. I followed him into the orchard and found his rods thrown carelessly here and there on the branches. The honey attracted the birds and the wax ensnared them. This bird-liming was an old Greek pastime, as we learn from Peisthetairos in the *Birds* of Aristophanes:

> With cries and noise of men and boys,
> Screaming, hooting, pelting, shooting,
> The fowler sets his traps and nets,
> *Twigs of bird-lime*, loops, and snares,
> To catch you kidnapped unawares
> Even within the temple's pale." *

Andreas snares his birds with the same lime-twig and calls it by the same name (ῥάβδος) which Aristo-

* Frere's translation.

phanes used nearly four and twenty centuries ago; but he is quite unconscious of this fact, as of another more important—that his pastime is a cruelty old enough to have been condemned by Plato in the *Laws*: "Let not the insidious fancy of catching birds, which is hardly worthy of freemen, come into the mind of any youth."

My agogiat was to return at 2; it was 3 before he did come, after being sent for, and the mule had evidently been hard-worked meantime. At least he was indisposed to be off now and required no little prodding. The road from Menites to Palaeopolis is bad enough, though better than the roads about Batsì. Through the village of Petrophos it is a series of rock-staircases, but the village with its gardens and its loaded peach-trees was a picture to relieve even a harder road. At the very top of the island, looking upon both seas, we meet a procession of villagers returning from a *Panegyris* at Palaeopolis; and from the heights above that place we catch the sound of festal music far below.

Of all my views of the ancient city this is the crowning one. The road follows the mountain side more than a thousand feet almost perpendicularly above the old town which itself is half that altitude above the sea. Here the slate formation is eaten into fantastic shapes and the blocks strewn about are so massive as to suggest a quarry of the Titans. Instead of thin slabs such as you find elsewhere, here lie blocks fifteen to twenty feet square and three feet thick, as smooth in cleavage as riven pine. Whoever were the primitive builders of the old Andrian city, their material offered no great resistance either to quarrying or transporting: they

had only to heave up these blocks and let them slide. For the acropolis (as we now see), lying below the quarry and above the town, has behind it a level platform—little fields, in fact, affording fine work-room for Cyclopes or Minyae.

The descent from these heights is probably the most perilous path on the island, and one wants a very sure-footed mule and good daylight. The latter we did not have, for it was near sunset when we began the descent. Still there were compensations. The sun was just enough clouded to produce the peculiar effect, familiar to the Homeric poet, which I now witnessed for the second time only—that of the 'wine-faced deep.' Except immediately in shore, where the colour was a weird green, the whole sea was as a flood of rich red wine—no eye could mistake it, no one could give it any other description. This continued for half an hour, when dense rain-clouds gathered on Kouvári and the sea darkened into purple while the Attic horizon showed great banks of crimson. As we stumbled on after sunset in the gathering storm and dark, we had the sea in nearly every shade and tint. Yet it was scarcely a pleasure excursion with nothing but mule-assurance against broken bones or worse. To my frequent question about the way, the agogiat's steady answer was 'The mule knows' (*τὸ μουλάρι 'ξέρει*),* and he was right. We arrived whole and even the bare-footed muleteer seemed none the worse for his six-hours tramp on the Andrian rocks.

* So, too, in old Greece, the mule was not without honour. "For (says Pindar in his magnificent Sixth Olympian) *those mules know well to lead the way* in this course as in others, who at Olympia have won crowns: it behoveth then that we throw open to them the gates of song."

CHAPTER XXI.

A Farewell Survey of Andrian Life.

The twelfth of September Kouvári had hung out her signals, as we saw the evening before; and early morning reveals the villagers on the housetops gathering up the figs and grain (placed there to dry) and making ready for the expected storm. The mountains and the sea take on a sterner aspect, but it is only a new revelation of beauty. After all it is but a slight shower, and before noonday nature resumes her serenity. Still it is admonition enough that the summer is past and flitting time is near.

Before what may be a last farewell to the island, I wish to gather up some observations on Andrian life and industry which may not only interest the idle reader, but read a wholesome lesson to our own sons of toil. This can be done more intelligently now that I have seen a greater part of the island and familiarized myself with the people as they live.

The economic problem is: Given a rocky mountain-island twenty-one miles by eight in area and a population of 25,000 souls—shall they live or starve? The Andrians, in the teeth of their old gods Poverty and Helplessness, have wrestled with this problem and live. Far from starving, they would doubtless challenge the production of a

tramp, a beggar, or a hungry belly on the island.

In the first place it should be noted that these Andrians are not unmixed Greeks. In fact most of those among whom we have lived, say one-third of the island population, in the demes of Gavrion and Arna are of Albanian origin. As such indeed they claim descent from the Pelasgi, and so to be elder Greeks than the Hellenes. The Albanians here are the only people of that stock in the Cyclades, and must have found their way over from Euboea in mediæval times. Whatever their origin, they are mostly Hellenized in language and customs; but they are less given to pleasuring and more laborious. The Southern demes, Andros and Korthion, with two-thirds of the population, are Greek with some mixture of the old Venetian stock.

Now, to begin with, all these people are well housed. Some of their dwellings have been noted by the way, but I must give a more particular account of material and construction. Without a forest or a sawmill, the island abounds in building material. One might almost say that it is one great lumber yard. The Big House, in which we dwell, was built out of the ground it stands on—almost literally so. Standing on a great ledge of this fissile slate, the clearing of a foundation yielded good part of the necessary building material; for none of it was there need to go a stone's throw distant; and every block in the great mansion was 'toted' down on men's backs. Not a hoof nor a wheel was used in the whole business. Not a board nor a nail went into the walls. Only when it came to floors, doors, windows, staircases, and balcony railings—luxuries of a rich house—did Philip have occasion to look beyond his

own patch of rock for material. Yet he is now master of a three-storey mansion, solid and spacious and handsome enough to satisfy any reasonable social ambition. And in the very building of it, he has created fine grounds or (as we should say in Andros) terraces, all walled up with the same material, and already going far to supply his table. For the one thing economized here is land. The terrace in front of the house, entered by a fine stone gateway, would naturally be an avenue. When we first saw it, it was a long trench; that is to say, the terrace wall had been laid up but the earth for filling not yet found. A few days later it was filled in and levelled; but, instead of seeing it paved, we saw it planted. And now it is a long strip of garden with only a little irrigating rill and a narrow single-file footpath alongside.

I have spoken of the Big House only to illustrate Andrian possibilities in architecture, not as typical. The type is simple enough, and the material never varies. To get foundations, you simply quarry out a section of rock-slope till your horizontal and perpendicular meet, and you have a fine rock-shelf with floor and back-wall that will never need repairing. In fact you may sometimes economize your end walls out of nature in the same way, but as a rule that is avoided for sanitary reasons. Then you lay up your remaining walls, it may be out of your quarry chips, two or three feet thick and well joined. Putting on the roof is a more complicated process: beams of cypress are laid across from wall to wall, on these transversely a close bed of reeds, covered in turn by another matting of rushes, and then over all is spread the clayey earth

which is wetted down and trampled and rolled smooth.* If the house have a second floor, above ground, this is made in the same way. Such roofs, now giving way to tiles in the villages, are not always weather-proof and the clay requires frequent renewal. On a neighbouring housetop, I witness from my window one of these roofing scenes to-day; seven baggy-breeched islanders dancing on the moist clay, while one pushes the marble roller and all sing the hilarious accompaniment to their action. It is the old Greek way of wedding song and dance, as you may see it practised by the women at Megara; and as I have seen the women in the cotton fields of Lake Kopais singing to the swing of their hoes.

A house now building is a daily object lesson to me in economy and thoroughness. The builders are Korthiote masons, who trudge seven hours over the mountains from the southern side of the island and work for four or five drachmae (50—60 cents at present rate of exchange) a day. On this they find themselves and support families; and, I am told, the master-mason on this work here has laid up a competence for himself and a snug dowry for his daughter. But these men do not require costly entertainment: their lodging is a shed furnished by their employer, rent free, and their beds rough blankets laid over heaps of rushes. For food less than a drachma a day affords abundance. These Korthiotes, as already remarked, are famous builders and are sought as such from Athens to Constantinople.

* This is the very roof in fashion at Mycenae, 1500 B.C., or thereabouts, and at Troy 500 years earlier still, as it continues the invariable style in the Troad to this day.

On my last visit to Palaeopolis, I was entertained at a new house—only half finished, in fact—by a happy young pair, rejoicing in their first baby. Stamatios had been in the army at Athens, and Katina had been out to service at Constantinople; and now with their little savings they were establishing themselves in their native island. The new house was excellently well planned—large high living room, with a wide door and three windows, two bed-rooms with a loft overhead, a dining-room, kitchen and store-room. The total cost was stated at about 300 dollars, including the site. Yet one could easily visit fine mansions and find less civility. Katina hastened to offer us her mastic sweets, which were delicious, and then prepared us a lunch of barley bread, eggs, cheese, and milk fresh from the udders of her own goats, with a dessert of choice grapes and English walnuts from her garden,—last of all, she served the perfection of Turkish coffee in those dainty little porcelain cups which I have more than once been surprised to find in these humble island homes. How much worthier of the Greek name this home-building amid the ruins of old Palaeopolis than playing lackey and lady's maid in new Athens.

It is easier to build a house than to build a farm in Andros, but Andrian industry has achieved this latter task. It has through patient ages turned the bleak mountains into smiling gardens. Terracing and irrigation have worked wonders. God gives the rocks and the rigorous winters and sweeping summer winds. Where a thousand shiftless souls would starve, twenty thousand and more by toil and thrift have enough and to spare. Nature's capital, the

rock, is richer than it looks. In other parts of Greece the limestone drinks up the rain and leaves the land thirsty; here the slate sucks it in like a sponge, but only to pour it out again in multitudinous mountain springs, which are the life of the land. The chalk burns up vegetation, the slate weathers into fruitful soil. So the Andrian rocks pay their tribute of earth and water, and the Andrian husbandman lays up his terrace and leads his little aqueduct to water it. When he has got his footing, so to speak, in one little shelf of soil or a dozen of them, he plants his olive, fig and vine, his bit of barley or wheat, his patch of onions, potatoes and beans. Against the north wind he sets his brake of cypress trees, with intertwining vines, or of tall reeds in triple ranks. He keeps half a dozen goats, and sheep for wool, milk, and cheese, the latter far famed for purity, as the flocks feed upon the mountains and there is not a churn in the island, cheese being used in the place of butter. There is always, too, the household pig untaxed, to be salted and pickled for winter. After the feast of St. Demetrius in October, follows the χοιροσφαγία (pig-sticking) throughout the island, and in this land of simple living a bit of pickled pig is a luxury. A well-ordered household will have its donkey, possibly a cow or two for draught and breeding, rarely for milk.

Andros is reputed, next to Naxos, the most productive of the Cyclades. Up to thirty years ago, the leading product was silk, for the manufacture of which a steam factory was established at the island capital; and on this beautiful industry the Andrians were growing rich and enjoying comforts unknown

to continental Greece. Then the blight fell, as in France, and the old mulberries were grubbed up and replaced by lemons and olives. Most of what remain have no better use as we have seen than to empty their red wine on the earth or have it distilled into vile raki. Here and there you may yet see the children gathering the leaves to feed the silk worm, and there is still a silk industry in the island, but it is purely domestic and of no economic importance. In a very primitive cottage in one of these Andrian hamlets I have seen the peasant wife knitting silk stockings for her peasant husband, while silken fishing nets hung on the rude wall—both her handiwork from the rearing of the cocoon through all the stages to these finished products. One need not say that this is a refining industry.

Now it is the lemon that leads. The glens and slopes, about the capital and Korthion, are beautiful with its tender green, and the annual yield is estimated at twenty millions, most of which are exported. This commerce might be increased and the world at large given a new delight if the Andrian housekeeper would send abroad her preserve of tiny green lemons no bigger than a walnut, and her still more delicious lemon blossom sweets. But this is a mystery of the Andrian housewife, incommunicable as to process or product, save for the consecrated service of hospitality under her own roof.

In these last days we have been bidden to many a rustic festival, among them a Fig Stringing. Now this record of Andrian joys has quite failed of its proper impression if the reader has not felt his mouth watering for the luscious Andrian fig. From about the first of August we have feasted upon

it, at table, on sea and shore,—on our mountain climbs, out of full baskets and off loaded trees—the rich purple or the clear amber of it tempting the eye as the luscious honey of it has thrilled and filled the inner man. Who does not recall the transport of his youth on finding a belated watermelon between the cornrows, when the first frost had converted its red heart into a well-spring of joy—a sort of celestial strawberry ice in a green shell? Such the rapture wherewith even yet I stumble on a hill-side fig-tree, with now and then a late lingering fig converted by recurring suns into translucent honey-cups. The Olympians scarce had daintier fare for all their nectar and ambrosia.

But it is many days since the fig-tree has given up its abundance to be spread on the beds of clean green rushes, strewn upon the flat housetop, and now, after drying in the sun, comes the stringing of the figs. A great room is heaped with them like a garner full of corn, and a dozen women, girls, and children gather for the frolic. It is a sort of sewing bee, the thread being the reed grass on which the figs are strung in hoops. It is a merry scene, as dame vies with dame and maid with maid in transforming the heaped confusion into these graceful garlands, while the gossip more than keeps pace with the nimble fingers. Jollier still when, as in the present case, there is a wedding ahead in the household and an unusual crop of must just in from the family winepress.

For after all it is the vintage that crowns the calendar of island joys. We found only sour grapes when we came,—we have known now the fruit of the Andrian vine in all its abundance and variety and

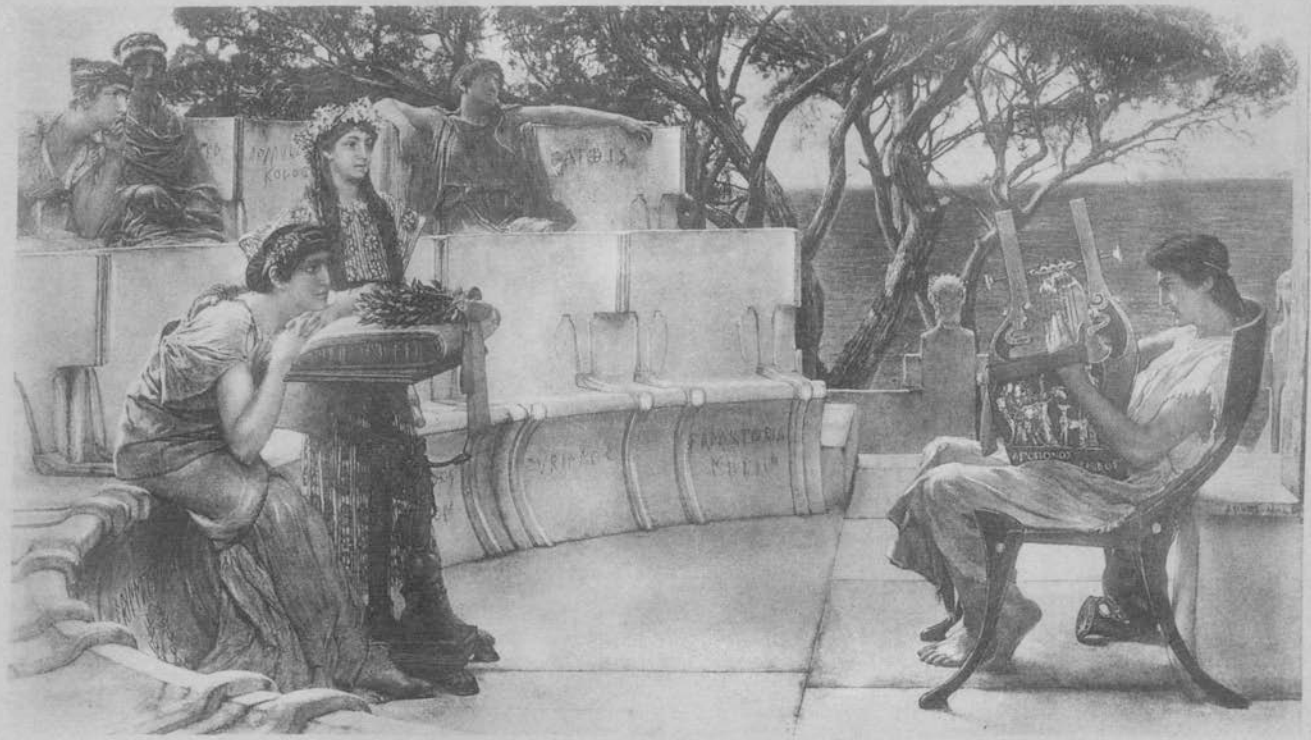
deliciousness. We have watched the vine as it swung its purple clusters among the green branches of the fig-tree or hid them on the ground (for as a rule the vine here is trained on the earth for better defence against the wind and to retain the moisture) and now we have seen the Andrian maids treading the winepress with blushing feet. And the must—this new wine that is nothing but the unspoiled heart of the grape—what an innocent cheer it adds to our festival of the Fig Stringing.

But Andrian scenes multiply on the mind and before the eye as the days of our sojourn shorten. There is the last winnowing of the trampled wheat on the threshing-floor yonder at the top of the world. At least from my balcony looking southward the peasants, with their wooden winnowing forks following up the treadmill cows, seem to be tossing the chaff off the edge of space. Everywhere these hill-top threshing-floors, often fenced with high slate slabs against the north lest the wind sweep away chaff and grain and winnowing shovels—ay, and man and beast as well. Have I not had my own tug with it on the windswept heights of Palaeopolis!

At last dawns our last Andrian day. But before the dawn—at 4 o'clock—from my upper balcony I am taking my final observation of Andrian life. There is the procession to and from the spring—a long line of girls shouldering water jars half as big as themselves—a pretty picture against the slowly flushing dawn. Below a big boat moored to the rocks—on the rocks a group of peasants, their donkeys laden with bags of onions (a chief export), which they weigh on steelyards swung from two men's shoulders before loading them on the boat.

Another boat, arrived over night, is unloading tiles which other peasants are transferring in boxes to the backs of other donkeys. Further on the fishermen—who do their business on the deep by night—are mending their nets.

And so the day's work is well on though it is still early morning when the *Mina* puffs in and, goodbyes over, we are all aboard for Athens.



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SAPPHO AND ALKAIOS.

From the Painting by Sir Alma L. Tadema, now in the Gallery at Baltimore, U.S.A.

PART SECOND.

SOJOURNS AND STUDIES IN THE ISLES OF GREECE.

CHAPTER XXII.

An Aegean Cruise with Dörpfeld.

It's an ill wind that blows nobody good; and to the forty-days Etesian which conspired with the cholera quarantine to keep me away from Delos last summer, I owe the most delightful of all my Aegean holidays.

Dr. Dörpfeld has for many years now served as introducer of archæologists to Athens and the Peloponnese; last year (1892) for the first time he undertook an archæological *Inselreise*. In spite of bad weather it was a success; the second, smiled upon by all the gods, has proved a triumph. The little steamer *Iris* had been chartered for the cruise; and in our company of sixty odd were scholars and students of many lands—German, Russian, Italian, English, American, Greek—while literature, law, diplomacy had their representatives; and the fair contingent was what it should be, considering that archæology, and notably Greek archæology, is the æsthetic science *par excellence*.

It was late afternoon when we steamed out of Piraeus harbour, but early enough for a landing on Aegina and a sunset visit to the far-famed temple. I had made the climb before and was content now to enjoy the distant view from the deck of the *Iris*.

The temple itself rather gains than loses—the sense of its solitude is heightened and the tender tints still more softened in the distance and against the sunset sky. But most of our company eagerly swarmed ashore in the little boats and up the long stony steep on foot and on donkeys, so introducing life on the still and solitary scene. The last level rays are fading as the first camera arrives upon the ground and the first shot is fired—by a Yankee, of course. From that moment on, day after day, until darkness shuts down upon us at the Samian Heraion, the innocent ether is to be fretted by a steady fusillade: for few are we on this *Inselreise* who carry neither camera nor kodak, many and merciless they of the Battery.

Christopher Wordsworth climbed this steep sixty years ago without a camera, but he drew a simple picture that is still sweet and true:

"The beautiful ruin of the Aeginetan temple stands on a gentle elevation near the sea, commanding a view of the Attic coast and of the Acropolis and beyond them of the waving line traced by the mountain ranges of Pentelicus and Hymettus. Its site is sequestered and lonely. The ground is diversified by grey rocks overhung by tufted pines and clusters of low shrubs among which goats were feeding, some of them placing their fore feet on the boughs of the shrubs and cropping the leaves with their bearded mouths. It is such a scene as this which proves that the religion of Greece knew how to avail itself of two things most conducive to a solemn and devotional effect, namely, silence and solitude."

A reflection this which constantly comes home to one not only here but at Sunium and Bassae and many other such 'sequestered and lonely' sites where the old Greek loved to be alone with his god. Here we are some eight miles from the ancient city on whose ruins the present town is built—a fact which, together with its full front on Athens, goes to show that the temple was built not by the Aeginetans but by the Athenians after mastering the island, the eye-sore of the Piraeus from time immemorial. The temple was long mistaken for that of Panhellenian Zeus, which once crowned the summit of the island—the Oros serving still for a weather beacon, as it did when Aeacus in the name of all the Hellenes there prayed Zeus for rain and got a gracious answer. The pediment sculptures now at Munich and the boundary stone preserved in the wall of a neighbouring chapel—inscribed ΗΟΡΟΣ ΤΕΜΕΝΟΥΣ ΑΘΕΝΑΙΑΣ— apparently prove it to be a Temple of Athene.* Looking daily as I have done for four years now on this petty islet, it is difficult to realize that it was once the first maritime power in the Aegean, coined the first money in Europe, developed a famous school of art, and probably bred (as it certainly domiciled) the first poet of his kind the world has known—Aristophanes.

At last our company are all aboard again, and with appetites sharpened by too long a fast we sit down to our first *Iris* dinner. That despatched, we

* I let this stand, though the spade has since evicted Athene as well as Zeus and restored the sanctuary to its rightful mistress, Aphaia—a provincial form of Artemis.

seek our cabins and our couches—hard and narrow, indeed, yet softened and sweetened by dreams of Holy Delos. But dawn brings disillusion: we look out not on Delos but on Helen's Isle and the Laurian Hills. Off Keos the night and the waves had grown rough, and the *Iris* put into Laurion—whence some sea-sick ladies are sent back by rail to Athens. So, as the Dalmatian doctor is to set forth in sounding Latin, Dörpfeld sacrifices to Poseidon at Laurion as Agamemnon offers Iphigenia to Artemis at Aulis—only the King of Men wants to raise the wind, whereas the Prince of Archæologists is concerned to calm the waves. Hence our programme changes at the outset: we are to take observations up and down the Channel before we thread the Cyclades and steer for Samos.

After a visit to the theatre of Thorikos, we coast northward past Prasiae, Brauron, Araphên; have a good look at Marathon from a new point of view; and closely scan the Attic shore from Cynosura to Rhamnous, our first regular landing. This is not the place for the story of Rhamnous, with its walls and towers and temples, which but recently gave back our Lady Themis to be the glory of the Athenian Museum, and with her the exquisite sculptures which adorned the basis of Nemesis' agalma—the work of Pheidias or his favourite pupil Agorakritos. But this backwoods deme, which bred the great orator Antiphon, with its superb setting of mountain and sea again exemplifies the Greek felicity in pitching temples where all Nature invites the gods to bide and men to worship. Nemesis and

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DELOS: SACRED LAKE AND MOUNT KYNTHOS

Themis were not the gentlest among the heavenly powers and their hill-top sanctuaries here would be grim enough when the storm winds sweep down the Channel; but nothing could be more serene than the solitude about us as we wade through rivers of bloom and go aboard again laden with blue orchids and brilliant scarlet anemones.

We dined on the sail across Channel and after a refreshing night's sleep disembarked at Eretria. It was my second visit and a far more satisfactory one than that when we paddled down from Chalcis in a dead calm two years before, landed too far up, and trudged several miles to the Theatre and tombs and back on a hot June noonday. Now we enjoy our morning walk through the village—the new Psara built in the "twenties" by the refugees from the island of that name near Chios, and now consisting largely of abandoned houses without roofs or windows; and on through wheat-fields to the Theatre with its remarkable underground passages enabling a ghost to disentomb himself in the very heart of the orchestra. If "The Persians" was ever presented here, the august shade of Darius must have approved the arrangements; and, after Athens, Eretria was certainly entitled to that revenge. For it was Darius' own satraps who wasted Eretria with fire and sword and carried her people away captive into the heart of Asia in the year of Marathon—ten years before Xerxes destroyed Athens, only to see his unwieldy fleet broken to pieces at Salamis. The Theatre, now aglow with scarlet anemones, is another conquest of the American spade which has brought to light many notable things here, including the so-called Tomb of Aristotle. The town is backed

by a strong acropolis, very precipitous on the north but rising more gradually on the other sides, and fortified with walls and towers of fine Hellenic masonry well kept through the ages. Behind it lies a considerable plain and further back a grand mountain wall with the true Hellenic curve. With such a stronghold before him, no wonder the Mede was baffled till Treason opened the gates. We had clambered up by the west wall, with its unfolding panorama of the Euboean Hills, but the rewarding prospect was that from the summit as we turned our eyes full on snow-clad Parnassus. At last, descending the easier slope to the East, we return by the high road to the *Iris*.

And now we head for Oropos, breakfasting on the run, and land three-quarters of an hour from the Amphiaraion. There is nothing in sight but wooded slopes and mountains; but we know that the sanctuary lies around the lower range and that way group after group, as the little boat sets them ashore, goes straggling up through the pines. Our own group includes the first man of letters among the living Greeks, Demetrios Bikelas; a son of the poet Balaorites; the Director of the National Bank (since Minister of Finance), von Streit; and two fair Bostonians. We pick up a lad with a pair of donkeys to lead the way and carry the wraps; but he proves to be deaf and dumb and bent on steering us to his native village—an hour and more out of our way—because he knows the road from there to the temple (another hour or more). So much we learn from two articulate-speaking countrymen, who providentially overtake us; and so we dismiss Dummy and his donkeys and follow our new guides

back—down hill, over stream, and up hill again to the road we had left. Even then we have a long pull through the fragrant pine woods to the lovely shut-in glen where the Hellenes sought health and healing before Asklepios was born at Epidauros. Rhamnous had pleased us much, but this mountain glen, with only one narrow opening and that to the south, was even sweeter in its still seclusion. There was the Theatre, with its unpaved orchestra and half a dozen fine marble thrones (not in block, as at Athens, but ranged at intervals in a semicircle) and its well preserved stage buildings; there too the exedra, facing the afternoon sun, with marble benches for a thousand valetudinarians; there the temples, dedications, inscriptions—proving that this shrine of health must have been well nigh as popular a resort as Epidauros itself. Best of all for us who are condemned to drink or not to drink stale water on the *Iris*, here flows fresh and full the living spring which medicined those old Hellenic invalids and was enough in itself to give the place a good fame. It issues from under the very sanctuary; and, after many a delicious draught, we are all ready to vouch for it as *the* water-cure of Old Greece and New. Certainly, Epidauros has nothing comparable to offer to-day, and the brackish runnel in the cave of the Asklepieion under the Athenian acropolis is not to be named with it. Only at Paros in a precinct of the Healing God can one still find a source so pure and sweet. And not even Paros combines with her life-giving spring that piney fragrance which completes the charm of this little Attic glen. With that balm blown on the straying sea-breeze we fill our lungs on our walk back through

the pines at sunset—a sunset which sets the mountains aglow as we row out to the *Iris*. So we dine mightily on all our exercise, and sleep across untroubled seas.

We wake at six to find our anchor down amid a nest of granite isles. Behind us curves Rheneia; on either hand nestles Big and Little Hekate; and before us, right athwart the track of rosy-fingered Dawn, rises a granite ridge but a short hour's walk from end to end and a good bow-shot across from sea to sea, with its summit barely 350 feet above the brine, and one brook without a drop of water in it. A poor desert scene, one would say, to invite the pilgrim or detain him for an hour; but the sea-girt granite ridge is Delos, the summit Kynthos, and the brook Inopos. This solitude was Leto's lying-in, cradle of her Heavenly Twins, goal of a thousand sacred embassies, seat of the Athenian Empire, and world-mart of Imperial Rome. To have watched the sunrise and the sunset upon it, with all the golden hours between, is an experience to be prized forever; but to share it with the uninitiated—that would task the greatest of the guild that has laid its spell on Delos from Homer down. Certainly, it will not be attempted here.

The channel in which the *Iris* lies, sheltered by Rheneia and the Hekates, may account for the secular fame of Delos. It forms a spacious and secure harbour, which must have been the central station for the Carian corsairs in prehistoric times;*

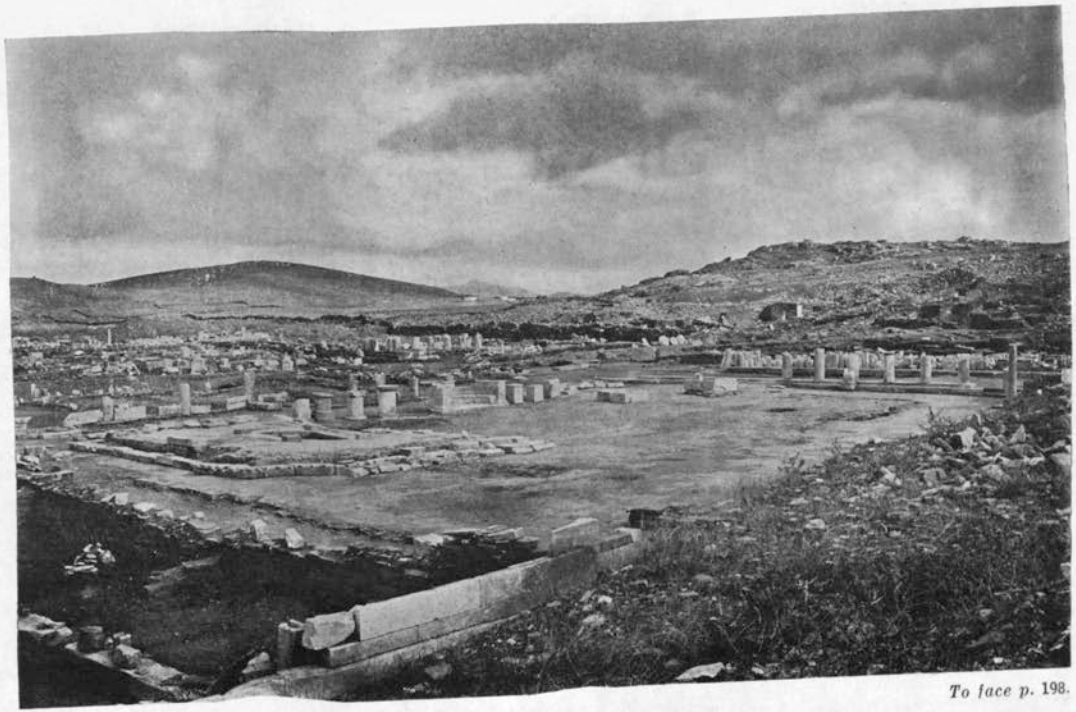
* So Thucydides rightly interprets the evidence of the tombs that were opened when Athens purged the island by removing the dead to Rheneia and took measures that neither birth nor death should thereafter occur on Delos. From that time on every Delian family must have owned or hired a town house or country place on Rheneia.

and doubtless sheltered the fleets of Minos when the Cretan sea-king annexed the Cyclades. In historical times, Datis puts in here on his way to Marathon—not to harrow Delos, as he had harrowed the larger isles, but to display the subtle religious diplomacy peculiar to the Orient. The Delians, who had fled across to Tenos, he recalls with a guarantee that the native isle of the Twin Gods—who were, to be sure, only Hellenized forms of the Sun and Moon of his own worship—should suffer no harm at his hands; and he backs up his liberalism by burning eight or nine tons of incense on Apollo's altar! * Eleven years later Xanthippos with the Athenian fleet of 110 sail lingers in this harbour before delivering the decisive blow to Persia's sea-power in the Aegean at Mykale; as fifty years later still (B.C. 428) poor Nikias enters it with the richest *theôry* perhaps that Athens ever sent hither to keep Apollo's holiday. Xanthippos' greater son, Perikles, has succumbed to the Black Death which had far outdone Dorian arms in the awful havoc wrought at Athens; and the man, whose pious caution was to cost Athens at Syracuse all that Xanthippos had won at Mykale and Perikles had consolidated by thirty years of bold far-seeing statesmanship—Nikias, the Great Unready, is ready to lavish the income from a thousand slaves hired out in the Laurion silver mines to get into Apollo's good books. So, Delos being too narrow for the grand pomp, the Athenian *architheoros*—probably taking a hint from Polykrates of Samos who had once annexed Rheneia to

* Astonishing figures even for Herodotus and the text is suspect.

Delos by a chain—throws a bridge brought ready made from Athens across the strait from Rheneia, doubtless utilizing this big Hekate as a centre pier; and so wins a good half mile of Sacred Way over which to lead his hecatomb and march his choral embassy, bearing the bronze palm-tree to be Apollo's proper birthday gift and an offering of ten thousand good Athenian drachmae for which the Delians are to put up annual prayers that Apollo grant abundant success to Nikias—prayers as vain in the event as the Persian's tons of incense.

But while this sheltered haven is the open secret of Delos' world-trade and we may be inclined to think that the twin gods only followed the traders' flag, though it is common to take it the other way about, the granite ridge itself is our pilgrim-goal. Some of our embassy, indeed, had landed at dawn; it was half-past seven when the rest of us paddled over the strangely lustrous water and set foot on the granite shore, along which the old sea-walls still show. Thence we have but a hundred paces through a street once colonnaded and adorned with statues on either side, but now cumbered with marble wreck over which we have to pick our steps, to the entrance of the Holy Place. The well-worn steps bear witness to the thronging pilgrimages of other days—marbles worn smooth and deep by bare feet or sandals innocent of peg or nail. It is here at eight o'clock Dörpfeld begins the exposition that is to flow on unchecked, barring luncheon hour on board, till sunset. As a proof-text on human vanity nothing could be more pointed or more pathetic than this labyrinth of marble wreck, which M. Homolle has laid bare and out of which Dr.



To face p. 198.

DELOS : THE AGORA

Dörpfeld builds you up again a sacred and secular city wherein he walks about as confidently as in Athens. Under his guidance we study the three successive temples of the god and the houses of his priests; the great pedestal, whereon Spon and Wheler (1675) saw the colossal Naxian Apollo still standing, though shorn of his head; and porticoes, warehouses, public buildings without end. We thread the narrow streets in which Roman and Tyrian jostled one another; and, beyond the Sacred Lake and the city whose granite dwellings extended across the north end of the island almost from sea to sea, we may enter the very enclosure in which ten thousand slaves are said to have been sold in a single day. For Delos was in its time the first slave-market of the world; and during the Fair always connected with the Festival traders from every quarter flocked hither to buy and sell—men being the staple merchandise. If Delos herself was guilty of this inhuman traffic, she got paid in her own coin; for in the year 84 B.C. the troops of Mithradates crowned their spoliation and destruction of the city and sanctuary by butchering the men and selling her women and children into slavery.

The Theatre, which closes the sacred quarter on the south, lies on the lower slope of Kynthos—supported in part by well-preserved marble retaining walls and facing the western sea—a prospect unrivalled by any other theatre in Greece. One is surprised at first to find a cavea 187 feet in diameter, or as large as the Dionysiac Theatre at Athens; but it is only another index of what Delos was in the great days of old, when these marble benches (of which a few rows only are yet uncovered) were

doubtless packed by proud Delians and their visitors from the wide Greek world.

Still, it is only on leaving the theatre behind to climb the Kynthian steep that old old Delos becomes real to us. For, half way up the hill, we come to that rock-rift Kynthian shrine which the young world first roofed over for its young god. "Roofed over," we say, as does Chryses in that eldest prayer to this same Apollo; for that was all man's hand had to do in building the god's first temple here. Taking advantage of a long, narrow ravine whose granite sides offered him ready-made walls, the prehistoric architect set across them five pairs of massive granite blocks so as to key one another and thus form a self-sustaining gable roof—which, strange to say, is the only roof on Delos that has weathered all the ages. The space roofed in measures about nineteen feet high (to the comb), seventeen feet long, and sixteen feet wide in front—though the ravine gradually narrows to half that breadth. Within is a deep chasm, watered from a small spring—indispensable property of an oracle; and there is also an enormous block of granite, probably the original object of adoration here, one of those fetishes fallen from Heaven which the old Greek revered above all the gold-and-ivory gods of Pheidias. Later generations added a façade and doorway and terraced up a little temenos; and thus we have here a complete compend of temple evolution. As Jebb remarks (Journal of Hellenic Studies, i, 43): "It shows the very genesis of the early temple step by step. First, an altar in the open air; then a roof to shelter the altar; next, a door to keep out the profane; lastly, a precinct added to the house of the god."

It is here, not amid the marble wreck below, one would open his Homeric Hymns and read the tale of Leto's travailing, and how at that theophany

> All Delos bloomed with gold,
> Even as some mountain peak with woodland blooms.

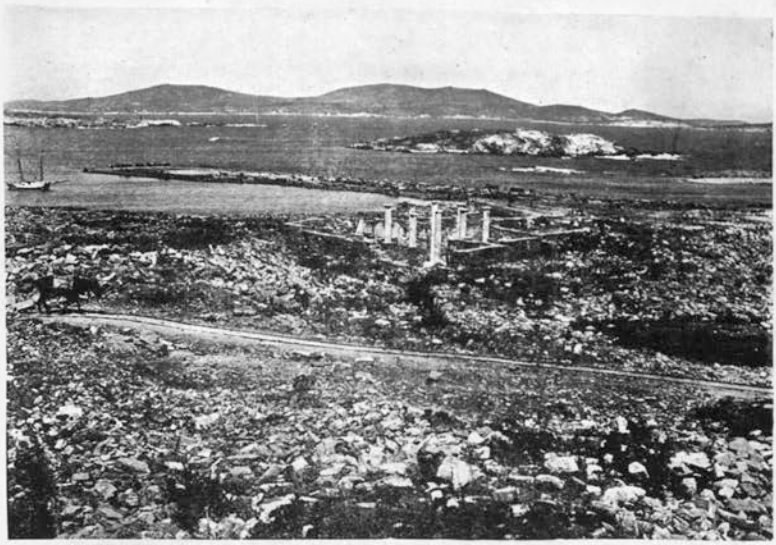
Tradition says it was a May-day, not unlike this day of our own pilgrimage 'in the prime of purple-blossomed Spring'; and, to do Delos justice against her modern maligners,* I must record the fact that we climbed up through fields of barley bright with scarlet poppies and fairly waded in yellow clover blooms to reach the shrine. If Homer himself was here to sing at the great Ionian gatherings and (as Thucydides thrice avers) did sing this very Delian hymn, he came honestly by his bloom and fragrance, if not by his palm-tree; and on this spot the prayer of Chryses may well have taken shape in his mind. While Kynthos is but a mole-hill among mountains, yet for the mind's eye no specular mount on earth sweeps a wider horizon than this look-out on little Delos. If you would feel the Aegean in its supreme charm and storied fame, you must take your bearings there. Round and round, ring after ring, the encircling isles rise upon the vision. These circling isles (or Cyclades) were in old Greek parlance the "Pearls of Hellas"—to the poet Kallimachos "a chorus dancing around fragrant Asterie," as Delos was named in older time. Of the fragrance we have our own clover proof; and Delos, to be sure, is just the altar to the wide Aegean orchestra. Indeed, upon this gently swelling shimmering sea one fancies

* Diehl, for instance, who allows Delos "only a few traces of a withered and stunted vegetation."

a real rhythmic movement of the island-choir; and, though the Kynthian lute is long unstrung, there is a suggestion of subtle melody as of the morning stars.

We cannot stay to call the roll of these dancing isles—you may read them on the map; or to study the ruins of temples once dedicated to Kynthian Zeus and Athene on this hill-top. But the slight remains of a Frankish castle on the spot shows that in the middle ages Delos was not quite a desolation, as it has been mostly these eighteen centuries. Pausanias found it inhabited only by the guardian of the sanctuary; and a poet of the century before had written: "Who would have looked to see Delos more lonely than Tenos?" And to-day the total census of the holy isle, when not swollen by quarantined passengers from plague-spots in the East, consists of one curator of the marble wreck and two goatherds from Mykonos, who indeed are Delians only between hay and grass. But it is to Tenos you must repair if you would see the Hellenes of three continents foregathering now, as in olden time they flocked to Delos, and if you would hear Hellenic battle-ships thundering their welcome. And a glance at the Delian marbles built into the Pilgrimage church there will go far to explain the dilapidation of Delos, as Tournefort saw and described it two hundred years ago:

"All the masons of the adjoining Islands resort hither as to a quarry to make choice of such Pieces as they best like; they will break to pieces a fine Column to make Steps to a Stair-case, Jambs for Windows or Doors; they will carry away a Pedestal to turn into a Mortar or the like. Both Turks,



DELOS : HOUSE OF DIONYSIOS, WITH VIEW OF HARBOUR AND ISLETS

To face p. 202.

DELOS : ROCK-CLEFT SHRINE OF APOLLO

Greeks and Latins come and make what Havoc they please; and what is very odd the People of Mycone pay but ten Crowns Land-Tax to the Grand Seignieur for possessing an Island which was the Repository of the Public Treasure of Greece, the then richest Country of Europe." *

We had a quiet night between Delos and Samos; but, when our eyes opened in the Samian harbour at six in the morning, it was raining dismally. By ten o'clock, however, it clears and we are in for another glorious day. It begins with a round of visiting; for are we not an embassy and is not Samos a principality? The reigning Prince is not of the house of Polykrates nor is this the ancient capital; but he is a thoroughbred Greek and the new Samos which is his seat has one of the finest harbours in the Aegean. The town itself—built partly round the harbour, partly on the slopes of the grand mountain amphitheatre half a mile back—is clean, well-to-do, inviting, with a solid self-respecting air which is proof enough of good government. For sixty years and more the island has enjoyed substantial independence with a constitution and council and flag of its own, though the Governor (who must be a Christian) is named by the Porte; and it pays a nominal tribute which, however, is mostly expended on internal improvements. For eight years past

* Such havoc did not end with the Turkish *régime*. I well remember the complacency with which a Scotch factor long resident in Greece told me how he had once laid his plans to remove the huge blocks of the so-called "Tomb of Leonidas" at Sparta to build into a mill—a stroke of business prevented only at the last moment by the interference of the local authorities. No wonder that hardly a ruined Chapel in Greece fails to yield a fair crop of reliefs and inscriptions.

Samos has been governed by Prince Alexander Karatheodoros, an accomplished statesman and a wise administrator;* and under him education is flourishing (there are 48 schools, with 112 teachers and some 5,000 pupils, the system culminating in a full Gymnasium for boys and a High School for girls); the chief places are connected by telephone; public works are fostered; industry is the rule; and crime the rare exception, only nine criminal cases and those for minor offences being reported in a year. One may fairly doubt whether practical autonomy with such a governor as Karatheodoros would be well exchanged for absorption in the Hellenic kingdom with its discords and debts; but, then, we must remember how enviable was Chios until the Turkish butcher broke loose!

Taking reluctant leave of this enlightened Greek Prince, who had come aboard to return our visit, we round the north-east corner of the island and thread the narrow channel where isle and main approach within speaking distance, as it were. With Mykale rising almost within touch and with Herodotus in hand, one becomes in a sense eye-witness of that last well-aimed blow that avenged Eretria and Athens and sent the invader scurrying out of Greek waters. Clearing the strait we run into the ancient harbour, still well-nigh closed by the great mole, which was a marvel even to Herodotus, and provided with a fine modern quay. The shape of the port within the breakwater seems to have suggested the vile name now borne by what was once the port

* The Prince has since tried his hand at governing unhappy Crete.

and capital of Polykrates, viz., *Tegani*, which being interpreted is "The Frying Pan." Certainly, what we yet see of old Samos, to say nothing of what it must have been in its prime, is a crying protest against this vulgarization. For few finer sites or nobler ruins are to be found even in Greece: there is the picturesque land's end and the level shore, with the parallel ridge rising seven or eight hundred feet behind it, and commanding wide views over the Aegean and the Ionian mainland. Tegani, indeed, is only a curved line of houses on the waterside, with a fine church and a ruined castle to show that the Venetian held on to the old site; but old Samos (as Strabo describes it and as we can trace it on the ground to-day) not only occupied the level shore but stretched up the mountain slopes behind. The entire ridge was a strong-walled city, and hardly at Eleutherae or under Mt. Ithome can one see nobler Hellenic walls than the line which extends down the north-western slope of the hill, much of it intact and the rest traceable to the water's edge.

But all this we are to study at shorter range, though it is not to inspect military masonry that our conductor has brought us to Samos. Nor even primarily to collect new evidence for the no-stage theory, albeit our first scramble up the rocky slope is to the theatre below the cypress-shaded monastery with its chapel in a quarry and so known, as is the little shrine above the Theatre at Athens, as "Our Lady of the Cave." Of the theatre itself little remains but the natural *cavea* with a few seats and the orchestra with some peculiar arches which may have supported a stage.

A little below the theatre Dörpfeld strikes his

proper Samian trail—it is a line of air-shafts marking the course of the aqueduct Polykrates was putting down here about the time his august ally Peisistratos was bringing the water from Hymettos and building his famous Fountain of the Nine Spouts to distribute it to Athens. These Samian water-works were famous in antiquity and made a deep impression on Herodotus, who gives them the first place among what he calls "three of the greatest works in all Greece wrought by the Samians." Two of these, the great mole and the great temple, have always witnessed to his veracity; but the third—was it not just another of his yarns? And yet how circumstantial! "One of these works," he says, "is a tunnel, under a hill one hundred and fifty fathoms high, carried entirely through the base of the hill, with a mouth at either end. The length of the cutting is seven furlongs, the height and width are each eight feet. Along the whole course there is a second cutting, twenty cubits deep and three feet broad, whereby water is brought through pipes from an abundant source into the city. The architect of this tunnel was Eupalinos, son of Naustrophos, a Megarian." *

Singularly enough this remarkable work is mentioned nowhere else in ancient literature; and all

* Eupalinos was the great hydraulic engineer of the sixth century; and, no doubt, Peisistratos of Athens and Theagenes of Megara, as well as Polykrates of Samos, availed themselves of his professional services. The aqueduct and fountain of Theagenes at Megara have recently (1899) been traced by Dr. Dörpfeld and partly excavated under his direction; and the construction is found to correspond even in detail with that at Athens and Samos. A preliminary report on the subject appears in the *Athenische Mittheilungen* for 1900, Bd. xxv, 5.

trace of the tunnel had been lost until one day in 1878 a monk from the neighbouring monastery stumbled upon the opening, and it was partly cleared out and restored. To-day we follow a line of air-shafts up from the theatre to the tunnel mouth and go down by relays, with tallow dips to light the way, to verify for ourselves the story of Herodotus. A steep stairway cut in the rock leads down to an arched gallery, at first so narrow as to accommodate but one person—stooping a little, at that—then widening to admit two or three abreast. Farther on we find the tunnel, now hung with stalactites, quite answering to the historian's description—seven or eight feet wide and eight or more in height, though not uniformly so, with the aqueduct proper some thirty feet deep alongside. After penetrating as far as you like, you may go around the mountain with Dr. Dörpfeld and trace the source, the ancient reservoir, and the tunnel from its starting point on the north. Without that, we have seen enough to show that Eupalinos was no ordinary engineer for his time, and that Polykrates was an enterprising ruler who knew how to promote public works and to keep his subjects out of mischief withal. If he built also the mighty breakwater and the great temple, his reign must have been a strenuous time in Samos.

On this level we have a splendid prospect of the sea and Mykale's cloud-capped heights and the Samian mountains dun with smoke. Above us rises the tyrant's hold, a vast lofty rugged citadel: what scenes it has witnessed! Opening the shabby Samian year-book (presented me by its editor, Epaminondas Stamatiades, Director of the Bureau

of Administration), I scan the official Samian chronology *—far enough to see that Polykrates himself had ancient history to occupy him had he been so minded; but in his brilliant state upon this Castle Ridge he probably cared as little for these things as his court poet Anakreon cared for Gyges' gold. The Teian singer, with his jolly cult of Wine, Women, and Song, was more at home here than the Samian sage: Pythagoras could not brook the growing tyranny and so betook himself to Egypt and Babylon for study and then to Magna Graecia to do his work and end his days. But the prophet without honour in his own country in his own time is vindicated at last: the Pythagoreion (as the Samios Gymnasium is officially designated) perpetuates his name, whether it teaches Anakreon's odes or not. It would seem, indeed, that old Samos was hardly a cherishing mother to either sage or singer of her own breeding; and so the else inglorious Amorgos has the glory (such as it is) of the woman-hating Simonides, Samian-born though he was. But in all the emigrations and immigrations of poets, Samos recalls none more singular than the visit of Sophokles in the quality of an Athenian general with Perikles as his colleague! That was no long time before the Four Hundred seized the

* Here are some sample dates:

Settlement of the island by the Pelasgians	1530 B.C.
Founding of the Heraion by the Argonauts	1465 B.C.
Ankaios, first King of Samos	1361 B.C.
Re-founding of the Heraion by Rhoikos	718 B.C.
Birth of Pythagoras	584 B.C.
Tyranny of Polykrates	567 B.C.

reins at Athens and the army here at Samos proclaimed itself the real Athenian Demos—as, in fact, for the time being it was. One sees few more interesting documents anywhere than the marble slab in the vestibule of the Acropolis Museum: two ladies (Athens and Samos) clasping hands above and the text of their treaty below.

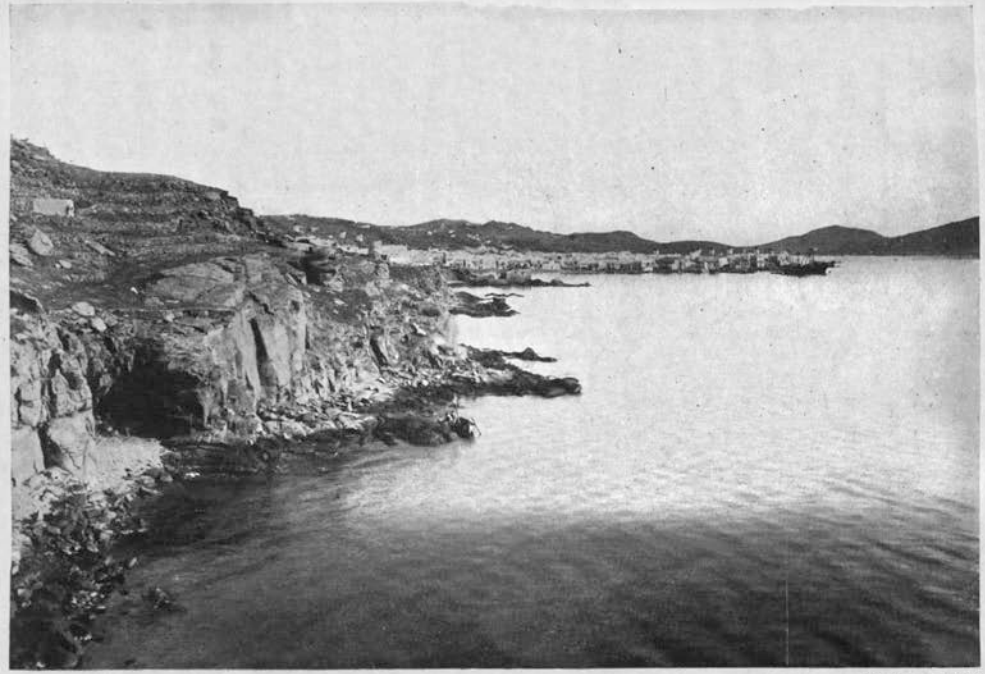
Of the Heraion—first founded by the Argonauts, burned by the Persians, plundered by Verres, visited by Antony and Cleopatra and by King Herod—one lonely column still stands, with its curious horizontal fluting; but enough foundations and bases remain in place to determine the plan and dimensions, which are about double those of the great temple of Zeus at Olympia. Dörpfeld estimates the length at 360 feet. Here, as in Argolis, Hera's temple is a solitary place an hour from her city; and the way to it crosses the Imbrasos on whose banks the white-armed goddess was born "under the willow which," according to Pausanias, "still grows in her sanctuary," and which the same veracious traveller declares to be the oldest tree in the Greek world. But the willow is gone, and with it the image of the goddess wrought by Smilis of Aegina.

The Heraion is our turning point; and, as the sun goes down on Samos, our sails are set for home again. Dawn finds us at anchor in the wide shallow bay of Mykonos, the last station of this cruise. The island is a granite mass, rising to a summit of some 1,200 feet, with a fair white town lying on the narrow shelf of shore. The town, indeed, is far less picturesque than Naxos and Paros with their old citadels; but population is not so congested here.

The uplands behind are dotted with white houses and dove-cotes over an extended area. The architecture is, of course, Venetian with its ubiquitous *volto*. We go up the *Marina* past a large demotic school to find the museum already alive with earlier birds from the *Iris*. Here, in what appears an old warehouse of two large rooms, the sculptures and inscriptions from Delos are heaped up in dimly lighted confusion—treasures to enrich any Museum; and there seems to be no good reason for keeping them buried here at Mykonos. Delos being a desolation, there should be no question of their removal to the National Museum at Athens, where the choicer Delian finds are already installed.

It is but a brief morning call on Mykonos, for we have before us a good day's run to Piraeus where the *Iris* is due to-night. The day reveals many a fair prospect of sea and shore to which sleep had sealed our eyes as we were outward bound. Thus we catch new views of Delos from east and north; get a good look at Tenos from the south and run all the way up its west shore; and then, with Andros in full view on the north-east, pass close under the north shore of little Gyaros—which on this side presents a rather agreeable aspect, the cliffs being clad in pale green. Mr. Bikelas remarks that at Syra they still "send rogues to Gioura" (as this old Roman Botany Bay is now called in the vulgar tongue), and, indeed, I have heard the same classical locution on Andros.

Once in the wind-current from Kaphareus, the *Iris* begins to rock and we take no more observations. But, rounding Sunium at nightfall, we are again in still water and sit down to our last *Iris* dinner, which



To face p. 210.

MYKONOS

proves one long ovation to our genial conductor. We

"Fill high the bowl with Samian wine"

and toast him in Greek, Latin, French, German, and English—in verse and in prose. No architheoros since Nikias ever earned his honours better; and our embassy of three score to the last man (and woman) are ready to declare Dörpfeld's Inselreise for 1893 one of the great successes of Hellenic history.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Keos and the Keian Poets.

Proem: A Nest of Song.

As long as men shall prize the things of the mind, pilgrim feet will turn fondly to the shrines of song. From Concord to Kolonos and from Lesbos back again to Weimar and Windermere every haunt of the Muses, however long forsaken, is always holy ground. For an old nest may break forth into singing anew; and this marvel has even now befallen. Across the silence of uncounted centuries trills out again the liquid note of 'the honey-tongued nightingale of Keos'; and that 'vine-clad isle' springs once more into the foreground of men's imagination.

The return of Bacchylides, not now in time-worn tatters but in his singing robes unsoiled, brings back with peculiar vividness a pilgrimage to Keos which I would fain live over again in the resurgent poet's company. Possibly some, who can never make the pilgrimage in fact, may like to go with me in fancy to look at the poet's isle as it is to-day, to recall the great features of its past, and to meet the old singer himself in the atmosphere which first quivered with his songs. We shall find him in illustrious society, for the fame of Keos was not bound up in a single voice. After Athens, no soil was richer than hers in the harvest of Hellenic genius. For an isolated

rock, barely five and twenty miles in circuit, Keos bore no common crop. Her tiny territory was quartered by four cities, each with its own laws and treaties, its own mint, and (we may almost say) its own religion; and a single one of those cities gave to the great age of Greece four of its great names—one of them among the very greatest. Before Bacchylides and beyond him in fame was his mother's brother, Simonides, the laureate of Hellas in her victorious conflict with the East; and both were sons of Ioulis, as were Prodikos, teacher of Sokrates, and that great master of ancient medicine, Erasistratos.

I. The Sea-Way and the Sminthian.

If a morning's sail would bring one to Apollo's Temple and the Singing School of Simonides above it, many of us would make the excursion once a twelvemonth at least—at the first note, perhaps, of the old laureate's own

> Blithe angel of the perfume-breathing Spring,
> Dark-vested swallow.

From the harbour of Athens to the harbour of Keos the distance scarcely exceeds that from Providence to Newport; and the charm of the voyage is not all in making port. To say nothing of Salamis and the mountain walls of Attica which appear at their best as you sail into or out of Piraeus, there is a point in the course just after rounding Cape Zoster, whence on a clear day one might descry almost at the same moment three famous sanctuaries of Athena—the Parthenon on the Athenian acropolis,

the hill-top temple on Aegina, and the foreland fane of Sunium.* One or another of these holy places is hardly out of sight from harbour to harbour.

Now it shames me to confess that, with all this to lure one on, I was nearly four years in getting from Athens to Keos. Still the shame is mitigated by the fact, as I believe it to be, that in those four years my two comrades and myself were the only Americans who set foot upon the island. It is so near and yet so far, because it is off the beaten track. If you are bound for Constantinople, you can almost lay your right hand on it in passing; if for Egypt, the left; but landing there is none. Even our little Andrian steamer would plough the Myrtoan main, week after week, and never call. Yet a century ago, with not a solitary sail in the forsaken harbour of Piraeus, Keos was not only the emporium of the Aegean, where all maritime nations had their consuls, but the port of call for Athens. When Chateaubriand was leaving Athens for the Holy Land, he was directed to go round Hymettus to Keratea and light a beacon on the Laurion hills; this signal would fetch a caique from Keos and at Keos he would catch the packet from Trieste or, failing that, he could charter a felucca for Chios or Smyrna. And, as late as 1811, Bröndsted travelled the Steirian Way from Athens to Prasiae (Porto Raphti) to embark there for Keos on the fruitful archæological mission of which I shall speak further on. When the Revolution broke out and the butchery of Chios

* Since this was written, excavations at Sunium by Mr. Staes have ousted Athena and restored the temple there to its rightful lord—Poseidon; and the title to the Aeginetan temple seems finally vested in Aphaia.

set the remnant of that enterprising people adrift, they would have re-established themselves at Keos, but the Keians had no welcome for them; and so they built their city of refuge on the bleak and barren rock of Syra which forthwith took away the commercial prestige Keos had so long enjoyed.

Thus the little isle is left to its great past, cut off from the world of modern men. Not absolutely; for there is a faint hebdomadal circulation. For five days of every seven the circuit is broken, but on Wednesdays the Piraeus steamer calls there on its way to Syra, as it does again on its return, twenty-four hours later. Hence, if he would not retire from the world for eight days or some multiple thereof, the pilgrim must do Keos between noon and noon, which is short shrift for an old Hellenic tetrapolis. But such were perforce the narrow limits of my own pilgrimage, and I should hesitate to write the meagre record of it if the actual pilgrimage were all. But for four years Keos had been pretty constantly in my mind's eye and I had sought out every scrap of literature ancient or modern that bore upon it,—more than that, the island itself, with its solitary town perched like an eyrie at its summit, had become familiar to my eyes from every point of view in my frequent sails among the Cyclades. Thus when I did set foot upon Keos, I was already at home there; and twenty-four hours sufficed to steep with local colour my accumulated Keian lore.

It was high noon of a perfect June day (in 1893) when we dropped anchor in the port of Koressia, which is the port of Ioulis, and were rowed ashore—for this spacious land-locked harbour is as innocent of a pier as it was when Nestor put in here on his

return from Troy. Of modern improvements there is nothing but a little lighthouse on one, and a chapel on the other, of the two curving promontories which almost enclose the egg-shaped basin and make it one of the securest havens in the Aegean. Of the harbour-town, which flourished here in Simonides' time but had been absorbed by Ioulis long before Strabo came, in the first century B.C. to take notes for his 'Geography,' there are but slight remains; and its modern successor is limited to half a dozen summer cottages in one bend of the bay and as many mean warehouses and cafés in another. It is a grateful solitude in which the Past asserts itself; and one is free to try his mind on the wealth of matter which the ancient geographer has packed into half a dozen sentences. Strabo is primarily concerned with the lay of the land, the four towns, the quartette of great names hailing from Ioulis, and the unique hemlock habit, to all of which we shall attend in good time; but on this spot and in the mood of the moment it is a fact postponed by him that most appeals to me: 'Hard by Koressia there is a temple of Sminthian Apollo'! Shades of Homer! The self-same Apollo we meet on the threshold of the Iliad, with his offended priest Chryses, and Chryses' fair daughter, who was at the bottom of Achilles' wrath, and all that Iliad of woes we are wont to charge upon poor Helen. How the Mouse-god came to Keos we do not know: certainly old Nestor would not establish the death-dealing Sminthian when he paused here on his return from Troy (as Strabo tells us) to dedicate a shrine to Athene Nedousa—his own goddess, by the name she bore on the banks of his own river Nedon. More like,

he established his dear Athene here to watch the malign Apollo already in possession. We did not find temple or altar, but if Strabo can be trusted the explorers of prehistoric Greece have work here for their spades.

II. Up the Elixos.

We lingered at Koressia only long enough to take a *café Turque* and secure mules for the three-mile climb to the island-capital. In this business we were not left to our own resources; for on the boat we had fallen in with a Keian acquaintance, who took pains that we should want no attention for which a substantial return could be expected. But, time being more than money, we were glad to lose so few moments in outfitting and getting under way for our tour of the island. We were no mean cavalcade, for our self-appointed dragoman had hired (at our charges, as we were to learn later) mounts enough for a goodly part of the Keian demos.

Like most of these 'isles of Greece,' Keos is simply a mountain springing from the sea, with now and then a bit of level border to offer foothold. About Koressia this border may be half a mile wide—at the mouth of the Elixos, which has cut itself a deep channel from the top of the island. On the right of the gorge thus formed our road winds aloft—a road 'made with hands.' Broad, paved, wall-guarded on the side of the precipice, it was built some fifty years ago by a Keian engineer and is the pride of the Keian community. Far beneath, the Elixos tumbles in its winding way—like the Helisson and the Ilissos it seems to have got

its name from its sinuous course—and leads with it a band of greenery that charms the eye. Half way up we come upon a marble fountain beset with spouting dolphins hard by a little marble *belvedere* —an octagon with five door and window ways, framing glorious views of the glen and harbour to the west, the Myrtoan main to the north, and the town above. These are public benefactions of a good burgomaster, who has gone on—'in the prime of life and fortune,' as his inscription informs the passer-by—to build himself a marble tomb on this same sightly terrace. So far as I know, the tomb is still waiting for its tenant; but the Demarch must be fond of travelling this road and contemplating his own good works.

Setting out again we have above us the town, looking like a flock of sea-gulls lit on a beetling cliff, and the long line of whirling windmills in the still higher distance. As we turn the head of the gorge to approach the city another fountain, neighboured by a spreading plane tree, invites a halt. It is rather more archaic than the Demarch's and the stone pavement before it is relieved at one corner by a fluted column, at another by a basis of old-gold Pentelic, inscribed 'The people [have erected this statue of] Livia wife of the Imperator Caesar.' Thus, what time our new era was dawning on the world, the poor Keians were paying court on this spot to the imperial consort of Augustus; and the marble record of the fact is now a paving-stone!

The wide road, here cut down in the sheer cliff, leads across the saddle of the two-hilled city, now and then dodging round a corner and threatening to run into people's houses. For here, as in Naxos

and Tenos, the houses often straddle the street and the street becomes an arcade. Making our way through the labyrinth, we dismount at a café whose back balcony looks down on a deep gorge—the fellow of that by which we had entered—while over against us on the south-east rises to a height of nearly 2,000 feet, the real apex of the island, now named for the Prophet Elias.

III. The Lion of Ioulis.

While the lamb is roasting for our dinner we follow the same great road a half-mile or so around the head of the defile to the Lion still couchant on the steep over against Ioulis on the east, as he may have been when Simonides was singing here—some would even say, when Nestor put in here. There are lions and lions, but the Lion of Ioulis is the Lion of Hellas. The lions on guard above the gate of Mycenae may be older, but they have lost their heads and therewith their majesty. The lion that guarded Leonidas' grave at Thermopylae disappeared ages ago, though we still possess the inscription written for it by Keian Simonides:

> Of beasts the bravest I, of mortals he,
> Upon this mound of stone now watched by me

The Lion of Chaeroneia commemorates a great and definite event, but he is broken to pieces. Better luck has attended the Lion of Keos. Couched here on his flank in the living rock, with reverted head, twenty-eight feet from tip to tail, every feature perfect, full of life and majesty, one can hardly think of him as a mere image made with hands. He

looks rather as if in some prehistoric age—the colossus of his kind—he might have lain down there alive and turned to stone, possibly after clearing the island of its first occupants. For there is a myth handed down to us by an old writer that Keos was originally inhabited by the Nymphs, until they were scared away by a lion and fled to Karystos, leaving to the 'jumping-off place' the name of Lion Point. At all events the monument and the myth make a perfect fit: our lion is the very beast to strike terror into Nymphs or any other unwelcome neighbours. He lies just under the great road which winds around here on the way to the monastery and the vermilion quarries. What was once a grotto underneath has been walled up for support but so neatly that only a close inspection reveals the fact. The mountain rises terrace on terrace above, and slopes down to the gorge below. The terrace patches yield a scant growth of barley, and the sheaves, already gathered under the Lion's nose, afford good sitting for the rest of us while Dr. Quinn takes a camera shot at the Lion and we catch a panorama of the Castle Hill and the town with the long line of whirling windmills on the lofty ridge beyond.

IV. The State Moulds the Man.

The identification of the present town with the ancient Ioulis is placed beyond a doubt by Strabo's precise topography. 'The city,' he says, 'is pitched upon a mountain some five and twenty stadia from the sea and its seaport is the place where Koressia once stood—though that town has ceased to be even a village settlement . . . . And near Koressia is

the river Elixos.' Mountain site, stream, distance, seaport, all answer to a dot; and yet as we shall see, old Tournefort (*circa* 1700) had removed Ioulis to Karthaia and Karthaia to Ioulis! As Strabo found the four towns merged in two, we find to-day substantially the entire island population packed in one; yet the greater Ioulis counts less than 5,000 souls. They have the repute of manly mountaineers, inclined to soldiering and seafaring, and zealous of good works as a community—witness their fine roads and bridges and frequent fountains. Nor is public spirit any new thing under the Keian sun. In the Holy Struggle for liberty (1821—28) the men of Keos bore a leading and constant part, thus emulating the example of a greater age. For in the Persian Wars, when most of her island neighbours gave earth and water to the Mede, Keos stood stoutly for the good cause from first to last; and her name may still be read on the glorious muster roll of Salamis and Plataea, that was set up at Delphi four and twenty centuries ago, and now by the irony of fate adorns the Sultan's public square. Time has spared one jewel, three words long, of Simonides, which finds its proper setting in all we know of Keian history: πόλις ἄνδρα διδάσκει, *the state moulds the man.* Keos was a school of that larger patriotism which found an organ-voice in Simonides, while Pindar was dumb for very shame of his faithless 'Mother Thebes.' It was the good fortune of Simonides to be bred in this mountain air of the sea, aloof from the provincial feuds that kept the Mainland in ferment, and in a society famed for that perfect poise which the old Greeks styled σωφροσύνη. Physically, it was a rare climate.

Its fig-trees bore thrice a year, Theophrastos tells us, and its honey rivalled that of Hymettos and Hyblaea. The silkworm flourished, and it was a Keian* dame, Pamphile, who first turned its labour to account by weaving those diaphanous webs which later found their way to Rome and gave Lucretius a handle against his degenerate countrywomen. Morally, the air was pure. Young men and maidens refrained from wine; and of courtesan and flute-girl the island was innocent. This physical and moral wholesomeness, strange to say, had its drawbacks. It induced excessive longevity and consequent over-population. With the economic question thus raised Keos dealt in an original way for which (I think) Malthus never gave her credit. Where other Greek states relieved their congestion by the colonial route, Keos chose what we may call the hemlock route.

V. The Hemlock Habit.

The Keian hemlock was a very drastic growth and the draught it brewed (as Theophrastos tells us) was one 'of swift and easy release.' In the exercise of their distinctive virtue, the aged Keians numbered their own days and, before infirmity and dotage overtook them, sought this euthanasy; and Menander, whose plays the sands of Egypt are giving up piecemeal, along with the lyrics of Bacchylides, applauded the practice:

> Noble the Keian fashion, Phanias;
> Who cannot nobly live spurns life ignoble.

* Or Chian or Koan—the old texts often confuse them.

They bade their friends as to a festival and, with garlands on their brows, pledged them in the deadly cup. If Theramenes was (as Plutarch avers) a Keian, his dying pleasantry in pledging 'noble Critias' in the hemlock draught was as homely as it was grim. The facts are certified by writers as early as the fourth century, who speak of the hemlock habit as already in the established order of things; and one historical instance of this blessed 'taking off' is recorded by a Roman eye-witness, Valerius Maximus, who visited Keos in the suite of Pompey on his way to Asia. Here at Ioulis a noble dame of ninety winters, but of sound mind and body, was setting forth on this free-will journey, and nothing loth to have her departure dignified by Pompey's presence. Unlike a Roman he would have detained her, but she answered: 'O Pompey! may the gods I am leaving, rather than those to whom I am going, requite thy kindness. But thus far Fortune has ever smiled upon me and no lust of the light shall induce me to await her frown. So I exchange the dregs of life for a happy end, leaving behind me two daughters and this little flock of seven children's children.' Then the good dame set her house in order and, with a steady hand, seized the cup. First pouring to Hermes and praying the god to lead her by a peaceful way to the fairer part of Hades, she eagerly drained the mortal draught, and expired with circumstance, as Socrates before her, while the Romans looked on awestruck and bathed in tears.

Thus the Ionian stock of Keos had a Doric strain—a sort of iron in the blood—which we feel in the monumental lines of Simonides, 'calm,

simple, terse, strong as the deeds they celebrated, enduring as the brass or stone which they adorned.' Still in the grain it was Ionian—in cult Apolline. It was Apollo, not in his malign Sminthian manifestation but in the person of his benign son Aristaios, who was the fountain-head of Keian culture; and where Apollo moves the Muses follow.

It was this unique blend that made Keos at once a theatre of strenuous action, a school of high thinking, and a nest of song. It bred men to front the Mede on sea and land. It bred philosophers like Prodikos, in whose 'Choice of Hercules' we have a fine reflex of Keian *sophrosyne*, and who—for all Plato's rubs—was a wise teacher of Athens and of Sokrates. It bred yet later—strange to say, in view of that salubrity which induced the hemlock habit—a great master of the healing art in Erasistratos, whose 'Universal Practitioner' became classic, and whose school of medicine flourished down to Galen's time.

VI. Simonides, the Organ-Voice of Hellas.

But these are secondary figures. It was in song that Keos won enduring fame. When Aeschylus was born at Eleusis and Pindar at Thebes, this isle was already ringing with the chorals of Simonides. Up to thirty the man and his muse were home-bred; but even then his fame had gone abroad in Greece. Athens, ever quick to hear a great voice, wooed him; and to their brilliant court the Peisistratids welcomed him with open arms. There he met Anakreon and loved him well as he mourned him melodiously at last. There he must have witnessed the plays of

Thespis; and, above all, he watched from its very cradle the growth of the generation that was to make its mark at Marathon and Salamis. He saw the overthrow of the tyrants whose praises he had sung, and the rise of the Athenian democracy whose laureate he became. Withal the Keian was broadening into the Hellene, as in the society of Thessalian princes and in the courtly circles of Syracuse—where his last days were passed with such comrades as Aeschylus and Pindar—he was to attain his full stature as an all-round man of the world. Courtier and diplomat, in the largest sense a patriot but no puritan, illustrious at thirty and still winning Athenian crowns at eighty, at ninety going down to the grave with princely pomp and leaving behind a fame that 'filled antiquity as rich wine fills a golden urn,' few singers have been happier in their day and lot. A modern parallel has been sought in Voltaire; but for a truer heredity of genius, partial though it be, we need only look to our own Lowell. Wide as was his range, we have but scant salvage of a precious freight and that chiefly in one kind. All things considered, it is the kind we would have chosen; for in his forty-odd epigrams all the glory of Greece in its most glorious age finds fit utterance. From the day that Athens chose his elegy on the heroic dead of Marathon in preference to that of their own comrade Aeschylus, Simonides was the 'god-gifted organ voice' of Hellas; and this is perhaps his loftiest organ note:

Of those who at Thermopylae were slain
Glorious the doom, and beautiful the lot:
Their tomb an altar; men from tears refrain
To honour them, and praise, but mourn them not.

Such sepulchre nor drear decay,
Nor all-destroying time shall waste; this right have they.
Within their grave the homebred glory
Of Greece was laid; this witness gives
Leonidas the Spartan, in whose story
A wreath of famous virtue ever lives.*

That goes beyond word-painting—his own definition of poetry; and this is unique sculpture, majestic as the Lion of his native isle:

To those of Lacedaemon, stranger, tell
That as their laws commanded here we fell.

In lines like these he gave their due to each and every sharer in the struggle which saved Greece and changed the course of history for all time. His fame was full and the world was at his feet. Yet even in that buoyant age wealth and fame and homage, without the forward look that overleaps the grave, could not satisfy the human spirit. That the vision was not granted to Simonides we may gather from more than one sad confession:

To one dread gulf all things in common tend,
There loftiest virtues, amplest riches end.

And again:

Of men the strength is small, the hopes are vain,
And pain in life's brief space is heaped on pain;
And death inevitable hangs in air,
Of which alike the good and evil share.

* John Sterling's translation, as are the following.

To him as to Homer the generations of men fade like the leaves, and he knows but brief solace:

> Ah fools! deluded thus, untaught to scan
> How swiftly pass the youth and life of man!
> This knowing, thou, while still thou hast the power,
> Indulge thy soul and taste the blissful hour.

He was no puritan, and we look to him in vain for any counsel of perfection. He indeed handed down to us the Lesbian sage's superb characterization—'a good man, four-square without a flaw'; but he thought it a hard saying, and as a man of the world accepted a far lower standard. Denied the beatific vision, he fell back on the joy of life such as it was:

> Without delight,
> What mortal life, what sovereign rule were dear?
> If wanting this, the gods' estate were drear.

With all his elegies in hand, the ancients took him for the type in this kind; and Catullus, racked with pain and grief, asks only of his friend a word of consolation

> Sadder than tears shed by Simonides.

VII. Bacchylides in Fragmentis.

When we open the Anthology on the meagre relics of the younger Keian, we catch the same sad note:

> For mortal man not to be born is best,
> Nor e'er to see the bright beams of the day;
> Since, as life rolls away,
> No man that breathes was ever always blest.

Bacchylides was born too late to partake the glow of battle and the wine of victory; and, compared with his great kinsman, he must seem but an idle singer of an empty day. Not Ares, but Eirene, is his patron; yet, in his minor key, what poet ever sang a sweeter note? Our lyric standard need not make us prefer Bacchylides to Pindar; but even in the eagle's presence the nightingale is not to be scorned. It is the shadow of greater names, the odious comparison, that has obscured the real worth of the younger Keian. Taking its cue from the *de Sublimitate*, doubtless but half understood, modern criticism has made him out a mere echo of his uncle, learned and painstaking, flawless and ornate, but languid and without any breath of divine inspiration. But, if Pindar himself in his eagle flights deigned, time and again, to swoop down and peck at him, his must have been a genius to be reckoned with by the highest; and even our fragments, footing up a hundred and seven lines all told, and the longest of them not a sonnet's length, go far to justify the appeal which Mahaffy had already taken from the traditional judgment.

The least that can be said is that he is a consummate literary artist. Nor is he the elegant trifler the critics would have us believe him: Julian found in him a complete Conduct of Life and more than one of our poor fragments betrays the strenuous spirit. Worth is beyond wealth; and there is an immutable standard:

> The touchstone tries the purity of gold;
> And by all-conquering truth man's worth and wit are told.

All-seeing Zeus is not to blame for mortals' heavy woes, but 'in the open bides Justice for all to win, the sinless pure handmaiden of Good Order and Holy Law discreet: sons of parents blest are they that find her.'

Still this is scarcely the ruling mood. That comes out rather in the exquisite Paean of Peace (to be quoted presently); and in the next longest fragment which Professor Francis G. Allinson has felicitously interpreted and reproduced measure for measure in English.* 'Over his wine a man builds castles in the air and rises from one fancy to another—first love, then success in battle, then a kingly sovereignty (the Greek tyranny) in a gleaming palace, where converge as over beaten highways many vessels dipping to their gunwales under the wealth of their lading . . . .' The fragment begins abruptly in the middle of a stanza:

. . . . . A charm imperious
Leaps from the cups and with Aphrodite fires his
Bosom: hope goes pulsing through and through the
breast

Commingled with gifts of the wine-god Dionysus,
Raising the fancies to high and higher achievement.
Now he is sacking some city's walls embattled,
Now in thought he is lord o'er peoples all.

Now palaces shimmer with iv'ry light and golden;
Laden with wheat o'er the glitt'ring waters glide now
Ships that are bringing from Nile-land vast enrichment.
Drinking ever, thus and thus his heart doth muse!

* In the *Brown Magazine* for April 1897.

There we have the very mould of the old singer's mind and verse; and how genial even in our unplastic and incommensurable speech!

VIII. Bacchylides Restored.

Conning his own lines on his native heath, how little we dreamed that another ship from Egypt was about to fetch us a richer freight than the wheat-laden argosies he sang—even his own songs. More than once he had spoken well of Egypt—witness the flotsam line

> Memphis unvisited by storm, and reed-grown Nile;

and Egypt has repaid him well in safeguarding for two thousand years a volume of his verse tenfold greater than all we had before and in giving it up again at a moment when the world is ripe as it never was before to test and treasure it.

And, since this is but an earnest of richer gifts to come, we may dwell for a moment on the manner of its coming. Antiquity had its own strange ways of handing down its wealth,—ways so strange that we recover our legacies only by robbing its tombs. The sepulchres of Mycenae, furnished as dwellings for the dead, have at last told us the actual life-story of Homer's idealized Achaeans; while the tombs of Egypt are found to be the archives, sacred and secular, of uncounted generations. True, their illuminated texts do not much appeal to us; but it is to their funereal etiquette that we owe the recovery of our poet and many another precious scroll. The old Egyptian thought to while away eternity with his

favourite authors, and took with him to the long home not only his Book of the Dead, but a stock of light reading,—poems, tales, and the like. When Egypt became a province of Alexander's Greater Greece, and Alexandria the literary capital of the world, Greek books must have presently asserted their supreme charm and crowded the stiff old picture-writings to the wall. The Muses, indeed, in their captivity on the Nile, could not sing the old songs of Helicon and Castaly,—it is but for a moment we catch the pipe-notes of Theokritos above the stifling sands—but all the harvest of Hellenic genius was garnered there. Not only in the vast libraries that flames were to devour, but in countless homes of affluence and culture—Hellenic and Hellenized—Greek letters found loving study. And no doubt, following the time-honoured custom of the country, Hellene and Hellenist alike would indulge 'the ruling passion, strong in death.' Thus Flinders Petrie could have thought it nothing strange when he found the mummy of a young girl with a papyrus roll of Homer to pillow her head; and he may yet light upon some bookworm's tomb with all its treasures intact.

Such a 'bursting forth of genius from the dust' was looked for when the buried cities of Campagna came to light; and Wordsworth, musing by Rydal Mount, uttered this prophetic note:—

> O ye who patiently explore
> The wreck of Herculanean lore,
> What rapture could ye seize
> Some Theban fragment, or unroll
> One precious tender-hearted scroll
> Of pure Simonides.

If 'haughty Time' has failed as yet to grant the letter of the poet's wish, the essence of it is taking shape in accomplished fact. Instead of a single scroll of the elder Keian, the younger is now restored to us in a full score of his sweetest songs. Some eighteen centuries ago there died at Luxor a man who loved Bacchylides so well that the poet must needs bear him company beyond the bourn.* That the dead man thumbed the precious volume in the tomb we cannot say; but it was in safe keeping. Meantime every copy above-ground would seem to have perished within the four centuries following. At least, for any trace we can get of Bacchylides beyond the hundred-odd lines that had lodged here and there, as other ancients quoted them to point a moral or adorn a tale, the poet had been lost to the world for fourteen hundred years until the tomb at Luxor gave up its treasure in 1897.

We may turn, then, from the tatters of the anthology to an *editio princeps* unique in literary history; and, rash as it would be to pass judgment at sight, the first reading of these twenty poems aggregating one thousand and seventy lines bears out our best prepossessions. If Bacchylides still misses the splendour of the poet militant, he sings with a clear, true note,—at times in lofty strain—the mimic wars beside wide-whirling Alpheios and the springs of Castaly. Fitly enough, these new odes of victory begin at home. It is a Keian compatriot, Melas, returning crowned from the Isthmus, and again from Nemea, to whom the first two odes are dedicated;

* Such was Schliemann's love for Homer; and when we buried him at Athens twenty years ago, it was with his precious poet on his breast.

and the sixth and seventh celebrate another Keian, Lachon, who has won the foot-race at Olympia. The first ode is peculiarly interesting because it gives the setting and correction of a familiar fragment: "I declare and will declare that highest glory waits on worth, whereas wealth even with craven men doth dwell." For the elegant trifler the poet has been reputed, the ode is a noble tribute to virtue,—that strenuous virtue which, once won, leaves behind an "imperishable crown of glory." The sixth ode, of sixteen short lines, has a delicious flavour. Lachon, crowned with the Olympian olive, has returned to 'vine-clad Keos,' and this is his welcome home, an off-hand serenade thus ending:

> "And now song-queen Ourania's hymn by grace of victory doth honour thee, O wind-fleet son of Aristomenos, with songs before thy doors; for thou hast won the course and brought good fame to Keos."

But these are minor strains and may well mark the poet's homelier days. He is but preening his wings for flights yet to be tried with the Theban eagle. Of the fourteen triumphal odes three celebrate events sung also by Pindar; and one of these—the fifth in Kenyon's arrangement—is a poem of two hundred lines, substantially intact, which may be fairly regarded as giving the best measure of the poet's powers. It is addressed to his royal patron, Hiero, of Syracuse, on the same occasion that called out Pindar's First Olympian; and it opens with a challenge that may well have made the Theban wince. Bacchylides, too, is an eagle, and he asserts the claim in a lyric flight that goes far to justify it:

"With tawny pinions cleaving swift the azure deep on high, the Eagle, wide-ruling and loud-crashing Zeus' herald, relying on his mighty strength, is bold while shrill-toned birds crouch in affright. Him nor broad earth's mountain crests nor rugged billows of the unwearied deep restrain, but in the unmeasured void with Zephyr's blasts apace he plies his dainty plumes,—a shining mark for men to see. Even so have I a boundless range, all ways, to hymn your worth, proud scions of Deinomenes, by grace of Nike azure-tressed and Ares of the brazen front." *

I had already ventured, not without misgiving, to speak of our poet as a nightingale; and it was not a little gratifying to find he had owned the soft impeachment in advance by calling himself 'the honey-tongued nightingale of Keos.' But this eagle claim, supported by an eagle flight, must give the critics more concern. It could not be expected, and certainly it cannot be said, that this lyric elevation is sustained throughout this or any other ode. Indeed, we can only be glad that it is so rarely essayed. For the charm of Bacchylides is that of sweetness and light. From Pindar we turn to him, as we turn from Browning to Tennyson. Aetna in eruption is sublime, but an Attic dawn delights us more. If Bacchylides rarely soars, he is never lurid, he never gives the sense of strain. He is as lucid as the noonday, his verse as crystal clear as the prose of Lysias. This quality it may well have

* One of the earliest versions of this Paean, as well as of the great Ode to Hiero, was published by the author in the *American Review of Reviews* (April, 1897). Fortunately, we now have an ideal edition and translation of all the new poems by Sir Richard Jebb—his last work.

been that won the heart of his Luxor votary, assuming that the latter was a barbarian whose Greek had come hard; and it is bound to make Bacchylides a reigning favourite, in school and out. Then he is never languid, never dull; and more than once we catch a fresh breeze that literature had missed,—notably in the seventeenth ode. There young Theseus, challenged by that bloody old Turk of his day (King Minos), leaps from the dark-prowed ship as it bears the tribute-youth to the Minotaur, and dolphins conduct him down to the deep sea-halls of Amphitrite, who robes and crowns him as the sea-god's true-born son; so that, returning triumphant to the ship, the hero confounds old Minos and puts new heart into his hapless company. Of this charming paean Louis Dyer has well said that "there is not in all literature a poem more saturated with the magic of the sea"; and, indeed, the smell of the sea is on all the poet's works. How could it be otherwise with one who had for ever ringing in his ears those two voices of the mountain and the sea, blending here of all places in that perfect unison as dear to song as it ever was to liberty!

IX. The Oak Woods and Karthaia.

Of all this, to be sure, the Lion gave no sign,—no more than the Sphinx—as he crouched there in his native rock and gazed over his shoulder on the eagle's nest of men above him. No voice broke the stillness of the ancient hill-side stadium, where (as we now know) island athletes had trained for victories at Olympia and the Isthmus; nor did the deserted streets of the town even suggest an Olympian serenade. Still, as we ate our lamb and

washed it down with good Keian wine, we had enough to think of; and not less so as we rode for three hours over the mountain whereon Aristaios had built his altar to Ikmaian Zeus, and which is now clothed to the crest with oak plantations, at once the beauty and the wealth of Keos. The acorn crop, prized of all good tanners,* yields more than half the island revenue; and the abundant rich green foliage against the mountain background makes a charming blend of English and Alpine scenery. For the most part it is a solitary way; but, as we approach Karthaia, the solitude is broken. From a little glen far beneath our feet come up the bleat of lambs and notes of articulate-speaking men; it is a harvest group of men, women and children reaping barley and keeping time to the sickle with the song. What more pleasing scene or sounds could have signalized our sunset entry into the place where Simonides kept his chorus school four and twenty centuries ago!

Ioulis was a good place to be born in, as Plutarch avers; and perched aloft, in the teeth of the North wind, it doubtless offered good breeding for a laureate of storm and stress. But Karthaia is a poet's dream. Full on the southern sea opens a little vale, mountain-walled on the other three sides, and bisected nearly all its length by a ridge, whose seaward extremity bears the ancient acropolis. Into

* Was Theseus' sail of Keian dye—the scarlet dye of the *prinos* berry still used in Greece—as Simonides describes it:

φοινίκεον ἱστίον ὑγρᾷ	A scarlet sail with liquid
πεφυρμένον πρινὸς ἄνθει	bloom of oak luxuriant
ἐριθάλλου.	dyed.

KARTHAIA : THE CHORISTRY OF SIMONIDES

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this we enter by a gateway carved out of the living rock, to find ourselves in a litter of marble ruins eloquent of a great past. At its extreme point the acropolis spur rises twenty feet higher in a symmetrical oval block some 200 feet in diameter, and still bearing traces of a vast building. Bröndsted believed this to be the *choregeion* of Simonides, and the poet could have found no more fitting spot. At its foot, by the sea, are the ruins of Apollo's temple, and a little to the west, under the acropolis wall, a theatre with the lower seats still left to define the semicircle. There we have the essential features of the poet's place of business, if we may use the phrase; and that the business was a good one we have his own word in an epigram scoring six and fifty choral victories.*

By this choristry, on the oval rock above the temple, there hangs a merry old tale which Athenaios has embalmed in his Table Talk (*Deipnosophistai*, x, 456), and which it is good to recall on the spot. Simonides kept a donkey to carry water from the spring, down there beyond the little chapel, to his thirsty choir aloft; and he dubbed the donkey 'Epeios,' because a painting in the temple below represented that architect of the Wooden Horse as water-carrier to the Atridae at Troy,—a fact attested by Stesichoros. Now every tardy or truant chorister was required as a forfeit to provide the donkey with a good feed of barley, a regulation formulated by the poet in the epigram:

> Who will not win the sweet cicada's meed,
> Epeios, son of Panopeus, must feed.

* Anthologia Lyrica, 145: Bergk.

This temple has its story as well, an old romance, we may call it, illuminating at once Karthaian archaeology and present-day Keian faith. A young Athenian, Hermokrates, is smitten by the charms of a Keian damsel, Ktesylla, as she dances at the Pythian festival by the altar of Apollo at Karthaia. Writing on an apple, he tosses it into the temple of Artemis. The damsel takes it up and reads: 'By Artemis, you shall wed Hermokrates of Athens.' * In shame and indignation she flings away the apple; but her father promises her to the Athenian and swears it by Apollo. Yet he forgets the oath and gives her to another. Then, as she is paying her vows in Artemis' temple, the Athenian youth, grieving for his lost love, enters; and at first sight Ktesylla falls wondrously in love with him. They fly to Athens and are wedded; but the poor girl dies in travail-pangs and her body is brought home for the last rites, when lo! from her pyre a ring-dove flits and naught is left of Ktesylla. But by divine command, Hermokrates rears a shrine to her; and to this day (the ancient story-teller adds) the people of Ioulis worship her as Ktesylla-Aphrodite; the other Keians, as Ktesylla-Artemis.

The tale helps us identify the second Karthaian temple, whose foundations remain on the acropolis,

* Is this the source or only an echo of Callimachus' tale of Akontios and Kydippe (in the *Aitia*) who "met at a feast of Delos, she from Athens, he from Keos." Seized, with violent love at first sight, the youth inscribes on a quince: "I swear by Artemis that Akontios shall be my husband," and this he tosses at Kydippe's feet. Her nurse picks it up and reads it to the girl who blushed 'in plots of roses' at the oath which she had never taken. The first specimen of a simple love tale. Mahaffy, "Life and Thought," 238 f.

as that of Artemis; and it throws a curious light on the persistence of primitive custom. In rural Greece the suitor—in the rare case where he is free to do his own wooing—still makes his declaration and proposal by tossing an apple or a flower to his sweetheart. And on Keos the peasants still seek unto Artemis, under the thin disguise of St. Artemidos, for the healing of afflicted children—an office quite in keeping with her ancient quality as friend and nurturer of youth.

At the sunset hour, in a stillness broken only by the gentle plashing of the sea and the tinkle of sheep-bells, Karthaia is indeed a poet's dream. Here and at such an hour, Simonides may well have conceived that exquisite threnody whose pathos has hardly been equalled in the ages since. It is Danaë's lullaby to the babe Perseus adrift with her in a tiny ark upon this very sea; and in Symonds' version we have its beauty and its pathos unimpaired:

When, in the carven chest,
The winds that blew and waves in wild unrest
Smote her with fear, she, not with cheeks unwet,
Her arms of love round Perseus set,
  And said: O child, what grief is mine!
But thou dost slumber, and thy baby breast
Is sunk in rest,
Here in the cheerless brass-bound bark,
Tossed amid starless night and pitchy dark.
  Nor dost thou heed the scudding brine
Of waves that wash above thy curls so deep,
Nor the shrill winds that sweep,—
Lapped in thy purple robe's embrace,
Fair little face!
But if this dread were dreadful too to thee,
Then wouldst thou lend thy listening ear to me;

Therefore I cry,—Sleep, babe, and sea be still,
And slumber our unmeasured ill!
Oh, may some change of fate, sire Zeus, from thee
Descend, our woes to end!
But if this prayer, too overbold, offend
Thy justice, yet be merciful to me!

Indeed it is a poem of place: for the choristry looks out over the very waters that bore the carven chest, and toward Seriphos where the sea gave up its precious charge.

We are nowhere expressly told that the nephew succeeded the uncle as choirmaster at Karthaia, though it is a fair inference from his own epigram, as emended by Bergk, and would have been in the due order of things. In any case we cannot doubt that he himself trained here, and that he sang in many a chorus, and so bore a part in earning not a few of the six and fifty victories which the elder poet gloried in. Hence one might well believe, that it was in this serene air, on the morrow of some sweet festival—after the struggle with the Mede was over and Hellas was launched on her great career—that Bacchylides tuned his lyre to the Praise of Peace:

To mortal men Peace giveth these good things:
Wealth, and the flowers of honey-throated song;
The flame that springs
On carven altars from fat sheep and kine,
Slain to the gods in heaven; and, all day long,
Games for glad youths, and flutes, and wreaths, and circling wine.
Then in the steely shield swart spiders weave
Their web and dusky woof:
Rust to the pointed spear and sword doth cleave;

The brazen trump sounds no alarms;
Nor is sleep harried from our eyes aloof,
But with sweet rest my bosom warms:
The streets are thronged with lovely men and young,
And hymns in praise of boys like flames to heaven are flung.*

Before leaving Karthaia, tribute is due to the genial Dane who may almost be said to have inaugurated here that science of the spade, which has since restored to us so much of older and greater Greece. Peter Oluf Bröndsted (1780—1842), after completing his studies at Paris, and shortly before taking up the professorship at Copenhagen, which he held the rest of his life, came to Greece in 1811 with three German friends. That year had witnessed the epoch-making excavations of the Aeginetan temple by Cockerell and Foster; and Bröndsted was led to look up the Keian tetrapolis. That veracious Dutchman, Pasch van Krienen, had called there forty years earlier without discovering a mare's nest. Some seventy years earlier still, Tournefort had explored the island and turned its topography upside down. Finding the more important remains here at Karthaia, he made it the site of Ioulis and *vice versa*. 'These ruins' (he says) 'take up a whole mountain, at whose foot the waves are always beating, *but in Strabo's time they were three miles off it*'! For a man who had just been girding at 'geographers who add to the creation and form imaginary countries not of God Almighty's making' this was a pretty good gulp. But Bröndsted's spade made short work of the Frenchman. In two or three weeks'

* Symonds' version.

digging, with some thirty men, he laid bare all that I have noted and much beside, with abundant inscriptional evidence to restore Karthaia to her proper site, and save the good name of the sea. There were dedications to Apollo Aristaios and to Julius Caesar, choragic decrees, and treaties running in the name of the Senate and People of Karthaia, not to mention Karthaian coins stamped with the town's familiar legend and symbols. Short as was his stay—but a few mid-winter weeks—Bröndsted's work was thoroughly done and of permanent value, as any one familiar with the ground and with his publication (*Reisen und Forschungen in Griechenland-Erstes Buch*, Paris, 1826) can testify. Two years later (1813) he bore a hand in disinterring the notable sculptures at Bassae; and he was no unworthy forerunner of Dörpfeld and Homolle.

But we linger too long about this ghost of a city. For in all its domain there is to-day but one visible tenant, who pays a rent of fifty drachmae a year and keeps a donkey, five head of cattle, and as many black sheep—all penned in a little pasture which covers the ancient theatre. There is a tiny field-chapel and three or four huts up the vale to the west which is watered by a little brook. That way we would have taken to visit the last of the Keian towns, Poiessa, on our return; but we were foiled. Our volunteer host, a Keian long settled in Athens, had brought with him his son, a youth of twenty, who had never set foot upon the island before; and he had mounted the boy on one of our beasts for the tour without saying 'by your leave.' As we remounted for Poiessa this booby began to whimper: he must go back to his papa and his grandma; and the native

guide is of the same mind. After a long struggle we are obliged to give in and take the back track—helpless victims to an uninvited guest. It was near midnight when we sat down to dinner at Ioulis—in an upper room with an earthen floor, the ground floor as usual being reserved for the live stock. We had not chosen our own inn—in fact there is not one on the island—but lodgings had been chosen for us by the same kind soul who had lent us the booby; and, of course, we found it was all in the family. The grandmother with all her tribe—for the house was hers—had waited up for us, and a smoking dinner was at once served. It was not bad and went far to put us in good humour again before we sought our bed. The bedroom floor was of beaten earth again, and windows there were none, but a pair of slippers was placed for each of us, and the bed was a luxury. On our midnight dinner we slept deliciously for four hours; and were off again at five for a second try at Poiessa.

X. Alpine Pictures and Poiessa.

It was a new kind of day for Keos as we rode straight up the steep street to the south-west, past the line of windmills whose vanes were fairly flying in the stiff west wind. To the old Keian Zephyr was the 'fattening' wind, because it filled the corn in the ear, a process which went on even after the reaping, as Theokritos knew; and, no doubt, the merry reapers among the oaks by our roadside are alive to this philosophy. But at the moment, the whirling windmills recall Zephyr's function as winnower of the grain—an office the ancient husband-

man would requite with votive shrines. Indeed, the last word we hear of Bacchylides, in the old anthology, is on this text :*

To Zephyr, fattest wind that fans the air,
Eudemos dedicates this rustic fane,
Who instant, as was poured the votive prayer,
Came winnowing from its husk the golden grain.

All Greece still employs the open threshing-floor, with no 'power' save the trampling hoof and the winnowing wind; but Keian husbandry offers a more quaint survival. Instead of storing the grain in bins above ground, they bury it in spherical pits. On the island of Karpathos, it is said, such pits are dug in the form of narrow-necked jars and cemented, exactly as we find their prehistoric prototypes about the Pnyx at Athens. When the western farmer 'buries' his potatoes, he is in grand old company.

As the clouds sweep darkling over the mountain on which they drop delicious ever-changing tints, the yellow barley bends with its ears to the blast—for these Alpine masses are terraced and tilled to the top. After two hours on these heights, we ride down a ladder, as it were, into the little valley of Poiessa. There are several acres of it, lying deep and narrow, with a steep height on either hand, running an eighth of a mile into the sea, and so forming a little bay, whose waves Zephyr is now rolling against the cliffs and in upon the sands. These two projecting cliffs, fencing the harbour and the vale, were the north and south walls of Poiessa; and were themselves still further fortified with Hellenic masonry which still

* Ep. 48: Milman's version (modified).

shows half way up the heights. Like Karthaia, this ancient city-state has reverted to nature. Not one human habitation marks the spot, which we know to have been abandoned some eighteen centuries ago; but here and there sleek kine are grazing where ancient streets once ran, and peasants are reaping barley on the ground that was Poiessa. Underground, other wealth might reward deeper plowing—many a coin struck upon the spot when the town had its own mint and made its own treaties. But the actual finds consist largely of leaden sinkers, which point to fishing as the main industry of the place. Indeed, it must always have been a comparatively unimportant member of the Keian tetrapolis, though it had one unique advantage—it alone looks up the Saronic Gulf on Sunium and Athens.

An hour's ride northward again over a dizzy road amid Alpine scenery, brings us to an old Byzantine cloister (Hagia Marina) in a setting of green oaks and barley gold, and itself enclosing an ancient Hellenic tower. The monastery is tenanted only by an old keeper and his family; and the great square tower, whose five stories once served as cells for the monks, is not in good repair. Two sides of it indeed are still intact to the roof stone, but the other sides are dilapidated, and the fallen blocks have buried the spring and its secret underground communication with the outer world. There are remains of two like towers on the neighbouring hills—doubtless outposts of the town, to shelter the acorn-harvesters and ruddle-miners in the working season.

The final stage of our journey was up a rocky torrent bed, mostly dry but all in bloom with brilliant

oleanders. At one point a marble fountain, set in the bank, was flowing copiously. Just before descending again to the vale of Elixos, we come upon a homely landscape—a sweet glen garnished with old mills and dove-cotes and gardens—while the mountain side presents a singular harvest scene. One man reaping at the bottom; another some three hundred feet higher up; and at the top, fully five hundred feet above the first, a woman also plying the sickle. It was a panel picture in green and gold, a three-part song without words, the like of which might have suggested to Simonides the conceit—taken as a text by Lessing in the Laocoon—of painting as dumb poetry and poetry as word-painting.

It is hereabouts that Strabo would lead us to look for his prehistoric temples; and across the tiny glen we may fancy Sminthian Apollo and Athene Nedousa facing each other in the days of old.

XI. An Old Athenian Monopoly.

In twenty-four hours we had made the round of Keos and were on board again. As we watched the receding shore and the lonely harbour that was once a city-state, I found my mind dwelling on a document I had recently spelled out in a dusky crypt of the Museum at Athens. It was a battered marble slab, and it bore the text of a decree of the Senate and People of the Koressians, granting to Athens the exclusive right to export the red ochre or vermilion of their mines. The decree, which some close-fisted Athenian might have written for them, not only grants this monopoly, but fixes the

duty (two per cent., as on the valony acorns now) and the freight-rates, and forbids the carriage in any but duly licensed vessels. This under stringent penalties—the informer to have half the confiscated cargo; *if he be a slave* and the chattel of the illicit exporter, to get his freedom to boot. And the decree ends as usual by inviting the Athenian envoys to dinner at the Prytaneion on the morrow!

This is not the copy ordered in the decree itself to be set up in the temple of Apollo (Smintheus!) at Koressia, but the Athenian duplicate which stood on the acropolis from Demosthenes' day down to our own. Recorded with it is a decree of the same tenour by the Senate and People of Ioulis and a fragment of a third by the Karthaians.

The interest of the document is manifold. It attests the autonomy of the several Keian towns in making treaties, as well as in coining money. It lights up the way of Athens with the weak. In the sixth century Keos was a commercial power, as her abundant silver coinage on the Aeginetan standard attests; under Athenian hegemony the Attic standard, of course, comes in and the Keian mints coin nothing but copper. In her vermilion—the best in the known world, as Theophrastos tells us—the island had one unique resource, indispensable to every architect and artist. Athens could afford the potter's clay but not his colours. If she was to enjoy a monopoly in art, she must mount guard over the ochre veins of Keos. The treaties still extant date only from the middle of the fourth century, but they are in terms simply renewals of earlier ones; and the monopoly may have been in force when Pheidias' painters were laying their brilliant colours on the

marble of the Parthenon, if not when Polygnotos was frescoing the Stoa Poikile.

The vermilion mines are worked out; commercially, Keos now concerns the tanner—not the artist. But, with her poet-son rising in his singing robes again, we may ask with the old Athenian player:

ἐν Κέῳ τίς ἡμέρα;

Whatever Kratês meant by the rub, it is a good day for Keos and a good day for the world that sees this old song-centre recovering its voice.

CHAPTER XXIV.

How We Took Troy (1905).

The omens were good as our little *Antigone* steamed out of the Golden Horn. To the fore frolicked a great school of dolphins and in our wake the sunset cloud lay like a luminous Golden Fleece. All night long we drifted dream-like down the storied waterway that opened to the Argo but refuses pratique to the Russian; and sunrise found us at the Dardanelles. There the best of Consuls and the real discoverer of Troy, Frank Calvert, received us in his dewy garden; and two hours' negotiation with the Trojan Transportation Trust (Limited) issued in a contract for a three days' excursion in a comfortable old Victoria with a good pair of horses and a mounted Turkish guard—all for fifty francs gold. And so with young Philoktetides on the box—a clever lad who must have derived his name, if not his lineage, from the snake-bitten bowman of Lemnos—and our turbaned Zaptieh trotting ahead, we are off at noon for a Sabbath day's journey to Troy.

Now this road to Troy has been much maligned, and we found it far better than its reputation. The first hour of it indeed is distinctly rocky, with that Turkish loose-rockiness which is only less irritating than the corduroy roads that once tried men's souls in the miry West; and the scenery is tame, save as it is relieved by the flocks and herds—sheep, kine,

buffalo, and camels—and now and then by laden camel trains faring in and out. But it gradually grows smoother; and, as you approach Renkioi, way and scene are all that heart could wish. Up pine clad hills cleft by deep gorges winds loop on loop a fine causeway, offering glorious prospects over land and sea until at the top—where you look across the deeper gorge to Renkioi—the plain of Troy comes into full view; and then, the gorge once cleared, the road ascends to a town so clean and neat and so girt with vineyards, olive groves, and fig orchards that no Turkish name can hide its pure Greek quality—the more so as it is May-day, which by the Eastern calendar is thirteen days behind ours, and the little town is *en fête* and every door hung with garlands. From this on a broad highway is grading as level as a floor and straight as a string—some miles of it already waiting to be spoiled by the broken stone piled alongside to macadamize it *à la Turque;* but by way of compensation it will be shaded by many a noble oak as is the old easy winding road we follow to-day. One of these great double oaks invited a halt and a siesta long to be remembered, before we drove on to ford the Simois. Then through rich meadows teeming with flocks and dotted with oaks, we came out upon a wide plain outspread to the sea and, turning the corner of the plateau on our left, found ourselves under the walls of Troy.

Now I will not deny that for a moment it was disappointing. This lowly hillock the top of the world! We drove around three sides of it—as much as fleet-footed Achilles could have accomplished in that chase—and it grew. We mounted the walls

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TROY

and looked down upon a labyrinth of half-unburied castles, and we knew that thirty centuries had builded and battled there before our era dawned.

It was but a brief reconnaissance, for the day was far spent, and we were to prepare for the regular siege by a good night's sleep at Thymbra Farm. Now the pilgrim to Troy who stops short of Thymbra has missed the real felicity of the pilgrimage. In our ignorance of that, we had proposed to find night quarters in one of the mean Turkish hamlets—Hissarlik, or Chiblak—near Troy; but our good Consul thought of another thing. "We have a farm," he said, "an hour or so beyond Troy and my nephew will put you up there." With no little reluctance—for to sleep at Troy had been my heart's desire—I fell in with this plan, and so as the sun was sinking we drove on, as we supposed, to find a shake-down in the steading of a simple English farmer. Instead of that, we turned up in an Englishman's castle—a great quadrangular farmstead, commanding a domain of more than a thousand acres of the richest land in Asia—and in a household as charming as Hector's own. That is a forbidden topic indeed, but the Calverts are part of the Tale of Troy and I cannot leave them out of this story.

When the two brothers first took Troy, I do not know; but from time immemorial (to me) they have dwelt in the Troad—one of them serving as British, the other as American Consul, at the Dardanelles. Jointly or severally, they had acquired large holdings, including Troy itself, and the rich bottoms of the Scamander and Thymbrius; and, while the elder brother gave himself to farming and particularly to

developing Thymbra Farm, where his widow and son now dwell, the younger went in for archaeology. It is forty years now since Frank Calvert gave the *coup de* spade to the Trojan pretensions of Bunarbashi, and opened the mound at Thymbra in which, with true insight, he recognized the Tomb of the Trojans. About the same time he began the excavation of the Hill of Hissarlik and satisfied himself that it was the Homeric Troy; but his funds gave out and he offered the site to the British Museum if it would go on with the work. The Museum pleaded poverty; and so the ground lay fallow till one day Frank Calvert fell in with an eccentric German who had just come down from Bunarbashi and was hastening to embark for home. "There was no Troy after all," quoth this peevish pilgrim, who turned out to be Heinrich Schliemann; but the cool-headed Englishman said: "Go and see Hissarlik first." Said and done: Schliemann turned his back on the steamer, mounted a horse, and was off for Calvert's hillock. Returning, he confessed his faith, got his firman, and dug up Troy—Troy, the first American conquest in the East, for was it not acquired and identified by an American Consul and explored by an American citizen under the shield of the Stars and Stripes? True, the American Consul presented Troy itself to the Ottoman Government, and the American citizen gave the lion's share of its treasure to Berlin; still by the higher warrant Troy is ours, a treasure not in earthen vessels but in imperishable muniments. But what I would lay stress on here is that before Schliemann and Dörpfeld was Calvert; and no tale of Troy that fails to give him the first place among its modern explorers is fair or just.

Alas, that Calvert or Dörpfeld could not have guided Schliemann's spade! That is the regret that deepens as we mount the walls again for an all-day siege. For with all respect to his memory—and he is one of my own heroes—Schliemann's work at Troy was an archaeological butchery. He carved out the core of Homeric Troy to get down to his Burnt City; and when Dörpfeld finally laid bare the true Mycenaean walls they enclosed but a narrow rim of the Homeric city and Schliemann's pits! Whatever Time had spared of Athene's temple or of Priam's very beautiful house ἐν πόλει ἄκρῃ with its fifty chambers of polished stone for his sons and twelve more for his sons-in-law, or of Paris' palace or Hector's—all this, with the topmost terrace they crowned, must have gone down before the German's spade. Whatever time had spared, I say; for much of it had of course disappeared in repeated levellings, as successive builders prepared the ground for one after another of the five settlements that succeeded the Sixth City, and doubtless Archaeanax of Mitylene, who in the seventh century B.C. carted off half the walls of Troy to build Sigeion, could account for more of it. But the fact remains that in coring Troy Schliemann made havoc of the Homeric city, whereas by patient approaches a Dörpfeld or an Evans would have first developed the walls and so saved all that was left of Priam's castle. Then soundings might have been made, as Evans has made them at Knossos, of the lower strata—sufficient at least to determine the earlier history of the site, if not to find the Great Treasure or uncover the wide paved way of the second or Burnt City. Little care we for the lords and ladies who flaunted those golden

jewels and fared up and down that steep broadway (εὐρυάγυια, indeed) a thousand years and more before the poet's Troy rose upon the thrice-buried ruins of their town; but we hold precious every inch of ground once trodden by Priam and Hecuba, by Hector and Andromache, by fickle Helen and chaste Theano.

I had recently devoted three days to the Palace at Knossos, where Evans' patient painstaking had preserved every detail, as his constructive insight has set the whole labyrinth in order—a clean-cut masterpiece that scarcely needs a commentator—and, by contrast, I found Troy all the harder study for a hot day. Even with Dörpfeld's many-coloured plans in hand (unfortunately the ruins are not coloured to match) it is slow work spelling out this palimpsest of eleven cities—a far more real labyrinth than Evans' house of the Double Axe. So, having gone about the walls and told the towers thereof—Priam's own walls and towers—we stretch out on the grassy mound that may still cover the Scaean Gate and open the Book of Troy, that has happily fared better than Troy itself. As we turn the precious pages and recall point by point the old, old story, testing the picture by the outspread scene, the doctrine of an Aeolian Homer grows upon us. The poet knew this scene by heart—why not himself of the migration, doubtless by way of Aeolian Lesbos, which turned the Troad into Aeolis not so long after the fall of Troy? Does not Aeolian Kymê lead all the rest in her own version, at least, of the hackneyed epigram:

Seven the cities that strove for the glory of mothering Homer:
Kymê, Smyrna, Chios, Kolophôn, Argos, Athenai.

Whatever this butchered hillock may conceal or reveal, it is the poet's own scene feature by feature that our τειχοσκοπία brings out. How clear the outer landmarks: to north looms the bold peak of Samothrace, to south many-fountained Ida lifts its crown of snow. Both command Troy, as Troy commands them both; and the poet could not but post his Poseidon on the one look-out and seat Father Zeus on the other, each the rearward of his chosen people. Indeed old tradition must have already given the brother gods these opposing seats; at least it was as inevitable for the Trojan to seat his Zeus on snowy Ida as for the Hellene to place his own upon Olympus. That Ida is only an out-station, so to speak, of the Olympian, may be charged to the poet's Hellenic bias. Inside Samothrace and near enough to afford a handy exchange (captives against wine) for the raiding Achaeans, stretches the long blue wave-line of Imbros; and further down lies tiny Tenedos, one of whose sons appears upon the scene in time to read to us slowly, but clearly, some great lines of the Book. Even from Nestor's quarters fair-tressed Hekamede the while she mixed that mess of Pramnian wine for her war-worn master and wounded Machaon and served it in the old man's Dove Cup—even Hekamede had ever under her eyes the long low line of her native Tenedos whence Achilles on one of his many raids had carried her away, and the Achaeans had awarded her to the Gerenian knight—the first trained nurse in history! Of the nearer scene—the level beach stretching from headland to headland, and forming a natural camp that no land-force could flank; of the Scamander and Simois, no longer uniting their streams but

finding each his own way to the sea; of the flowery plain where once a thousand camp-fires blazed—suffice it now to say that it is all in the Book. If the oak before the Scaean Gate is missing, it has left uncounted scions; for the Troad is to-day one vast oak park, orchard upon orchard of wide-spreading valonias laden with the great long acorns whose tannic husk is the staple wealth of this region, as it is of Keos. In their grateful shade—and three of them still shade as many intact points within the walls of Troy—one remembers that the oak (this same acorn-bearing φηγός) is Homer's tree. It is under an oak that Homer's 'lad and lassie, lass and laddie hold their tryst,' as Theokritos' swains seek the whispering pine. And does not the wild fig tree still flourish under these walls, while the tamarisk is the only living thing (unless it be the tortoise) in the pits of the Burnt City.

But the mid-day sun of May beats hot on windy Ilios, and our eyes weary of their watch. The actual prospect fades and again Troy *is*—the Poet's Troy, with its god-built walls and holy fanes and palaces of polished stone. To this tower by the Scaean Gate, where the old king and his aged courtiers sit overlooking the embattled plain and like so many crickets from the hedge send forth the lily voice, there comes robed in glistering white,—ay, swathed in nectar—the fairest of womankind. How the old hearts throb at sight of the beautiful sinner, and what presentations at court are these!

Again the Scaean Gates open and out of the desperate fray a warrior enters—Hector with his nodding crest and huge shield stained with blood. Straight up to the ample palace that crowns the

citadel he fares, and our hearts follow him through scenes unmatched in story: that greeting of the queenly mother; that chiding of craven Paris; that high-bred tender courtesy to guilty Helen. And then the same way back adown the well-built streets, lo! our hero hastens hither for the meeting and the parting at these gates. O Wife of Troy—wife forever peerless among women—robbed by Achilles' ruthless spear of father, mother, and seven brethren, yet not all forlorn:

> For, Hector, thou art to me father and queenly mother
> And brother, too,—thou art my goodly spouse.*

O Babe of Troy, recoiling from the bronze-mailed sire till, in blessed relief to the strain upon our hearts, out laughed the father dear and queenly mother † and Hector doffs his plumed helmet in the dust to kiss and dangle his child.

And now the Man of Troy fares forth to bear the battle's brunt again, while at his behest Hecuba and the dames of Troy wend their way to Athene's temple there at the top of the town, bearing that most precious robe from Sidonian looms, which Theano lays upon the goddess' knees with the prayer that even Pallas must deny.

And so once more the Scaean Gates swing wide and a mournful cortege enters. It is Hector's last home-coming, for grim Achilles has softened to the suit of the father who has had the heart to do what

*Ἕκτορ, ἀτὰρ σύ μοι ἐσσι πατὴρ καὶ πότνια μήτηρ
ἠδὲ κασίγνητος, σύ δέ μοι θαλερὸς παράκοιτις.

† ἐκ δὲ γέλασσε πατήρ τε φίλος καὶ πότνια μήτηρ.

never man had done on earth before—to lift to his lips the hand of the slayer of his son; and now aged Priam brings the ransomed body back, while all Troy throngs these gates to meet him. We hear Cassandra's cry from this tower; we hear the death-wails from the fair halls whose light has gone out; we see white-armed Andromache clasping to her breast the form of man-slaying Hector as she begins the lamentation:

Husband, from life early hast thou perished and me widowed
Thou leavest in the halls, and our babe is still so young.

O the pathos of that tribute which has cost her all in all—in a lost cause, too—and left her without one last hand-clasp, one parting word to be remembered always night and day with streaming tears! And now Hecuba takes up the lament in a triumphant note: for Hector was dear to the gods in life; and in death, after all the shameless dragging in the dust, thanks to their care, he lies dewy fresh as one whom Apollo with his painless shafts has slain. And last of all we hear poor Helen's voice as she mourns the only soul in Troy save old Priam who has never given her one harsh word. How unerringly the three Women of Troy touch the three keynotes of the Man of Troy—valour, piety, gentleness—and give us a portrait that no tale of chivalry shall ever outshine!

And so they went about the funeral of Hector, tamer of horses,

and the Book and the dream is done.

We have taken Troy, as Homer took it—not with spear or spade or critic's cleaver, but with fancy free; and the sunset drive over the hills and through the oaks back to Thymbra Farm rounds out our day of days. Not quite, however; for our good host waits to show me old Thymbra—Homer's Thymbra, toward which lay Rhesus' camp when Odysseus and Diomed raided it by night and drove off those snow-white wind-swift steeds; Thymbra, where by Apollo's temple (as later story tells) the shaft of Paris pierced Achilles' heel. Through the ancient graveyard, now one wide wheatfield, we pick our steps as Mr. Calvert points out here and there the great broken *pithoi* wherein the old Thymbraeans, after garnering corn in them all their lives, used to garner themselves in death. This must have been the earliest discovery of urn-burial on a large scale; for some two hundred tombs, all of this type, have been opened here and their yield of votive vases now arranged in the Calvert farmhouse would enrich any museum. But *the* landmark of old Thymbra, now Thymbra Farm, is the mound opened forty years ago by Frank Calvert and identified by him as the Tomb of the Trojans—though Schuchhardt thinks it not a burial tumulus but prehistoric Thymbra itself. It will be remembered that Schliemann found no Royal Sepulchre at Troy to match either the shaft-graves or the bee-hive tombs at Mycenae, as Evans has hardly found anything that deserves the name at Knossos. But here is a great tumulus covering one continuous stratum of ashes six feet deep. May it not be here the Trojan ox-carts and mule wains for nine days drew wood untold to build Hector's pyre? Remember the twelve days' truce, remember the encamp-

ment of the Trojan allies toward Thymbra, thus affording double safeguard, and the assumption becomes at least credible.

Here above the fair-flowing Thymbrius, fringed with noble willows and vocal with the nightingale, the Man of Troy should sleep well. Certainly, in all the rich domain of Priam there was no serener vale than this; and here if anywhere the Poet of Troy might have studied his 'seasons' for the Great Shield. On the fat glebe, as we rode to Troy this morning, we saw many ploughmen turning their teams this way and that—ox teams, with wide yokes that keep the cattle eight or ten feet apart, drawing ploughs as primitive as Hesiod's own—all hastening to come to the end of the deep fallow, albeit no attendant waits at the furrow's end to offer the cup of honey-sweet wine. And are we not even now tramping over the τέμενος βαθυλήιον, the wide wheat-field, almost ripe for the reapers with their keen sickles and the binders and the sheaf-gathering lads, with many a shady oak under which the henchman shall presently dress the barbecue for the Master as he stands by the swath leaning on his staff and rejoicing in the harvest, while the women make ready the barley porridge for the men.

The Shield, indeed, has no picture of the threshing floor, though the Man of the Shield rages like a forest fire in the mountains after a long drought (far too common a scene in Greek lands to-day), while his divine steeds trample the shields and bodies of the slain 'as broad-browed oxen tread barley in a threshing floor.' And Mr. Calvert assures me that all the grain grown on this great farm is still threshed out by the trampling hoof. Not from any lack of

English enterprise; for the Calverts have brought out modern machinery all in vain. There must be men behind the machines and the Turk cannot mend his ways.

As we take our leave of hospitable Thymbra, the colony of storks (thirty strong) nesting on the roofs of the farmstead, suggests more than one simile for the Poet's repertoire: was the long-legged bird, like the huge hump-backed beast that stands waiting for his burden in the court-yard, alien to Homer's Troad? Be that as it may, our drive back to Troy is made memorable by a sign from Zeus that quite transported us. There on our right toward many-fountained Ida, floated in the blue a great eagle in full view for half an hour; and when, after once more climbing the citadel, we set out across the Plain for the Achaean Camp, that same eagle or his fellow again floated on our right. We were following in the wake of old Priam on that mournful mission; and, without Priam's prayer, Heaven's free grace had granted us Priam's sign:

> "Father Zeus (he prayed) . . . send thy swift messenger upon my right hand, the bird of omen which is dearest to thee among birds and his strength is mightiest, that I may see him with my eyes and trusting him go forth to the ships of the Achaeans."

The prayer is heard; and Zeus sends forth a black eagle, with spread of wing wide as the door of a rich man's high-roofed chamber, flying over the city on their right; "and when they saw him they were glad and their hearts were comforted within them."

Happy portent as we fared over the plain now clothed with flocks as once it blazed with camp-fires or groaned with the toil and moil of war. We forded the Scamander and the Simois, and the Battle of the River seemed just a little overdone till we recalled Mr. Calvert's talk on the banks of the Thymbrius of the wild winter torrent sweeping great mountain oaks in its course. It was a winter battle, then, or fought when the Spring freshet floods the plain; and when Xanthos and Simois join their forces Achilles has need of help from above. And so the god who forged the armour descends to set the river on fire; he burns the elms, the willows, and the tamarisks, the lotus also, and the rushes and marsh-grass that grew abundantly on Scamander's banks, as it grows to-day—indeed every item is checked off in our three days' journal of the Troad.

We had hoped to drive straight to the right wing of the Achaean Camp, where Achilles and the Myrmidons had their post and thence follow the shore of the many-murmuring sea to Ajax' station on the left; but the ground is too marshy for wheels and we could drive only to the barrow on the Greek left where (tradition says) poor Ajax rests. The mound offers a commanding view of the camp and the plain, though Troy itself is shut off by the near projection of Kallikolone whereon Ares and Apollo with their Olympian partisans take post before the Battle of the Gods. 'Tis a peaceful scene to-day, with no life in the nearer view but a lone fisherman wading inshore and a shepherd with his little flock at the water's edge; but about the Achaean centre, where Agamemnon's quarters must have been, frowns a Turkish fort facing its fellow on the opposite

Chersonese, while between them ride some Turkish guardships—the wardens of the Hellespont.

From the Tumulus I stroll down over ploughland shaded by olive and oak and follow the sedgy Simois to its mouth to pace the sands once paced by Chryses in his sorrow and by Achilles in his rage and grief. But what is a morning hour here ἐπὶ οἴνοπα πόντον! It is all in the Book and in the heart of him who loves the Book; and I charge him who would take Troy aright to begin his pilgrimage where ours must end. Either let him land at the Scala below the Aianteion, where Dörpfeld, with a hundred and fifty pilgrims from the Archæological Congress, put in the other day; or let him take the road that turns seaward soon after passing Renkioi. He will find it, as we do on our return, a delightful drive (or walk) shaded by noble oaks, fragrant with white myrtle bloom, and watered by the sweetest springs that ever welled up from the rock. The Turk is a water-drinker and, with all his sins, he has many a wayside fountain to his credit; and Ida's own epithet holds good of the Troad—it is a land abounding in springs. If the Achaean drew water from such sources as our elm-tree fountain above the spot where Ajax sleeps, they had something better than Pramnian wine or the vintage of Lemnos to quench their thirst. Let our pilgrim refresh himself there, climb the mound and (time serving) Kallikolone too, and then walk, wade, or swim—for he must clear two river mouths—to that other barrow where we would fain believe Achilles and Patroklos sleep. So he will have traversed the camp of the Achaeans and be ready to take Troy, as they took it, from the sea.

CHAPTER XXV.

Lesbos and the Lesbian Poets.

In quitting Troy, we were not quit of Homer. For the first stage of our 'fair voyage to Mitylene' was in the wake of Odysseus as he bore ransomed Chryseis home to her injured father with the hecatomb to the offended god. Clearing the twin forts that guard the entrance to the Dardanelles, we pass close under a snug little long island rising into two successive symmetrical hills to the north, with a rather picturesque little town on the shore and a green islet with a lighthouse in front of it. It is Tenedos, of course, a part of the Sminthian parish bounded in that first Homeric prayer; and Killa and Chryse cannot be far to seek. If we cannot witness the great expiation there, we can feel the homeliness of little Tenedos in the tale of Troy and recall with real personal interest Hekamede and her posset of Pramnian wine.

Lesbos, as we approach it from the north, presents a fine panorama of billowy hills; and Methymna, our first port of call, is a picture of a town, rising like Naxos terrace above terrace steeply from the sea to the mediæval castle which crowns the height and usurps the site of the Hellenic acropolis. Its little saucer of a haven, formed partly by a modern mole within an ancient one, could never have held

the great fleet of 120 sail wherewith the Spartan Kallikratidas stormed the place in 406 B.C., and then magnanimously refused to exercise the cruel rights of conquest. Urged by his colleagues to sell the Athenian garrison into slavery, it was here he spoke the most magnanimous word ever uttered by a Spartan of that day: "As long as I am in command, no Greek shall ever be enslaved with my consent." Of Methymna's first citizen, Arion, not one authentic song has come down to us; but this sentence of the Spartan is as precious as any lost dithyramb of the Dolphin Rider could ever be. Looking out for many a week afterward from my Mitylene windows upon the Arginusae islets, where he fell and where Athens' victory cost her the infamous judicial murder of her own victorious generals, I wondered whether after all Athens herself had sustained any sorer loss in the long war than that of Kallikratidas' death. For it left her to deal with—Lysander and his Thirty!

In touching at Methymna, we have been out of the Homeric atmosphere for the moment; but now in the glorious late afternoon we sail up the deep gulf of Adramyttion (three hours), passing Assos, Gargara, Antandros, and anchoring for the night close under Mount Ida—on the other side of which we had slept two nights at Thymbra Farm. It was a solitary shore with no habitations in sight; and there was no apparent reason for our lying there except the law that forbids entering a Turkish port by night. But there was royal compensation. For, solitude as it now seems, this was once the port of Hypoplakian Thebe, under whose walls and in whose meadows Achilles slew fair-armed Andro-

mache's father and her seven brethren. How near the heart of all the pathos of the Poet!

Dawn finds us sailing down the storied gulf and then threading the Hekatonnesoi—not the Hundred Isles but the Isles of the Far Darter, as Strabo is at pains to tell us, because 'all this seaboard as far as Tenedos' is sacred to Sminthian or Killaean Apollo, who (as we shall see) had an out-chapel in Lesbos itself. After touching at mainland Kydoniae (Aivali), a fine Greek town where Byron found a college for one hundred students with three professors and the Lesbian sage and freethinker Benjamin in charge, we steer straight for our desired haven and tumbling dolphins escort us into Mitylene harbour. To the young Greek who stood by me on deck I exclaimed: "Lo, the steeds of Arion; and Arion was a Lesbian—if ever he was!" Never was classical allusion more homely and my companion took it in without a commentary. A moment later, written large across the front of the first fine house on the breakwater, we read the great name ARION—only less in place here than it would be in his native Methymna, which should have an Arion Club of her own.

These reminders of the old Dolphin Rider promised well for our Lesbian sojourn; and we were eager to turn in (as Tozer did in his time) at the Hotel Pittakos. But the Pittakos was closed and we had to put up at (and with) the Malakou, a hostelry at the water's edge which offered great views, fair lodgings, and short commons. It was a long narrow building with a restaurant occupying the ground floor and three storeys above for lodgers.

On the first of these you pay three drachmae per day, on the second two, and on the top one, for your room; and, as the top was rather the best of all, we took up our quarters there—first in a back pair looking out on the Lesbian hills and many-fountained Ida; afterwards in the front with an incomparable prospect of sea and isles (including the Arginusae) and mainland. Settled thus for what proved a five-weeks sojourn, we were delighted to discover hard by our airy lodgings a rude shower bath serving to wash away the 'toil and moil' of Troy; and to find in Ovanthe, the nymph of the stairways (as we dubbed her because she was usually found asleep there), a tolerable maid of all work.* I may as well anticipate here that—notwithstanding the good offices of the sole waiter, German Fritz, who is a far better photographer than caterer—we usually lost, without satisfying, our appetites at the restaurant and were driven at last to set up our own little *ménage* above stairs. It is really wonderful how little that need be to provide delicious coffee, fresh eggs, and abundant fruit. "Cherries were ripe" and a drug in the market; and our friend Glypsi, of the American consular agency, brought us quantities of fine strawberries from his farm. Thus we fared well; and in the fruit season, especially in the season of grape and fig, one need never go hungry in Greece.

II. Lesbos Past and Present.

But a truce to cakes and ale! It is another lure that leads us hither. "Nothing gives more pleasure

* Ovanthe is, of course, Euanthia—by the same vowel shift which gives us ὄξω for ἔξω in colloquial Greek.

to the traveller than to behold the birthplaces of illustrious men," observes old Tournefort; and no spot on earth unless it be Athens has ever borne a bigger crop of greatness than the little isle

Where burning Sappho loved and sung.

Hers is the lure that draws us hither; but let me begin by calling the roll of Lesbian worthies that may well mark her out as a metropolis of genius.

Lesbos, with her five or six city states—each with its own mint, its own senate and assembly (*βόλλα καὶ δᾶμος*), its own gods, in a territory no larger than a small English shire or American county, bred among poets Lesches, Arion, Terpander, Alkaios, and Sappho; among historians, Hellanicos, Myrsilos, Kallias (editor of Sappho and Alkaios); among philosophers, Pittakos (at once sage and statesman), Theophrastos, Phanias, Lesbonax, and Potamon; and in our own time Bernardakes the poet and Kazazes the jurist and panhellenist.

How favourite a resort of the Roman gentry Lesbos was we may infer from the praises of Horace and Cicero. Pompey visited Mitylene more than once; and after his triumphs in the East he was royally entertained in the Mitylene theatre which so charmed him that he took copies of its plans for his projected theatre at Rome. But even Imperial power could never transfer to Rome the lofty seat and superb outlook which must have made this now ruined gathering place for ten thousand spectators unique even among Hellenic theatres. After the fatal day of Pharsalia the great Roman put in here again to take away his wife, Cornelia, and his son

whom he had hidden here in the midst of war's alarms. Here Germanicus and Agrippina resided for a time and here their daughter Julia was born.

Later Lesbos became a favoured retreat of the Byzantine sovereigns; and the Empress Eirene, the only Athenian lady who has yet sat upon a Byzantine throne, died here. In the fourteenth century John Palaiologos gave his sister in marriage with Lesbos as her dowry to the Genoese Francesco Gatelusi for his help in seizing the throne of his Imperial father-in-law, John Cantacuzenus; and the Gatelusi family ruled the island until the Turk took it in 1462.

And to the shame of Christendom, the Turk still holds his grip.* Though outnumbered ten to one by the Greeks, he dominates the fair isle as he has done these four hundred and fifty years. His garrison still squats in the sightly castle reared by Byzantine and Genoese on the site of the old Hellenic acropolis; and in his Palace under its strong walls the Pasha deals out Moslem justice to the Giaour. Even in secluded villages now and then one sees his minarets.

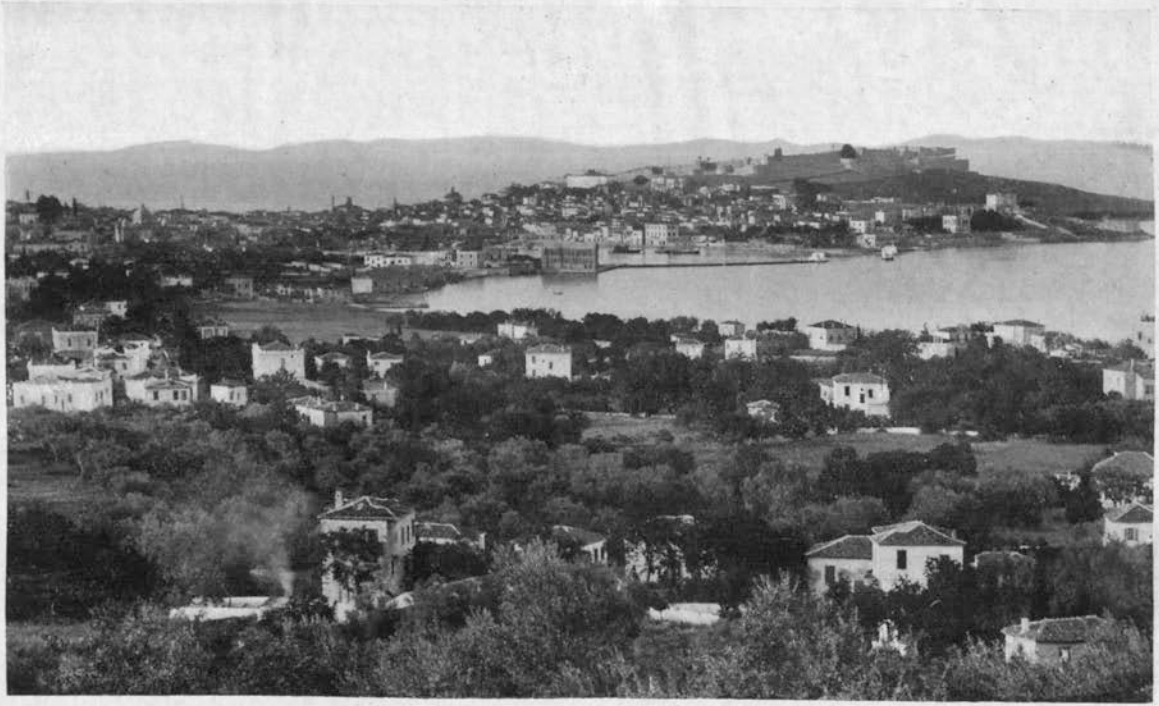
To-day Mitylene is in many ways the most attractive island capital in the Aegean. For pure picturesqueness as you look at it from the sea, it is

* I let this paragraph stand as written; but as I revise these pages in London (January 1913) there is a new situation. The splendid castle of the Gatelusi, which I found garrisoned by the Turk and serving as a Turkish prison, is now held by the Greeks as are all the other island-forts in the North-east Aegean. And Europe must determine within a few days whether, after being fairly won back in war by the motherland of civilization, they are to be given back to Barbarism. But of that there will be more to say in the following chapter.

quite unmatched. The castle crowning the high promontory, which was originally an islet; the twin harbours once united by the strait which is now the main street of the town; the solid block of the city running up the steep nearly to the ancient theatre and aqueduct; and the green belt of gardens embowering the hospitable homes of the well-to-do citizens and stretching far away along the shore and up the slopes—all this, fronted by a smiling sea and backed by a screen of hills, composes a picture of which the eye never wearies and which once seen can never be forgotten. Withal it is a solid town: substantial prosperity and thrift and tidiness seem the key-notes everywhere until you pass through the street that was a strait and come to the Turkish quarter around the North Harbour. There all is stagnation and desolation, weeds and dirt, until you go on through it to a further outpost of true Greek enterprise. Here, at the very end of the town, built partly on the ancient mole that made the North Harbour so snug and safe, stands an institution that recalls a famous old Lesbian ditty:

Grind, mill, grind;
For e'en Pittakos grinds,
Of great Mitylene the lord.

Whatever the rub on Pittakos, these mills of the brothers Georgiades are grinding meal, making macaroni, pressing olives, and weaving cotton with one and the same motive-power. But the object lesson is lost upon the Turk and hardly improved by the average Greek. For Mitylene is not and probably never was a commercial city. Its shops are very simple but quite adequate for the island



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MITYLENE

traffic, though doubtless the first families do some of their shopping at Constantinople, Smyrna, or Athens. The wealth of the island is in its olive groves, which are among the finest in Greece.

Socially Mitylene is not all unworthy of her ancient fame. If the ancient choir is silent, the island still possesses a genuine poet in the aged Bernardakes; it has its scholars, too, as we shall see; and a more charming and hospitable society than one meets in those mansions in the gardens would be hard to find even in Athens.

Our introduction to that society came about very happily. I had letters from Athens and Constantinople to various persons, but felt in no haste to present them. One likes to find himself in a new environment—to realize the joy of original discovery. So we thought to get acquainted with the place first and leave the people to a more convenient season. But Fortune ordered it another way. On the glorious May morning after our arrival, I was taking a turn along the Marina and through the little Public Garden, when I observed an open gate and a shaded avenue leading up to a rather fine classical building. It was an invitation I never decline, if there be no dogs about; and I walked in to find myself in the Gymnasium of Mitylene and indeed of all Lesbos. A few days before, within the walls of Troy, I had met an old pupil of that Gymnasium from little Tenedos and there above the Scaean Gate we had read together some great lines of the Poet.

I could have been content with a quiet look at the local antiquities which gave the spacious ground-floor office somewhat the character of a museum, but

the door-keeper insisted on taking my card to the Rector above. Down he came instantly, a fine young fellow with sparkling black eyes and genuine Greek cordiality; took me to his heart there and then; and from that moment until we sailed out of Mitylene harbour five weeks later he was my guide, philosopher, and friend. And what was the bond? Just two schoolmasters of one heart and mind: one of them born Greek under the shadows of snow-clad Olympos (whence his surname Olympios) and in that very Pierian vale where old Hesiod tells us Mnemosyne mothered the Muses Nine; the other—well, the other had paid a great price for his Greek and grudged it never! In a twinkling he had me upstairs; introduced me to his first form who were just besieging Troy; and said: "Now, I want you to show these lads how you read Homer in America." There was no escape; and, by way of sparring for wind, I told the lads of my meeting with their elder fellow-pupil on the walls of Troy and how he had read Homer to me there. "Now (I said) I will read you the same lines"; and I opened the book at the Teichoskopia and read with the rhythmic swing but frank slur of accent Helen's introduction of the Achaean chiefs to old Priam and his piping katydids on the Tower by the Scaean Gate. The outlandish pronunciation was too much for the lads at first but the flowing hexameters, freed from the prose accent and the monotonous itacism of the modern Greek, helped the impromptu reader to win out and, it may be, started a new Homeric tradition in Sappho's Isle. Any way it was a happy morning and followed by many a pleasant greeting from groups of schoolboys

at every turn and many a heart-to-heart communion with the Master. Dr. Olympios put us in touch with many agreeable people, and among them that sterling Greek gentleman, Aristarchi Bey, and his charming household, to whom I was to owe so much. He also placed at my service the excellent Gymnasium Library, with the *epistates* ready to fetch and carry all the books I required, a provision without which my Lesbian sojourn had lost half its charm.

III. A Lesbian Homer.

For, fresh from Troy as I was, I could not let its impressions fade without reading my Iliad through again in the new light. So my mornings for the next ten days were given to the poet—fancy ten days of Homer with many-fountained Ida looming in full view every time your eyes are lifted from the page! And possibly on the spot where the tale of Troy took shape in the poet's brain; for Fick tells us that his Aeolic Homer probably sang the Μῆνιν ἄειδε here in what Strabo calls the Aeolic metropolis. And is not Sappho's Lesbian singer (Fr. 92) Homer himself, as Kock suggests, and not Terpander, as commonly understood!

And what more likely? Look at the tradition, as Strabo hands it down. Pushed out by the rude Dorian invader, Agamemnon's son Orestes leads forth his Achaean remnant but himself dies *en route* in Arcadia; his son, Penthilos (eponymus of the Lesbian Penthelids), succeeds him and continues the long overland journey through Boeotia and Thessaly (recruited by the Aeolic outcasts of those provinces in passing) to Thrace; thence his son, Archelaos,

conducts these refugees across the Hellespont and establishes some of them on the Propontis; while his son, Gras, with the rest, crosses over to Lesbos and possesses himself of the island. Now this forty or twice forty years in the wilderness was the preparation of the Aeolic stock for its calling. The minstrel of that long march, like its leader, may have given place more than once to a son and successor; but they were all Homers, and the young Homer that finally arrived was ripe for an Iliad. He had seen snow-clad Olympos and the waving forests of Thessaly; he had breasted the wild rivers and roamed the wild hills of Thrace; he had dreamed on Troy walls and flowery Scamander; and now here, with many-fountained Ida looming ever in his sight, he struck up to sing the glory of his race. Here, I say, and not at Kymê, that later Aeolic colony on the opposite main which claimed him as her own, and whence his 'cousin' Hesiod or Hesiod's father came back disillusioned and distressed to the old country under Helikon.

Now, I am not claiming an historical demonstration; but Lesbos yields more than one bit of local colour to your Homer. There is, for example, the "saffron-robed Dawn." The "rosy-fingered" we all know and can catch her anywhere by early rising. But the dawn of the saffron robe even Homer noted rarely, four times at most; and once he sees her rising over the sea—and she never rises in the West. Yet so one morning at four o'clock I saw her from my Lesbian windows—

ὅν τε μετὰ κροκόπεπλος ὑπεὶρ ἅλα σκίδναται (*Il.* xxiii., 227)—

a dawn on which the modern novelist would lavish

pages of description and give us nothing to take away, whereas the Poet has put the whole glory of it in one haunting epithet. It is next of kin to Sappho's "golden-slippered Dawn" (χρυσοπέδιλλος αὔως) whom I caught another morning tip-toeing over the Castle hill to clear the way for the rosy fingers: O that crimson-clouded daybreak—when shall I look upon its like again!

Lesbos was a new country to Homer, but doubtless a remnant of the old population lingered in the seat of Makar and our poet may have heard from their lips many an old-time tale. Their forebears had been, of course, lieges of Priam, their isle an outpost of Troy; and they had felt the heavy hand of the Achaean invader. Apparently, these crusaders had called at Lesbos more than once. Odysseus had made his mark there "when of old in stablished Lesbos he rose up and wrestled a match with Philomeleides and threw him mightily, and all the Achaeans rejoiced"*—for their champion had bested the lord of the isle. That may have happened on the way to Troy. Then Achilles raided it and carried off a lot of beautiful women; for in his desperate overture to the insulted chief in the Ninth Iliad Agamemnon offers him among other dazzling gifts:

> Seven Lesbian ladies skilled in faultless tasks,
> Whom, when himself sacked 'stablished Lesbos,
> I chose me out—in beauty peerless among womankind.

Indeed, we are now gravely told that Briseis herself was a Lesbian and the only historical character in the Iliad. That her understudy, who replaced her

* *Odyssey*, iv, 342 *sq.*

in Achilles' tent during her detention with Agamemnon, was a Lesbian damsel, " fair-cheeked Diomede, daughter of Phorbas," we knew from the poet himself (*Iliad*, ix, 644 *sq.*); but it was left for Wilamowitz to trace Briseis to her native heath.* On the little headland about midway along the south shore of Lesbos stands a chapel of Hagios Phorbas, built on the ruins of an ancient temple. Inscriptions identify it as the shrine dedicated to Dionysos of Bresa; and Achilles' prize is simply Briseis, the maiden of Bresa! Here then is one fixed point in Homeric story: the son of Thetis raided this countryside, carried off the girl who (after Helen) fired the torch of war, and with her perhaps that bevy of Lesbian beauties offered as indemnity in the Ninth Book. But (*pace* Wilamowitz) Homer's Briseis is not a maid but a widow, whose husband Achilles had slain in the self-same raid and whose consolation has been Patroklos' pledge that the red-handed slayer should make her his wedded wife!

The poet of the 'Aithiopis' brings him back to Lesbos with Odysseus who is to shrive him, not of this bloody exploit but of the ignoble slaying of Thersites—possibly at Strabo's Lesbian shrine of Killaean Apollo which must have been an out-

* Of "the first Hellenic settlements on Asiatic soil," Bury writes (History of Greece, 44): "The only event which we can grasp, by a fragment of genuine tradition lurking in a legend, is the capture of the Lesbian town of Bresa. The story of the fair-cheeked maid of Bresa, of whom Agamemnon robbed Achilles, is the memorial of the Greek conquest of Lesbos." Also (*ib.*, 65): "Here an event of actual history is introduced as the motive of that high wrath. Agamemnon has taken away for himself the maiden whom Achilles won at the capture of the Lesbian Bresa; and the capture of Bresa was an actual event."

chapel of the Sminthian god we meet on the threshold of the Iliad. And this recalls us to Rector Olympios and his Homer class; for hard by the Gymnasium stands the Church of St. Therapôn, built upon an ancient temple site. Now Therapôn, the Healer, is the proper successor of Apollo in his benign character, as when from far-off Lykia he hears and heals the stricken Glaukos in the plain of Troy. He was the god to purge Achilles of his venial fault as he purges Orestes of his mother's blood. Fancy reading Homer a stone's throw from Apollo's temple with both Homer's typical heroes in the foreground!

And, looking out upon the spacious sunny harbour, one recalls how after Troy had fallen and the conquerors drunken with lust and loot, had held their ill-advised and discordant sunset council, Nestor, Diomed, and presently Menelaus had here moored their ships, laden with spoil and deep-zoned women, to consult about their homeward course. What Lesbian schoolboy can forget that Helen was in that company and, it may be, poor Hekamede of Tenedos who brewed old Nestor that posset of Pramnian wine!

If the Great Iliad have a Lesbian flavour, whether Sappho's Lesbian Singer was the Poet or not, the Little Iliad of the Cycle may well have had more of it. For antiquity with one consent credited that work to Lesches of Pyrrha, who seems to have been contemporary with Archilochos and a little earlier than Alkaios and Sappho (early seventh century), though he stands for the last flicker of the Epic rather than the new Lyric sunburst. Here on the shore of the deep Gulf that well nigh cuts the isle

in twain, behind "Pyrrha's piney mountain" (as Theophrastos calls the Lesbian Olympos), he took up the unfinished tale of Troy at the Trial of the Arms and carried it on to the Wile of the Wooden Horse—in dull slow hexameters indeed, as one may judge from the few lines that survive, but with such wealth of dramatic stuff that the Athenian playwrights, according to Aristotle, carved out of it nine tragedies including our Philoktetes. Thus he begins:

Ilios I sing, and Dardania rich in colts;
For which the Danai, servants of Ares, much endured.

One nobler fragment gives us the sequel of that matchless scene in the Sixth Iliad:

Then the illustrious son of the noble-hearted Achilles
Down to the hollowed vessels the widow of Hector conducted.
As for the child, from the breast of the fair-tressed servant he tore him,
Grasped by the feet, and hurled him down from the tower; and upon him
Crimson death as he fell laid hold—and a destiny ruthless.*

IV. The Lesbian Lyre.

Whether or not Lesbos bred the great Epic Master, it certainly brought forth the Aeolian Lyric and carried it to the highest perfection. One is tempted to make that Lyric the direct and legitimate

* Translated by W. C. Lawton.

offspring of an Aeolian Epos, though tradition suggests a derivation from Thrace. You remember the wild legend of Orpheus torn to pieces by the Mainads on the banks of Hebrus:

> When by the rout that made the dismal roar
> His gory visage down the stream was sent,
> Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore.

Fishermen of Antissa find the lyre that drifted with the "gory visage" to their strand and carry it to their townsman, Terpander—so establishing (if we may blink a little anachronism of uncertain centuries) a true lyrical succession. No wonder that, as Myrsilos the Lesbian affirms, the nightingales at Antissa still sing more sweetly than anywhere else in the world. At all events, it was Terpander of Antissa that first tuned the Lesbian lyre, though we must now discredit his claim to the invention of the heptachord which we find in Minoan Crete a thousand years before his time. Achilles probably thrummed the seven strings while sulking in his tent. So Timotheos may be right, after all, in crediting Terpander with the decachord. However, we know him chiefly as the first in that succession of singing missionaries who were called in to settle the broils and humanize the culture of Dorian Sparta. A scant half-page in the Anthology contains the lines that are left of him, notably this characterization of his new homeland:

> Here is the valour of youth in its flower; and the Muse with her sweet voice
> Blooms; and the wide ways of Justice, upholder of noble achievements.

•

It could have been no slight task to win the militant Dorian to the service of Apollo and the Muses; but he essays it:

> Pledge we now Memory's Daughters the Muses
> And the Muses' leader, Leto's son.

Sing me again, O my soul, the lord of the arrows far-darting.

If he and not Homer be Sappho's Lesbian singer, his Lesbian fame was not eclipsed by his Spartan achievements. Singular that the little Lesbian town of Antissa should have bred the Father of Greek Music as well as the mathematician (Serenus) who "solved the theorem which is at the foundation of the modern theory of harmonics."

While Terpander naturalized at Sparta the 'solemn and tranquil nomos' which was his especial forte, he had already founded in his native isle a school of citharodes (harpers) which was to influence powerfully the next great achievement in Greek poetry, the Attic Drama. It was Arion of Methymna, no doubt a member of the school of Terpander, who perfected the Choral Dithyramb—not at home, but at Corinth, whither he had been called to the luxurious court of Periander toward the close of the seventh century. His chorus of Satyrs was the first τραγικὸς χορός in honour of Dionysos; and the introduction of this dithyrambic chorus as a feature of the Greater Dionysia at Athens in the reign of Peisistratus prepared the way for Thespis and through him for the great fifth century development of the art.

And yet, while old-fashioned critics like Croiset and Jebb accept Arion as an historical character, he is curtly dismissed by Bury and others as 'a mythical minstrel.' The real poet does not ride real dolphins. The dolphin must go; *ergo* away with Arion. But some of us can dispense with the cherry tree and hatchet and yet hold on to the Father of his Country; and all the Arion Clubs from Mitylene to Manila are a standing protest against the deep damnation of Arion's taking off. His 'tumultuous and passionate' dithyrambs have perished, and we can judge them only by their last result in the splendid lyrics of the tragedians; but then how little of the vast volume of early Greek song has been spared to us!

And this holds true even of the singing pair whose undying charm has lured us, as it has many another, to this pilgrimage. Alkaios and Sappho, whose songs in their integrity were the joy and inspiration of Horace and Catullus, are little more than a handful of dust—gold dust and diamond though it be. In his excavations at Delos, M. Homolle found the inventory of the Temple treasures including this item: 'a three-cornered case containing books of Alkaios'—a treasure the modern world would gladly purchase at the price of all the temple property actually recovered. What became of that Delian casket and its contents no man can say, nor do we know when or how Alkaios' works finally vanished from human ken; but we are told that the more precious songs of Sappho were publicly burned at Rome and Constantinople towards the end of the eleventh century. To the Puritan of those days it seemed a good work to destroy a song of the Poetess

whom older Greece had coupled in fame with Homer and whom Plato called the Tenth Muse. The book-burner vied with the image-breaker; and, what with the tooth of time and this devil's zeal in the name of God, Pindar alone escaped the lyric wreck until Bacchylides rose a few years ago from his age-long Egyptian burial to rejoin him.

If you turn to Bergk's *Anthologia Lyrica* you will find about a hundred fragments of each of these poets, ranging from two words to twenty-eight lines each. How do we come by them? It is a fascinating story. Let me just touch upon it. When the Renaissance roused Italy from that deadly stupor of seven centuries during which Italy had not known one master of Greek letters, youth and age turned longing eyes to the rosy-fingered dawn. Men left all to follow the first professors of Greek as they opened the long-sealed books. Homer and Plato they found intact and eagerly studied; but here and there in the Greek books (Plato, Aristotle, Plutarch, Strabo) they found scattered notices of the poetess already known to them from their own Roman poets—notices that stirred and tantalized. Then some delver in ancient rubbish stumbled on an anonymous writing entitled "On Sublimity": it is a treatise on Style usually attributed to one Longinus and probably dating from the first century of our era. Dipping into the mouldy parchment, our delver finds plenty of keen criticism illustrated by abundant citation of some forty authors from Homer on; but not until reaching the tenth chapter does he strike the real treasure trove. Discussing the source of the sublime in selection and combination of particulars, the writer goes on:

"For instance, Sappho everywhere chooses the emotions that attend delirious passion from its accompaniments in actual life. Wherein does she demonstrate her supreme excellence? In the skill with which she selects and binds together the most striking and vehement circumstances of passion." And to illustrate he quotes the famous ode * which Symonds has thus reproduced in the Poetess' own measures:

Peer of gods he seemeth to me, the blissful
Man who sits and gazes at thee before him,
Close beside thee sits, and in silence hears thee
Silverly speaking,

Laughing love's low laughter. Oh this, this only
Stirs the troubled heart in my breast to tremble!
For should I but see thee a little moment,
Straight is my voice hushed;

Yea, my tongue is broken, and through and through me
'Neath the flesh impalpable fire runs tingling;
Nothing see my eyes, and a noise of roaring
Waves in my ear sounds;

Sweat runs down in rivers, a tremor seizes
All my limbs, and paler than grass in autumn,
Caught by pains of menacing death, I falter,
Lost in the love-trance.

"Are you not amazed (goes on the old critic) how at one instant she summons, as though they were all alien from herself and dispersed, soul, body, ears,

*φαίνεται μοι κῆνος ἴσος θέοισιν
ἔμμεν ὤνηρ, ὄστις ἐνάντιός τοι
ἰζάνει, καὶ πλακίον ἆδυ φωνεύσας ὑπακούει, κτλ.

tongue, eyes, colour? Uniting contradictions, she is at one and the same time hot and cold, in her senses and out of her mind . . . The effect desired is not that one passion only should be seen in her, but a concourse of passions. All such things occur in the case of lovers, but it is the selection of the most striking of them and their combination into a single whole that has produced the singular excellence of the passage" (Roberts' version). It is, indeed, the very pathology of passion; and Hippokrates is said to have adopted this diagnosis in his practice. The Italian delver may have already known by heart Catullus' version of it:

Ille mi par esse deo videtur;

but only to make his find the more precious.

But another Dryasdust of the first century B.C., Dionysios of Halicarnassus, had imbedded in his text-book on Composition another ode of Sappho to illustrate "the beauty and grace of the language lying in the connexion of the words and the smoothness of the junctures. For (he says) the words lie by the side of one another, and are woven into one, as though there were in each case a natural affinity or a marriage between the letters." It is the famous ode to Aphrodite beginning:

ποικιλόθρον' ἀθάνατ' Ἀφρόδιτα,
παῖ Δίος, δολόπλοκε, λίσσομαί σε,
μή μ' ἄσαισι μηδ' ὀνίαισι δάμνα,
πότνια, θῦμον.

Glittering-throned, undying Aphrodite,
Wile-weaving daughter of high Zeus, I pray thee
Tame not my soul with heavy woe, dread Mistress,
Nay, nor with anguish.

Thus through two pedants, so to speak, these two immortal songs escaped the flames and justified to the men of the Renaissance the fame of Sappho. Then the sifting of Greek literature, finally consummated by the patience and acumen of Bergk in the *Anthologia Graeca*, yielded the store we now possess—*βαιὰ μέν, ἀλλὰ ῥόδα*, rare but roses.

I must qualify that word 'now.' For we are again feeling the thrill of those Renaissance scholars in winning back whole odes of Sappho—not from musty rolls of the pedants but from Egyptian tombs. One of these, addressed to her erring brother Charaxos, has already got out of the Oxyrrhynchus Papyri into our text-books; and now we have a further sheaf* of them along with some broken bits of Alkaios and Erinna. Of the six pieces of Sappho, two of 21 and 24 verses respectively are measurably complete; and they exemplify the tender grace and the dainty touch which are no less characteristic of the poetess than is her kindling passion. The old fragments tantalize us with the haunting names of Atthis and Mnasidika—pupils loved and lost. "I loved thee, Atthis, once—long, long ago." "Atthis, thou hast learned to loathe the thought of me and to Andromeda thou flittest." "Far lovelier is Mnasidika than dainty Gyrinno." "Do thou, O 'Dika, set garlands round thy lovely hair." Now the best of the new finds are full of these fair truants; and in one of them Sappho complains to Atthis (evidently before Andromeda had won her away) of the absent Mnasidika who is staying—possibly shopping—in the far-off Lydian capital

* Edmonds: New Fragments of Alcaeus, Sappho, and Erinna (1909).

which then under the predecessors of Croesus must have been the Paris of the Eastern Greeks. From it already Alkman had gone to sing his splendid Parthenia at Sparta. Here is the ditty, as translated for me by Professor George M. Whicher:

Mnasidika, to thee and me so dear,
In Sardes dwells, so far away,
But oft returns in recollection here,

Where on a time we three have lived our day,
When most thy song could please her ear
And thou a glorious goddess didst appear.

But now amidst the Lydian dames supreme
She shines, as when—the sunlight fled—
Appears the rosy-fingered moon, agleam

Amid the encircling stars, and there is shed
Alike on ocean's bitter stream
And on the flowery fields an equal beam.

'T is then there falls abroad the lovely dew;
The tender anthrisc flower, the rose
And fragrant honey-lotus bloom anew.

But, straying oft with many a yearning pain
To pierce her tender bosom through,
She thinks on Atthis with a heart still true,

And loudly calls us thither. This we know,
For Night, all-hearing, brings her cry
To us across the seas that sundering flow.

For appreciation of Nature to match that one must go with Theokritos to the Koan Harvest Home; and that is a purely domestic picture. "Since Aristophanes all the birds talk Greek," says the singer of 'Chantecleer'; but centuries before the 'Birds' fluttered on the Athenian stage Alkman had tuned

his lyre to the partridge's call and 'knew the note of every bird.' Sappho had caught the trill of her own

Spring-tide's messenger, the sweet-voiced nightingale.*

She has ears to "hear the flowery footfall of the Spring" and the "cool water gurgling through apple-boughs, while slumber streams from quivering leaves." And who has seen, as she saw, her χρυσοπέδιλλος Αὔως and her βροδοδάκτυλος Σελάννα rising over the storied blue Aegean! And where shall we match those haunting lines of hers which Rossetti has sung again in English as the poetess herself might have sung them:

Like the sweet apple that reddens upon the topmost bough,
A-top on the topmost twig,—which the pluckers forgot, somehow,—
Forgot it not, nay, but got it not, for none could get it till now.

There is a picture which outshines your "Last Rose of Summer"—whether it mean "One Girl," as Rossetti dubbed it, or simply that humanly appealing reality of a rare ripe red apple left blushing alone to tempt and thrill the old boy or girl in you. Do you recall the Red Junes in your father's orchard or am I wasting words on urban unfortunates who never climbed or shook an apple tree? Such was not Sappho; and every red apple I saw blushing in the sun of those June days in Lesbos seemed a souvenir of her. Well do I remember my first

* "The dear glad angel of the spring, the nightingale," of Ben Jonson.

glimpse of them in the garden at Lapomyle where ripe cherries kept them company and a grape-vine of mighty girth (though not to be compared with its gigantic fellow at Hampton Court), supporting the porch of the wayside wine-shop and shading it with full clusters, recalled that lone line of Alkaios which Horace has beaten out into four quatrains:

> No other *tree* plant thou before the vine.

V. A Sapphic Pilgrimage.

No wonder that after many days in Mitylene, the home of the poetess, we were minded to make a pilgrimage to her birthplace at Eresos. Our good friend, Aristarchi Bey, had worked out our itinerary, arranged for our entertainment, and by dint of protracted negotiations closed a contract for a carriage and pair at three pounds (Turkish) for the four days' tour. No little pressure was brought to bear about taking a military guard, as we had done at Troy; but when we both expressed our aversion to that formality the authorities dropped the subject. Had we known the country as well as we came to know it in the course of our stay, we could hardly have stood out as we did; for the roads are not always safe. However, we were not only unmolested but experienced every civility throughout the tour.

Bright and early on a perfect June morning, we drove out of Mitylene in an easy old Victoria behind a strong steady pair of horses with a very capable and willing youngster on the box. Thanks to the Rector, we had Koldewey's Maps and Plans to

guide us and the Anthology with the extant fragments of the Lesbian singers to entertain us by the way. For this was no ordinary bit of travel: it was a true pilgrimage to certain shrines of song—as we hoped to see the Pyrrha of Lesches and Antissa that bred Terpander as well as Sappho's own Eresos.

It meant a four days' journey over the Lesbian hills with some forced marches by tortuous mountain tracks negotiable only by a sure-footed mule. But it was well worth while in itself; for it took us through the endless olive groves that clothe the eastern part of the island to the very hill tops; around the two deep gulfs that well nigh cut the isle in three; over the pine-clad hills of the interior and amid the scattered oaks draped with moss and vocal with song birds that mark the course of glens and mountain streams in the west. It took us first of all to Pyrrha under its "piney mountain," where Lesches of the Little Iliad was at home and where Alkaios in his exile wrote that stirring appeal to his fatherland which we have in good part restored in the new Papyrus finds.

"Never shall neighbour foeman, nor one that with far-flung misery passeth the sea, compass thee about with tearful combat, unless thou of thyself send afar all the best of thy people, to sunder them from thee *For it is men that are a city's tower in war.*"

There you have in its setting the famous line—

"Ανδρες γὰρ πόλιος πύργος ἀρεῦιος—

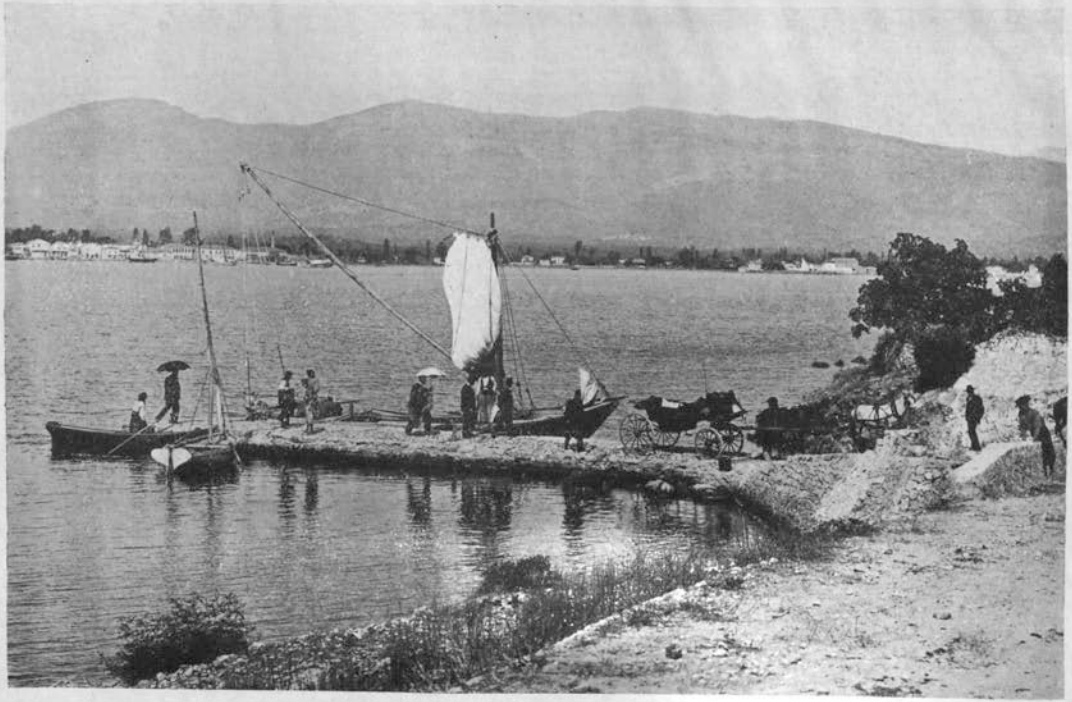
upon which Sir William Jones built "What Constitutes a State." Pyrrha we found almost a solitude; a few wood-choppers' huts on the shore whither trains of mules were bringing down their

piney burden from the hills to load five little two-masters for the Smyrna market. The scene recalled the fetching of the wood for Patroklos' pyre—all on mule-back as here, though on this stony ground the pace is less lively than on the Trojan plain—

πολλὰ δ' ἄναντα κάταντα πάραντά τε δόχμιά τ' ἦλθον.

In the one habitable house of Pyrrha we found the master of this industry, M. Semanteri, a Lesbian who is vice-consul for France, with a fine house in Mitylene and a country house in the olive woods of Moria where he afterwards entertained us at a charming garden party. The Pyrrha house occupies an ancient cemetery; and in the mass of plunder from the graves we marked a little image of the Phrygian goddess with her Lions who should have felt at home in the house of Lesches. It had been, indeed, the house of a poet; for Bernardakes, the dramatist, whom I visited later in his mountain home near Mitylene, had drudged away thirty years of his life here as an unsuccessful olive grower—a Grub Street experience under Athene's own olives—until he gave up the struggle to the hard-headed successor who is converting the mountain pines into cash and adding estate to estate. Since then the old poet has gone to join the choir invisible and his works do follow him, for his plays still hold the Athenian stage.

We had made a detour over what our Jehu declared to be an impossible track in order to reach Pyrrha, and on our return to the highway I made another on foot to visit the only Greek temple now aboveground in Lesbos at Messa. It is a beautiful fourth century structure considerably larger than the



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FERRY ON THE GULF OF HIERA (LESBOS)

Theseion with a peristyle of forty-two columns (as restored by Koldewey) and cella walls still standing three courses high. It was dedicated to the Queen of Love, but too late for the singer of

Glittering-throned, undying Aphrodite

to have trodden its marble floor

Resuming our drive in the glowing sunset, we passed group after group of peasants, mainly women, reaping with hand-sickles the rich black-eared wheat. Through far-spreading vineyards and heavy-fruited fig orchards we drove on to Kalloni at the head of the gulf of the same name (the ancient Euripos Pyrrhaios) where Aristarchi Bey had provided for us rare entertainment in a notable Anglo-Greek family of which there will be more to say presently.

The second day's drive brought us to the end of the carriage road at Telonia—a miracle of road making approached in my island experience only on Ithaca where the English during their occupation of the Septinsular Republic gave the Greeks an object lesson in this line. For this excellent highway from Mitylene almost to the other end of Lesbos, thanks are due to Aristarchi Bey and (possibly) his predecessor in the office of Chief Engineer (or Pontifex Maximus) of the eastern Aegean Islands; and one appreciates the value of the service when the road abruptly ends in a mountain track as it does here at Telonia. Indeed, we are obliged to leave our carriage outside the gates (as it were) and to foot it through narrow miry paths to the hospitable door that the Bey's kind word has opened to us here. It is that of the village doctor, who as usual in Greece

is the first citizen and in this case a true servant of the Muses. Dr. Photides knew his Lesbian poets by heart and recited their lines superbly; he was a good philologist and rather too good an archæologist for my comfort. I had driven hard to save a few daylight hours for a ride to Terpander's Antissa; for I wanted to make sure that her nightingales maintained their ancient credit. Koldewey maps the place at Ovriokastro, two hours north of Telonia; Conze at Sigrion, three or four hours west. Now I hold with Koldewey, while the Doctor swears by Conze: the argument was a draw and I lost. For to reach the Doctor's Antissa was impossible in time; to do the other would have been discourteous.

But the Doctor's table and his table talk were ample compensation. Of course, there were healths to be drunk to his illustrious compatriots of olden time—by us in pleasant Lesbian wine, by our host with especial gusto in some fine Scotch whiskey which our Kalloni friends had pressed upon us against the accidents of travel. It was a banquet for the gods, followed by a long walk in which the schoolmaster (far less learned) joined us. And then what a night's repose! Fancy a great upper octagonal chamber, with windows to match, looking out on noble hills and down a verdant glen to seaward. No Homeric palace could have had a sightlier guest-room; but furnishing there was none, except the fixed bench running round the walls, until the bedding was brought in and our luxurious 'shakedowns' made ready after the Homeric fashion. Then sweet sleep seized us out of hand and held us untroubled by a dream till gray dawn heralded my day of days.

For five o'clock found me bestriding a sure-footed mule for the last lap in my journey. Those barren hills between Telonia and Eresos offer a complete contrast to the smiling glens through which we had driven the day before. Even the rocks there were clothed with honeysuckle that filled the air with fragrance; and the brooks ablaze with oleanders and lined with avenues of noble oaks till the many rills unite in a real river carrying more clear water at this season than all the streams of Attica. It was in this sylvan loveliness, as we cleared an avenue of oaks draped with moss and full of song-birds, that we caught sight of the northern sea and heard the first note of the cuckoo calling across the vale. "One cuckoo does not make a summer" is the Lesbian version of a familiar saw.

In contrast with all this I found the way over the hills to Eresos. Road there is none, rocks and thistles galore. But my mule was no 'alogon'; like Pindar's, that "mule knew well to lead the way" and it behoves me too to "throw open to her the gates of song." As my Andrian agogiat assured me one dark night when I was negotiating an Andrian precipice on a mule-mount: "The mule knows" (*τό μουλάρι ξέρει*); and so it turned out now. She carried me safe to Eresos and back; and if I could celebrate her in Sapphics it would be no more than her due. To her I owe the final delight of my Lesbian pilgrimage.

Sappho's Eresos sat upon the sea at the base of a triangle of plain which for beauty and fertility well nigh warrants Symonds' dithyrambics. New Eresos perches at the apex of the triangle three miles inland, embowered in noble oaks, a clean sweet

contrast in its wide streets and decent houses with the gutter-lanes of Kalloni and Telonia. At half-past seven we found the boys already at school and studying away at the top of their voices in the Greek fashion; and two teachers to show us a good crop of Eresos inscriptions collected and first published by an earlier schoolmaster (David).

I had left my letters behind, but Dr. Galen Koukkos received me hospitably nevertheless. He was laid up with gout and the Abbot of the neighbouring monastery was at his bedside; but he deputed his son, Alkibiades—whom I advised to shorten his name to Alkaios—to be my guide. That youth, educated at Smyrna and an *emporos* at Chios where I was to meet him again, was a real Greek beau and dressed for the *Champs Elysées* rather than Eresos. With him I took my way down the oak-shaded lane. It is a river in the wet season, and the life of the valley which is one continuous stretch of vineyards and gardens, each with its *epaulis* (or summer house) whither the townsfolk remove for the harvest and vintage.

Shut in landwards by rugged hills and opening on a smiling sea, threaded by two streams whose banks and channels are clothed with tamarisks and glowing with oleanders, while the whole valley luxuriates in plane, oak, fig, apple, almond, quince, pomegranate, vine, cotton, sesamé, barley, wheat, and melon, New Eresos in things material is not unworthy of her ancient fame. Her barley, "whiter than ethereal snow," was so celebrated that an old poet, Archestratos, declares: "If the gods eat barley bread, they send Hermes to Eresos to buy the meal." And we

shall see that as much might have been said for the wine of Eresos.

Of ancient Eresos we found but scant remains. The god-built acropolis is still there and justifies the poet's

κλεινῆς Ἐρεσοῦ περικύμονι μαστῷ.*

For unlike other ancient citadels it rises directly from the sea. And its polygonal wall, traceable in complete circuit and in parts well preserved, keeps close to the foot of the hill so as to enclose the town as well as the castle. Above this wall, with several gates still in evidence, rose the steep hill thickly covered with dwellings from the very breakwater. Now, the place is a desolation but for a few huts on the shore and the workmen excavating an ancient building (apparently a temple) to rear new "shacks." A shepherd with his little flock is sole tenant of the acropolis and one single-master has the harbour to itself. But there is a fine sand-beach where at ten o'clock as the tide came murmuring musically in

βῆν δ' ἀκέων παρὰ θῖνα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης.

And then, on a native rock throne, by the sands she should have often paced, I read my poetess again for the n'th time in her native isle.

Returning by another road, my guide led me to his father's summer house in a ten-acre garden with three hundred noble fig trees, fine vineyard, and vegetable plots; and, after we had quenched our thirst with delicious water from the old oaken bucket that hung in the well and studied the ancient inscriptions built in the well curb, he showed me the

* Illustrious Eresos' wave-washed breast.

family wine-press. It was an ancient stone sarcophagus—old enough, possibly, to have been the coffin of Sappho shown to old Tournefort a quarter-millennium ago; and it reminded me of Bayard Taylor's Quaker spinster who "was wont to use as a bread trough the coffin she had prepared for her occupancy when she should no longer need bread." Having seen the press, I was curious about the vintage; and on returning to Dr. Galen's I had my wish. It was positively the finest sweet wine that ever passed my lips; and all who sampled the big black bottle, given to speed the parting guest and decanted at a certain wedding in the New World, will cheerfully back that judgment. So the modern Galen in his Coffin Brew quite justifies the ancient Galen who calls the wine of Eresos 'most sweet and fragrant.'

And that recalls another great Eresian who was much beholden to his native vintage. When Aristotle was dying, so the story goes, there was a lively canvass for the succession; and Theopompos of Rhodes and Theophrastos of Eresos were running neck and neck. The Master, loth to turn either down, bade bring in Rhodian and Lesbian wine and, tasting each, observed: "Fine wines both, but the Lesbian is the sweeter." That was Theophrastos' call to the Lyceum; and that he made good every reader of "The Characters" can testify. One wonders whether Aristotle himself, when living just across the channel at Atarneus with Hermaeus whose niece he married, may not have rowed over to Eresos some fine June day and so fallen in with young Tyrtamos, whose name he changed to Theo-

phrastos and whose fame he may have promoted by this euphemy as well as by the wine-oracle.

But Eresos is Sappho's own. Even the great philosopher counts little to the pilgrim; or the setting up and pulling down of tyrants here in his own time, of which we have the record in a very long inscription in the school-house (Hicks, No. 125). It is the Poetess that justifies the pilgrimage and I wish I might make the reader see that fair vale as I saw it and communicate the atmosphere of the presence dimly felt there. In some rare garden like Doctor Galen's, for her family was noble, she passed her girlhood days. She watched the red apples blushing in the sun and she listened to the rippling rill as it went laughing down the valley. Here, in an atmosphere, shot through with sun and sea, ripened

> The small dark body's Lesbian loveliness
> That held the fire eternal.

When the Poetess was born here Tarquinius Priscus had not yet begun to reign at Rome or Solon to legislate at Athens or Jeremiah to prophesy to Israel. She saw Alkaios' brother, Antimenidas, strut the streets of Mitylene with the ivory-hilted sword he had won by slaying another Goliath while serving under Nebuchadnezzar in the siege of Jerusalem. Three centuries later an Athenian comic poet, Epikrates, boasts that he had

> Learned by heart completely all the songs,
> Breathing of love, which sweetest Sappho sang.

And centuries later still Athenaios makes the same claim. She had her own intimations of immortality:

> μνάσεσθαί τινα φάμι καὶ ὕστερον ἀμμέων.

And her goodly portion in the violet-crowned Muses not even anti-pagan zealots who burnt her books could quite wrest from her. For all that the Poetess has been cruelly maligned, and I can hardly close the story of this pilgrimage without a word of vindication.

The real Sappho is almost lost in obloquy. Indeed it would be hard to find in literary history another case in which the muck rake has done its work so well. The woman paired in ancient esteem with Homer; whom Plato reverently names as a Tenth Muse; whose image her country stamped upon its coins—this rare and radiant spirit had to suffer the defiling touch of Athenian Comedy and its taint is still upon her. Athens in all her excellence had no honourable use for the superior woman: with all her high conceptions she could never have conceived a women's college.

Aeolian Lesbos, like Dorian Sparta, was a land of beautiful women; unlike Athens, it was a land of emancipated women. The fair isle, now the Garden of the Turkish Empire, was then the Garden of the Greek world. In wealth and luxury it must have seemed more Asiatic than European; for it looked in older days to golden Troy and in later to Lydian Sardes for its fashions. In Sappho's day the struggle of the classes—to which she and Alkaios belonged—and the masses was in full swing; the rigorous rule of an old nobility bred the demagogue and the demagogue evolved the tyrant until at last the people found in sage Pittakos a man to heal the discord and restore the state. This turmoil, as it was Alkaios' opportunity, must have been Sappho's despair. Hers was no militant muse; but she shared

the exile of her class, which seems to imply political activity in Lesbian women. That alone would point the shaft of Attic comedy. But there was more and worse behind.

In her House of the Muses she gathered about her a group of gifted girls, women of like spirit with her own, whom she trained in the divine art of song and fitted for the varied service required of noble women in the religious and social functions of the time. If you will scan Alkman's splendid Partheneion, you will understand somewhat of this. In a religion of many deities, as in a church of many saints, there must have been frequent occasion for such service; and Sappho's House of the Muses was simply a women's college with a strong vocational bent. That alone was offence enough to the muck-raking Athenian playwright; but Sappho loved her pupils, as much as ever Alice Freeman loved her Wellesley girls, and sang that love as frankly. And, lo, the House of the Muses is become in Athenian eyes a House of Sin; and its head, to whom even rollicking Alkaios does homage, is a Thing of Shame! Every Athenian comedian must bring his Sappho on the stage, as we shall soon be staging the Suffragette: they had actually known but one emancipated woman and that was Aspasia.

One needs only recall the gross caricature of Sokrates in the "Clouds" to fancy what these happily lost 'Sapphos' must have been. And you have only to conceive the figure of Sokrates as he would stand to-day if we had lost our Plato and Xenophon and saved only the Aristophanic lampoon. Poor Sappho left no such disciples to speak for her through the ages; while the stage scandals, warmed

over and made yet more scandalous by Ovid, revamped by scandal-loving Frenchmen, and finally countenanced in a measure by our Percy Mackaye, have kept her fair fame clouded.

For all that we may safely think of her in the terms of her contemporary singer who was himself no saint:

Ἰόπλοκ' ἄγνα μελλιχόμειδε Σάπφοι.

Violet-weaving, *chaste*, sweetly smiling Sappho.

As we recrossed the stony waste in the noontide heat the flocks were asleep and the tinkle of the bells was hushed. The stillness was broken only by the sudden call of the partridge to his mate; and my muleteer exclaims: αἱ πέρδικες φωνάζουν. And I wondered if Theophrastos had begun his partridge observations here on his native heath. That there are partridges and partridges the new Master of the Lyceum well knew: "The Athenian partridges on this side of Korydallos toward the City cackle (κακκαβίζουσιν)," he says; "those on the other side twitter (τιττυβίζουσιν)." It was the cackler (*kakkabis*) whose tune Alkman borrowed:

κακκαβίδων στόμα συνθέμενος.

Six hours in a wooden pack-saddle may seem a high price to pay for two hours on Sappho's native heath; but I can never grudge the investment. It is one o'clock when we dismount at Dr. Photides' gate and two before we finish luncheon and set out on the long drive back to Kalloni—with half the children of the school, which my wife had visited that morning, flocking about the carriage to see us

off. It was half-past seven when we reached Kalloni and crowned the strenuous fifteen-hour day by dining on the finest roast goose ever sacrificed in Greece. Who can tell me why, with Helen and Penelope both keeping geese, there is no roast goose in Homer!

I suppose no corner of the world need be searched in vain for an Englishman; but of all unlikely places one would look for him last in a remote Lesbian village. Indeed, with the exception of the British vice-consul at Mitylene, my Kalloni host is the only Briton in the island. From a post in the British navy and service in the Crimean War to the command of a Lesbian olive-mill, Mr. Papps had had his Odysseian experience of life; and Kyria P., Greek to the manner born, was a notable housekeeper of the Homeric type, spinning her own silks and cottons and ordering her household with all Penelope's fidelity. The olive press is fitted out with good modern machinery, and the huge *pithoi* lining the store-room walls, as they do in the Minoan Palace at Knossos, indicate that our host is doing a good business. And with notable economy: the refuse from the press furnishes the needed steam and leaves abundant oil-cake to market. The olive is king in Lesbos, and this the main industry.

In the great guest-room (ξενών) with its huge four-poster we put off our fifteen-hours fatigue; and, when sweet sleep released us, we found new entertainment provided by our obliging hostess. She now asked our assistance in a social function no less familiar than the presentation of a pair of slippers to her Archbishop—a cover doubtless for presenting her rare foreign guests. We found the "Palace"

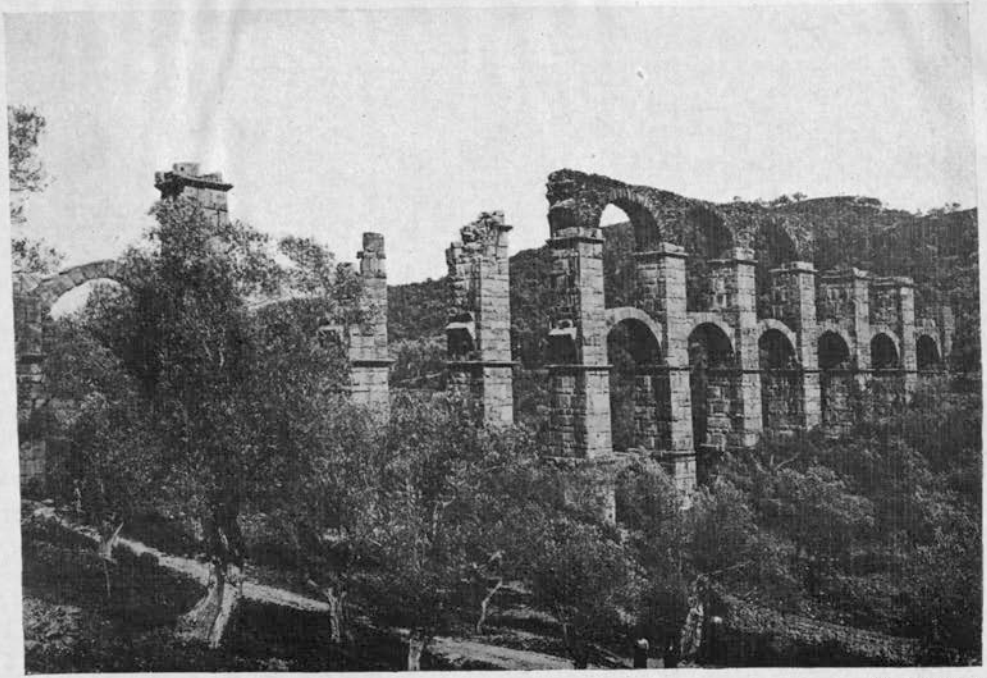
a rambling roomy old house with plenty of ground but very bare and the Metropolitan of Methymna (his official style) a very fine and gracious personage. He was an Epirote, like our Anagnos, and had been Bishop of Philadelphia—the Church of the Promise. He received us cordially and gave us his benediction as we set off on our morning pilgrimage to the Convent of our Lady of the Myrtle. This lies in a pleasant winkle of the hills three-quarters of an hour from the town; and is occupied by an aged Abbess with twenty-three nuns who weave good silks from their own cocoons. Some of these nuns were young and comely and one of them featured very like our Sappho portraits; but when I ventured a reference to the Poetess she betrayed no sign of intelligence. Poor thing! She must share Sappho's condemnation of her unlettered contemporary:

"Yea, thou shalt die, And lie Dumb in the silent tomb;
Nor of thy name Shall there be any fame In ages yet to be or years to come:
For of the flowering rose, Which on Pieria blows
Thou hast no share: But in sad Hades' house,
Unknown, inglorious, 'Mid the dim shades that wander there
Shalt thou flit forth and haunt the filmy air."*

Could that first woman's club have been a nunnery like this where Sappho's singer, the lovely swallow, still sings to the tranquil sisterhood? Any way, I cannot believe that Newton had this retreat in mind (if indeed he spoke the truth at all) when he said: "The nunnery of Kalloni is a penitentiary, to which ladies who have led naughty lives are banished from Mitylene." †

* Translated by Symonds.

† "Travels in the Levant," ii, 3.



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LESBOS : ROMAN AQUEDUCT AT MORIA

On our afternoon drive back to Mitylene we overtook a happy party returning from a holiday at "beautiful Aiasso," the chief summer resort of the island. It lies at the head of a valley 1,000 feet above the sea and is the starting point for the ascent of Mt. Olympus * which towers over 2,000 feet above it. Leading this party was our friend, Aristarchi Bey, on his wheel; and he kept us close company for a time while we told the tale of our travels and listened to his vivacious and always interesting talk. A son of one of the most enlightened Princes of Samos, he received a part of his education in England and speaks our tongue like a native. Moreover, he seems to have breathed in with the English air the best qualities of English character; and there could hardly be a better blend than that of Hellenic idealism with Anglo-Saxon energy. Greece has always had too little of it and she never needed it more than she does to-day.

Of our further days in Mitylene with all their joys I must leave the tale untold. It lies in memory as a season of fascinating rambles, halcyon sails on the little *Lesbos*, garden house breakfasts with charming hosts, and one memorable drive with the Bey in his dog-cart to visit the aged poet Bernardakes in his mountain-village home. That drive and that hour's communion with the one then living poet, who has kept the classical drama alive in the land of its origin, was an experience with which I may well close the story of our Lesbian days.

* Now better known by the name of Hagios Elias, as is its far-famed Thessalian namesake.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Chios' Stricken Isle.

It was hard to say farewell to Lesbos and our Lesbian friends, mortals and immortals: but out of the South another charmer was calling us. Next to Sappho's isle little Kôs, fatherland of Hippokrates and chosen retreat of Theokritos, had long appealed to me; and now, armed with letters from Aristarchi Bey, we set sail to realize another dream. That genial gentleman and Rector Olympios turned out bright and early—your ship in the Aegean is always due to sail at day-break and usually gets under way about noon; and came aboard, laden with fruit and flowers, to wish us *bon voyage* from Mitylene to Kôs, as the other way about Theokritos speeds Ageanax (*Idyll*, vii, 52):

Ἔσσεται Ἀγεάνακτι καλὸς πλόος εἰς Μιτυλήναν.

But the little *Kerkyra* could carry us only as far as Chios, where we were doomed to wait a week for a decent boat to take us to our destination and then had to give it up at last. Looking back, I can but regard it as a fortunate misfortune; for that week lifted the stricken isle from the shadowy region of hearsay to the solid ground of autopsy—it vivified and vitalized an age-long tale of vicissitudes without a parallel in ancient or modern history. Chios has been much in my mind from that day to this and particularly so as I have watched from English soil the progress of the new War of Liberation and followed the futile peace negotiations in London.

And now, as I sit down in Paris to put together my accumulated notes, the resumption of hostilities and the suspense of fate in the islands lend intenser interest to the Chian story.

We might well have taken Chios direct from Troy; for was it not 'the blind old man of Chios' craggy isle,' to whom Troy owes all its fame? So, at least, Thucydides believed; and a century before Thucydides in the earliest quotation from Homer yet known to us Simonides calls the poet Χῖος ἀνήρ. We may, therefore, having given the Lesbian Homer his due, surrender ourselves to the Homeric memories of Chios, which certainly has as good a title as any of the seven cities that claimed the poet's birth.

The island, to be sure, is mentioned but once in the poems and that in Nestor's story of the Return (*Odyssey*, iii, 170), and the dilemma presented to their council at Lesbos: "Whether to sail outside craggy Chios, . . . keeping her on the left, or under Chios past windy Mimas." Obedient to the gods' sign they took the outside course, heading straight for Euboea. Not so we. For a space, indeed, we followed in their wake past Cape Malea (where the Spartan fleet breakfasted before the fateful sea-fight at the Arginusae) and calling at Hiera within the Gulf of that name and at Plomari, the southern port of Lesbos, where Achilles should have landed for his raid on Bresa. Thence, before a spanking nor'wester, we raced across to "windy Mimas," which in the June sunset warranted its Homeric repute; and, once inside Chios, steamed slowly through the darkling Channel, until between eight and nine we cast anchor in the best-made harbour in the Aegean. The "half-ruined mole," of which

Tozer (1886) and earlier travellers speak, has recently been replaced by a solid breakwater sufficient to shelter all the commerce of Anatolia and the Isles. This is the work of one man; a rich Greek of Constantinople, but not an *euergetes* of the Athenian sort. In deepening the harbour, he won back from the sea a broad strip of land which is now the business street of the town; and this, with the harbour dues that flow into his coffers, constitutes a tidy fortune. However, the charges are said to be so heavy that few ships enter, the masters preferring to load and unload by means of lighters; and the island trade doubtless suffers from this anti-municipal monopoly. In our own experience we found the vexations of the Chios custom-house hardly second to those of Constantinople; and in fact, though we carried nothing but handbags, we met with more annoyance in leaving than in landing. The Chian hostelries afford but scant hospitality; and our week at the "Alexandria" was a good endurance test. But the fact drove us the more into the open; and, between watching for the Kôs boat that never came and exploring the island, we were kept pretty busy. I shall set down my impressions and observations, with some results of subsequent researches, as far as may be in the order of Chian history.

I. Chios and Homer.

"The Sciots* pretend that Homer was their

* Scio (pronounced *Shē-o*) is simply the Italian transliteration of Χίος. Under the Genoese it practically supplanted the true Greek name; and, in its Anglicised pronunciation, it still further obscures its origin.

countryman," says old Tournefort; "and to this day shew the school he went to." Having long since visited the School that Homer taught on Ithaca (see following chapter), I was all the more curious about the School that taught him; and so on a June Sunday evening we took the six-mile drive northward along the Channel to visit it. It was hot and dusty, a "hard road to travel"—out of the earth-shaken town, past ill-smelling tanneries (the morocco leather of Chios is prized throughout the East), and forlorn-looking hospitals, through villages whose whole population appeared to be Sundaying by cafés under the trees alongshore or sporting naked in the sea. We had with us the only Englishman on the island, who was teaching English in the Chios Gymnasium. He had not heard of Homer's School, until we invited him to join us in our visit; but he complained bitterly of the time wasted on Greek in the Gymnasium. For pessimism pure and simple commend me to the average Englishman in the Levant. Even the admirable Charles T. Newton is prone to dip his pen in gall, whenever it has to do with a Greek, while he has honey and to spare for the Turk; but then it was the Turk he bargained with for the spoils of Greek antiquity, when not recruiting Bashi-bazouks for the Allies in the Crimea. As one reads Newton's "Travels and Discoveries in the Levant," one marvels at the thrift which employs a British Consul at once as agent for the British Museum and recruiting officer for the Turkish Army. Small wonder that the Greeks of that generation were hotly pro-Russian and anti-English.

We found "Homer's School" a huge rock rudely levelled off on top, but so as to leave a bench along

the side facing the sea and a great chair or basis or altar opposite the bench. This *Daskalopetra* (or Schoolmaster's Rock, as the peasants call it) is set in a fine environment. Behind it looms a limestone mountain; to the right stretch hillside villages embowered in orchards and vineyards; in front you face the smiling sea and across the channel the heights of "windy Mimas." At seven that Sunday evening we found a Chiot family picnicking on the 'Petra, fetching pure cold water from the fountain under a plane tree at its foot and good Chian wine from the rude little wine-shop below. This '*Kapheneion Homeros*,' with its two noble plane trees, between the Rock and the shore, has taken full advantage of the great tradition. Across its rough front in huge capitals you read three apt hexameters —the first said to be from a Chian medal, the second the well-known line in the Hymn to Delian Apollo, and the third mother Hecuba's coaxing word to war-worn Hector (*Iliad*, vi, 262).* Even our Englishman could not resist (as Hector did) that ancient appeal; and at a little table under a plane tree we proved very soberly how Chian

> "Wine doth vastly increase the strength of a man who is weary."

Tournefort inclines to accept the Chian claim to Homer, as painstakingly argued by that learned Chiot, Leo Allatius (*circa* 1500 A.D.); and he remarks:

"Peradventure the School . . . served for studying place to such as were desirous to get his Verses by heart; for all Authors agree the Homerides were

* πάντ' εἰπὼν καὶ πάντα νοήσας Χῖος Ὅμηρος.—
τυφλὸς ἀνὴρ οἰκεῖ δὲ Χίῳ ἐνὶ παιπαλοέσσῃ.—
Ἀνδρὶ δὲ κεκμηῶτι μένος μέγ' (ἰὸ μέγ') ἀέξει.

Inhabitants and Citizens of this Island; they are said to descend from Homer, and in this Superstition 'tis possible they caused this Rock to be cut, to serve for a School to young People that were willing to instruct themselves in the Works of Homer, as being the Prince of Poets, an excellent Historian, and most compleat Geographer: this School therefore may be the place, where they repeated their Lessons; the Master sitting on the Cube and the Scholars on the Rim of the Bason."

Nor is that all the old French botanist has to say for the Chian Homer:

"Besides Homer's School, they show his Dwelling-House where he composed most of his Poems. This House, you may be sure, is in none of the best condition; for Homer lived 961 years before Christ. It stands in a place that bears the Poet's Name, to the North of the Island near Volisso, called Bolissos by the Author of Homer's Life and Thucydides (viii, 24: ἐν βολίσκῳ). Volisso is in the midst of the Arvisian Fields, which supply'd the Nectar; and perhaps this Liquor was what did not a little to elevate the Poet's Genius." *

Another Chiot, though born at Smyrna, as Homer may have been,—I refer to Koraës—revitalized Volisso's Homeric honours by giving its name to his editions of the Iliad. In the fascinating letters introductory to each of his separately published books (i-vi, Paris, 1818 and on) he represents himself as writing at Homer's own Volisso and spins out his idyllic story of Papa Trechas, the village priest, who is the first fruits of the new classical Renaissance under Koraës' inspiring leadership. Hardly

* On the rare vintages of Chios and their ancient fame, Tournefort has much to say. *Voyage*, i, 283.

anything in Modern Greek literature equals in charm these letters and this character.

I need hardly say that we did not scale the mountain and cross the island to visit the dwelling house and taste the nectar. Indeed we were not absolutely convinced about the School. Richard Chandler, who visited the spot some sixty years later than Tournefort, thought it "an open temple of Cybele," rudely hewn out of the rock probably in remote antiquity. "The shape is oval (he says) and in the centre is the image of the goddess . . . as usual sitting. The chair has a lion carved on each side and on the back." Pococke took the goddess (headless) for Homer and the flanking lions for Muses! So facile is the wish in fathering the thought.

Prehistoric temple it may well have been, possibly as archaic as the rock-cleft shrine on Delian Kynthos; but that might have commended it as a suitable platform for the rhapsodizing Homerids. And that the Homerids, whether the earlier "real children of Homer" or the later guild with Chian Kynaithos at their head, were localized at Chios is a fact pretty well established. It may be said, of course, that these putative Homerids themselves started the Homeric tradition of Chios,—that the Chian Kynaithos, in Ionizing the Aeolic Poems (as Fick thought), translated the poet himself to their craggy isle. But it was a full generation before Kynaithos that Simonides ascribed to the "Chian man" that famous first-quoted verse of the Iliad (vi, 146):

ἓν δὲ τὸ κάλλιστον Χίος ἔειπεν ἀνήρ
οἵη περ φύλλων γενεή, τοίη δὲ καὶ ἀνδρῶν·

And the Hymn to Delian Apollo, which declares itself the work of the "blind singer who dwells in rocky Chios," was already ancient enough to be accepted as Homer's own by so critical a mind as Thucydides (iii, 104). One of the latest historians of Greece, Professor Bury, treats the Chian claim as fact for his final Homer: "He composed his poetry in rugged Chios, and he gives us a local touch when he describes the sun as rising over the sea. From him the Homerid family of the bards of Chios were sprung . . . We may suppose, then, that Homer lived in Chios in the ninth century, and was the author of the Iliad. And it is probable that he committed the Iliad to writing."

Chios certainly deserves credit for conserving her one immortal tradition. She showed the Poet's tomb as well as his cradle and his school; and, for all the eternal chancery among the seven cities that claimed his birth, she hardly dreamed of a day to come when men should deny that he was ever born at all. But we must leave the verdict to some new Leo Allatius, who should tell us also what Chios was doing in the toil and moil of Troy. Was she still Ophioussa, Isle of Snakes, or Pityoussa, Isle of Pines, lying outside the pale of Trojan culture; or were her folk an unnamed contingent of 'the Maionians, whose birthplace was under Tmolos,' as her Samian neighbours may have mustered with 'the Karians of uncouth speech that possessed Miletus and the streams of Maiandros and the steep crest of Mykale'? Perhaps Gilbert Murray may tell us why the Ionian Homer left the two chief Ionian isles out of the Tale of Troy, while the isles north and south have their part active or passive in it.

II. Hellenic Chios.

If Homeric Chios lies in shadow, the island has been a storm centre now and again from classical antiquity down. Not prolific in genius, like Lesbos, it was still not forsaken of the Muses. It bred Ion the tragedian, whom Aristophanes hailed as a Morning Star;* but he early betook himself to Athens, where he made friends with Kimon and the old nobility he loved to laud in his Plays. An all-round talent, a fine spirit, and a man of taste, Longinus contrasts him with Sophokles, who soars and sometimes falls. It bred, too, Theopompos, the historian, whose work we are apparently beginning to recover. He was the show-pupil of Isokrates in his School of Oratory here at Chios; and he carried off the honours of the competition in panegyric which formed part of the funeral games in memory of Maussolos. Cicero contrasts his pompous style with the simplicity of Thucydides. Plato's Euthydemos is another Chian, whom we find at Thurii learning the new trade of Sophist. Yet, it was in the practical arts that the island always excelled. It was a Chian, Glaukos, who in the early seventh century discovered the process of soldering—an invention facilitated (as Curtius observes) by the extraordinary abundance in the island of plants (like the mastic), whose gums served to keep the external air from the surfaces to be fused. But they left to their Samian neighbours the further and more important invention of bronze-casting, by which 'the plastic impulse of the Greek was first completely

* ἑῶον ἀστέρα, *Pax* 837.

set free and a successful work of art could be multiplied at will.' Chios had her own school of sculpture; and notably the brothers Archermos and Boupalos (540 B.C.), who were themselves in the fourth generation of a family of sculptors. She had a great ship-building industry; in short, she was the paragon of Hellenic wealth and luxury. But the new industrial régime involved serious social consequences. The old aristocracy of land saw itself overshadowed by a new aristocracy of trade; men were rated by wealth rather than by birth. That was a long step toward democracy. Further, as the new industry required more hands than the free labour market could supply, slaves had to be imported in large numbers. Thus Chios came to take the lead in that unhappy traffic; and her rich slave dealers ruled the market at Delos, where thousands of slaves were bought and sold daily. But her sin found her out, as Chian history attests.

Herodotus felt the pathos of that history; and after recounting the brave part borne by Chians at Ladê—that basely lost sea-fight, that might have been as gloriously won as Salamis or Mykale—and the untoward fate of the Chian remnant, fleeing through the Ephesian territory by night and there set upon and exterminated (mistakenly or otherwise) by the Ephesians, he tells of the signs God had sent to forewarn them. Of a choir of a hundred Chian youth sent on a mission to Delphi, two only had returned home, while the eight and ninety had perished of pestilence. And again of a hundred and twenty boys in a Chian school, the falling roof

had killed all but one.* Certainly, what with the bloody butchery of "The Hollows" by the ousted tyrant Histiaios and the fierce vengeance of the Persian after Lade, the signs were not unsuited to the event. That vengeance took a novel form: the Persian swept the island clean with his drag-net. As Herodotus describes the process, "men join hands so as to form a line from North to South shore and then move through the island from end to end and hunt out the inhabitants."† As one toils up the rugged hills and looks down into the yawning gorges of the island, he can hardly take the human *seine* quite literally; but we shall see the clean sweep fully equalled by the nineteenth-century Turk. "Their fairest youths (says Curtius) were sent in herds to Susa for service as eunuchs; their fairest maidens dragged away to the harems of the King and his grandees."

But the stricken isle recovered even from this crushing blow, as is clear from the important part she plays in the great struggle between Athens and Sparta, now on this side, now on that, as the people or the nobles prevail. For long she was the right hand of Athens. In a comedy, whose chorus is composed of the allied cities, Eupolis praises her: "The fair city Chios—warships, hoplites, every-

* An interesting datum for the history of Greek education. Compare Thucydides' story of the butchery of schoolboys at Mycalessus in Boeotia by some wild Thracians, who had been dismissed by the Athenians as undesirable allies: "They even fell upon a boys' school, the largest in the place, which the children had just entered, and massacred them every one." (*Thuc.* vii, 29.)

† The Greek word is σαγινεύω from the noun σαγίνη, Latin *segina*, our (Norman) *seine*.

thing you ask she sends you. She is a steed that requires no spur." And in the *Birds* of Aristophanes (878 ff.) the Priest prays the gods to "grant health and wealth to the city of the Birds and that of the Chians"; to which Peisthetairos responds: "I love to see the Chians everywhere." In fact, Chios now, like Plataea at an earlier day, was regularly coupled with Athens in the public prayers. This happy relation lasts until Athens is staggering under the great Sicilian disaster, when the Chian aristocracy call in Sparta and Alkibiades and so inaugurate three or four generations of civil war with slave revolts and all the ills the Greek body politic was ever heir to. It was the old struggle of the Masses and the Classes. Where Athens led, Sparta drove: Lysander's heel was on poor Chios' neck. Says Isokrates (*de Pace*, 98), doubtless speaking as an eye-witness: "Terror reigned in Chios . . . ; domination was without measure, personal vengeance without rein; Chios lost her foremost citizens, for Sparta struck down even the nobility."

Where now the wealth and luxury, on which Thucydides dwells; where that "navigable river of Chian wine," of which Lucian—doubtless with the great century in mind—speaks in his True History? No doubt the Chian jug, with which, after a dramatic victory at Athens, Ion of Chios presented each Athenian citizen, was full of that river—which, as we have seen, may have done "not a little to elevate the genius of a Poet" greater than he. Here on the spot one recalls a dinner given by the Athenian *proxenos* to his friend Sophokles, when the poet was sailing as General to Lesbos; and one could wish that Ion, who was in the company, had given us a

fuller report of the table-talk. It must have been the cold season, for the poet-militant's couch was near the fire—a rare luxury even in winter in a Greek house ancient or modern. To somebody's banter—it may have been Ion's—the Athenian guest remarks that he is "practising generalship, because Perikles had said that he was a better poet than general." The Chian *presbytikon*, known to us from local inscriptions, might well have crowned the general as well as the poet.

*III. Roman and Byzantine Chios.**

Stripped of her old prosperity, the ill-starred isle passes from hand to hand with a dozen revolutions in a century—a ship without pilot or compass or course—until the strong arm of Rome brings order in the Aegean. Chios promptly casts in her lot with the new Power; and her fidelity to Rome is not less steadfast than had been her fealty to Athens. And again her good faith costs her dear. Mithradates' general, Zenobius, masters the island, corrals the citizens in their theatre, demands and receives two thousand talents as indemnity for their Roman steadfastness, and then (on pretext of a trifling shortage) deports the whole population to the Pontus and replaces them with the people thus dispossessed. He frees the slaves and enslaves the masters; and, to embitter the vicissitude, he gives each master to

* In this and the following sections, I have drawn freely on M. Fustel de Coulanges' *"L' Ile de Chio."* The well-known author of "The Ancient City" was in his youth a member of the French School at Athens, and spent a year in the island of which he has given us a very searching and comprehensive study. It is now accessible in his *Questions Historiques* (Hachette).

one of his former slaves. But Sulla presently restores the Chiots to their own and consoles them further with autonomy and the proud title of Friend of the Roman People. That Charter may be read to this day in an inscription at Chios: "The Chiots shall continue to enjoy their language and customs and procedure, as before their alliance with the Romans. They shall be subject to no jurisdiction of any magistrate of the Republic; and the Romans, who inhabit the island, shall obey its laws." Down to the reign of Vespasian Chios retained her freedom; and Pliny refers to her as a "free city."

Notwithstanding her statues and temples to the god-Cæsars, Chios was an early outpost of Christianity. The Chians took the new religion, as they had taken the older ones, with due ceremony. They built churches without number; they adopted saints by the legion and each must have his chapel; they reared monasteries to enshrine miraculous images. The old Greeks built temples for fetishes fallen from heaven; and the Christian Greeks yielded not a whit to their pagan forebears in their reverence for these celestial *sebasmata.* One of their monasteries of miraculous origin still exists; and, after our pilgrimage thither, its story (for which I am chiefly indebted to M. de Coulanges) is well worth telling.

The Nea Monê (New Cloister) might rather be called the Cloister of the Burning Bush. For, as the story goes, in the reign of Michael the Paphlagonian (*circa* 1035 A.D.), there dwelt in Chios three shepherds, named Niketas, John and Joseph. They had retired to a cavern on Mt. Probation and there passed their lives in meditation. One night the three hermits perceived a fire blazing at the foot

of the mountain. They went down and the flame disappeared; but in the midst of a wide space, where it had consumed the trees and plants, one myrtle stood untouched, still green and flourishing. On examination they found at its roots an image of the Virgin, which the flames had spared. They reverently carried it to their hermitage; but presently the image of itself returned to the myrtle and resumed its old place. Thus the hermits knew that the Mother of God required the building of a sanctuary on that spot.

God had wrought his miracle; it remained for human hands to do the rest. At the psychological moment it chanced that Constantine Monomachus, who was suspected of aspiring to the Byzantine throne and the hand of the Empress Zoë, was for that reason living in exile at Lesbos. To him, then, the three hermits repair with a revelation that he is to be raised to the throne and have his heart's desire; and they secure in return his promise to build their church. Presently, the now twice-widowed Zoë gives the exiled adventurer her hand and shares with him her throne; and the new Emperor redeems his promise. Thus three simple peasants succeed in establishing the chief monastery of Chios and one of the greatest in the Empire. It is the orthodox way: the miraculous image must be housed and so the shrine comes into being. Such foundations of the Virgin Revealed (Panagia Phaneromenê) are scattered up and down the Greek world; for example, the Monastery on Salamis and the Evangelistria at Tenos (see Chapter xiii).

The Cloister thus founded grew rich and great. The name of the Virgin, the miracle, the security

(for it was a stronghold as well as a sanctuary), the troublous times—all lured men to enter it. And the Imperial Charter invested it with an unique autonomy: "We will that the Monastery govern itself, without being subject to any other power; that it have but one master, its Abbot; that it be free of all authority, imperial, judicial, or ecclesiastic; that it be independent and sovereign. No judge shall have jurisdiction neither over the Monks nor over the people belonging to them." That goes beyond the Roman Charter of the Island. Nea Mone formed a little State and a little Church; no Bishop had any authority there. The Monks chose their own Superior for a two-years term; and he was at once their spiritual and temporal head, exercising a jurisdiction uncontrolled. No tax-gatherer entered their gates. While the islanders outside their walls were subject to the head-tax, the air-tax, and the hearth-tax, as well as the ordinary tax, Nea Mone not only escaped these burdens, but actually enjoyed the customs dues of the isle. It owned one-fifth of all the land and numbered at one time five hundred monks; and, to secure labour on their holdings, all the Jews of the island were made their serfs. No stranger could sleep in the Cloister; no woman could enter its gates. At our visit, the garrison being off-guard, my wife walked in with me; but she was promptly, though politely, dismissed. And for luncheon and siesta we were both relegated to the ξενών, or guest-quarters outside the walls. This ξενών is an interesting survival in Greek homes, which were always exclusive; but it is in striking contrast with the open house kept by many a Greek monastery in lieu of other hostelries.

The singular sacred monopoly could not last. The Genoese deprived them of the *douanes;* the Turk stripped them of their Imperial privileges. But the death-blow came with the destruction of their feudal system. To the Turk all *Giaours* were alike; and this new-fangled equality ruined Nea Mone. For want of serfs, the monks had to till their own fields—to eat their bread in the sweat of their own brows. Tournefort found the five hundred monks reduced to a hundred and fifty; and by the middle of last century Fustel de Coulanges could count only sixty-five. We found the place almost a solitude, but the brethren were afield and we could take no census. The old common life, the Refectory with the long table for all the brethren, is closed; and now it is every monk for himself. Community, strictly speaking, there is none; every monk has his own field, his own lodging, his own table; he works for himself and consumes the fruits of his labour in his own way. No novitiate is required: buy a monastery field and you are a monk. It is a life-estate, reverting to the monastery at the purchaser's death. It is thus the land that makes the monk: Nea Mone is a large landholder and the monks are the farmers. But this is anticipating later chapters of the island history, which will recall us to this secluded spot.

IV. Genoese Chios.

"The Turks (says Tournefort) used to call this Island Little Rome." And well they might; for nowhere in the Aegean did the Latin stock and the Roman Church enjoy a more sovereign sway. From

the middle of the fourteenth century (or, to be exact, from A.D. 1346) when the Genoese Admiral, Simone Vignosi, with a fleet of thirty odd galleys, wrested the isle from the grip of the decadent Greek empire, until 1566 when the Turk in his turn finally dispossessed the Latins, Chios was the property and under the government of a joint-stock company—Genoese merchants anticipating here in a small way what the East India Company was to do later on an imperial scale. The story of this singular régime is told at large by Fustel de Coulanges in his early work on Chios, upon which the following account is mainly based.

The thirty-two galleys employed in Vignosi's conquest had been equipped and supported by the advances of as many individuals; and, when the work was done, these persons demanded reimbursement. The Republic estimated their claim at 300,000 livres; but, the Treasury being empty, it deferred payment for twenty years with the island revenues as security. The twenty years passed; the Republic was still poor; and, unable to pay its creditors, it left the isle in their hands. This novel property was divided by its proprietors into shares negotiable, like ordinary stocks. The *albergo* of Justiniani migrated well nigh in a body to Chios and by purchase or inheritance got possession of the entire stock. Their company took the name of *Maona*, an Italian word which formerly designated at Genoa (as it still does at Florence) a corporation for farming the revenue. The sovereignty of the isle still belonged to the Republic, but its revenues to the Maona. Genoa sent out annually a *podestat* to represent her sovereignty; but the Maona levied

and collected the taxes, of which they devoted about a third to public uses and put the rest in their own pockets. The island was divided into three Cantons, each administered by a member of the family; and this governor bore the old Greek title of *Logariastês*, indicating the purely fiscal functions in which it originated. The Maona was an aristocracy based on birth and wealth together; and, while the Republic conserved the empty honours of sovereignty, the shareholders enjoyed all the power and profits of it.

For Chios it was a hard rule but a good discipline. The Genoese came, as they considered, into an enemy's country. They would not mix with the Greeks; they remained Italian. They had kept their houses and lands in Italy; their names were still enrolled in the Golden Book of the nobility; and they had stipulated from the start to remain citizens of Genoa. They often shared in the Government of the Republic; many of them became Magistrates at Genoa or Cardinals at Rome. They took their wives from Genoa and they educated their children there. Chios was a convenience, not a continuing city, to them. Under earlier dominations Chios had preserved her municipal institutions; even under the Turk she was to resume them. She was used to seeing in the rule that came nearest her daily life the rule of her own kind. But the Genoese excluded the Greek from any part, even the humblest, in his own government. Without overtaxing him, the Maona outraged his free spirit by taxing him mainly to fill its own coffers. It made a monopoly of his one precious harvest, the mastic gum; it made it a capital crime to sell or to keep the least quantity of

it; to cut down a mastic tree was as deadly a sin as uprooting the sacred olive. But even harder to bear was the humiliation of the Orthodox Church: four times a year, at the great festivals, the Greek clergy and people were compelled to pray for the Pope, the Emperor, the Republic of Genoa, and the Justiniani family. Roman churches and monasteries —Dominican, Franciscan, Capuchin, Jesuit—rose in the city; and an Inquisitor of the Holy Office had his residence there. No wonder the Chiots came to prefer the Turban to the Red Hat.

But, if the Genoese oppressed the Greek race and religion in Chios, they were an object lesson in thrift and enterprise from which the Chiot was not slow to profit. With sagacity enough to exploit the island without exhausting it, they built a city with much of the solidity and symmetry of their own Genoa; they improved the harbour and made it the most frequented port in the East, netting by the end of the fifteenth century revenues of 300,000 ducats a year and keeping the "open door" even for hated Venice; they made Vrontado a ship-building centre, and to this day Chiot captains use Italian words of command;* they built even their villages on Genoese lines, with straight paved streets and two- or three-storey houses, often of dressed stone; they built round watch-towers on hill-tops all round the island for security against pirates; they constructed aqueducts, so essential in an island whose streams are dry six months in the year; and they introduced

* The greatest of Genoese navigators may have had to do with this development; for, according to Humboldt, young Christopher Columbus took part in an expedition of four Genoese ships to assist Chios against the Turk in 1477.

silk culture, the principal source of Chios' subsequent prosperity. The Chiots, impoverished and abased under Byzantine rule, thus learned lessons of order and energy under the Genoese, which stood them in good stead, when the indolent Turk came to give them a new chance.

V. Chios under the Turk.

For the Turk does not compete in enterprise and industry with his subjects and he treats with contemptuous toleration their local institutions. Under his rule, with all its barbarity, the Greeks enjoyed their ancient municipal government in their little communes; and, with no enterprising masters to forestall them, the Chiots now resumed their ancient commercial character. From the Turkish occupation of the island in 1566—for, by paying tribute to the Porte, the Maona had held on to it for more than a century after the capture of Constantinople—the Chiots began a career of active prosperity that went on unchecked until the Greek Revolution involved them in ruin. In 1800, according to a French traveller, their silk manufactures exceeded those of Aleppo, Damascus and Broussa, and equalled those of Lyons. They employed eight to ten thousand hands and brought into the island six million francs a year. The French Revolution and the Napoleonic Wars had thrown the commerce of the Mediterranean into their hands; and wealth poured in like a dream. This wealth they used, first of all, to purchase further liberties; next, to build churches (two hundred of them in half a century) and a hospital for two hundred patients

with a hospice attached for the aged and infirm, orphans, paupers and strangers, and gratuitous lodgings for poor travellers. This hospital, built largely by free-will offerings from Chiots abroad, is said to have saved the island from pestilence again and again and so to have repaid commerce for its benefactions. Then, having made her fortune, Chios turned to science, letters, arts; for from time immemorial the ruling passion of the Greek is culture. In 1701 Tournefort found in the isle but three Chiots who knew ancient Greek; eighty years later, or a full half century before Athens had a University, Chios founded a High School, in which twenty professors taught ancient Greek, history, rhetoric, philosophy, mathematics, physics, chemistry, French, Turkish, music, drawing. Youth flocked from all parts of Greece and even from Constantinople to enjoy the large and liberal instruction of this little university; and in 1818 it numbered 700 pupils. All the courses were gratuitous even to strangers, the little community defraying all expenses. Both curriculum and instruction followed French models, with which the professors were required to have familiarized themselves in France; they translated the best French works in mathematics, physics, and chemistry; and their best pupils were sent to Paris to finish their studies at the public expense.* No wonder they finally offered their island to France or that their

* Chios still *bildet sein Leute*. I saw excellent work doing in her Gymnasium and Girls' High School; and Dr. Zolotas, after twenty years' service as Headmaster, had just been granted a two years' leave of absence on full pay to write the history of the Island. He has since died with his task unfinished.

living patron saint, Koraës, urged the election of Lafayette to the presidency of Greece. Thanks to the same sage spirit, the first Public Library in Greece was established at Chios; in 1819 it contained 30,000 volumes and it grew steadily until the storm burst in 1822. To his initiative also Chios owed her printing press, likewise unique in the East.

Withal they had transformed rugged Chios into the Garden of the Aegean. The plain about the city was dotted with luxurious country-seats—ample stone mansions set in a very forest of gardens and orchards. The Chiots were passionately fond of their gardens; and sailors used to say that in May the whole island and the adjacent sea even to the mainland were balmy with the fragrance of orange blossoms. To this day, after all the rack and ruin of war and earthquake and killing frost, some of their garden houses still bear witness to the old-time affluence.

Such was Chios, when the standard of Revolt was raised in Greece in 1821; and with her advanced institutions—schools, library, press—she might have been looked to as predestined leader in the War of Independence. But that was not in the Chiot character. That character was pre-eminently pacific and practical. Unlike the generality of Greeks, the Chiots were patient, far-sighted, always wide awake to the main chance. Through the ages they had made the best of every new master, trimmed their sails to every breeze, found their account in every vicissitude. In other words, they were merchants. "It takes seven Genoese to make a Jew and seven Jews to make a Chiot"—so runs an old proverb in the Levant; and proverbs have usually a kernel of

truth. But with them prudence was no mean virtue. Finlay, a stern critic of the Greeks, says that "the superior moral character of the Chiots was acknowledged throughout the Levant"; and he finds the key to this moral superiority in their family training. Naturally, this pacific, practical, long-headed people did not go to seek trouble; they took no part in the Revolt. They gave all possible guarantees—money, arms, hostages. When the Samians made their uninvited and ill-advised attempt to raise the island, the Demogeronts, the archbishop and sixty-eight leading citizens offered themselves as hostages for their countrymen's good behaviour. The British Ambassador to the Porte was assured by the Reis Effendi that "seventy of the most respectable Inhabitants of Scio . . . had been so far from joining the Insurgents that they had voluntarily shut themselves up in the Fortress with the Turkish Garrison, and had resolved to share its fate—and that the Musselim, or late Commandant of Scio, had just arrived here and had borne the highest testimony to the loyalty of all the Persons of rank and property in the Island." * Yet on the 25th May His Lordship has to report that "all the Hostages (with the exception of Five Catholics) who were confined in the Castle of Scio, have been put to death."

The Butchery of Chios is an oft-told tale; but the horror of it is still to be adequately portrayed. My friend Bikelas has told something of the awful story in his *Loukês Laras*; but no pen can picture "that indescribable enormity (as Gladstone has characterized it) from which human nature shrinks

* Lord Strangford's despatch, No. 43, of 10th April, 1822.

shuddering away." Dr. Howe, in his "History of the Greek Revolution," speaks of it as "a tragedy to which modern history affords no parallel"; and Gordon declares that there is "not in modern annals so frightful an example of the horrors of war." If I attempt to rehearse the grim story here, I may plead two things in justification. First, *lest we forget*. One would think that Chios had bought her liberty at a great price then; but ninety years have passed and, after a brief taste of deliverance, Christian Europe is now to decide whether she shall be remanded to the clutch of the Turk. Second, access to contemporary sources not previously utilized. Through the good offices of Mr. John Murray and the courtesy of Sir Eyre Crowe, I have had the privilege of reading and transcribing the despatches of Viscount Strangford, then British Ambassador at the Porte, so far as they have to do with the affairs of Chios. These despatches constitute a diplomatic history of the event as the facts reached the Turkish capital and impressed a mind at once far-seeing and humane. Lord Strangford was anything but a Philhellene and he no doubt detested the Revolution personally as well as officially. He denounces not only the Russian agents but "the celebrated M. Koray, who employs his powerful abilities in encouraging his Countrymen to persist in their revolt by assuring them of the present sympathy and future support of the French Nation." And he accepts statements, evidently on Turkish authority, that history has not borne out—for example, the story of the four hostages whose perfidy is alleged as the cause of the slaughter of their seventy innocent colleagues. His estimate of

individual character, too,—witness his marked partiality for the Captain Pasha—is not shared by the historians. But to the story.

For a full year after the Greeks raised the standard of revolt, Chios pursued her peaceful course. Then in March, 1822, a hare-brained Samiot, Lykourgos Logothetes, supported by a Chiot adventurer, Vournias, made a descent upon the island. It was not a Chian revolt but a Samian invasion. They had come not to liberate, but to plunder. Once masters, they had turned out the Demogeronts, set up an Insurgent Commission, and made themselves Governors. For the unhappy islanders it was a reign of terror, worse than the old rule of the Turk. Failing to take the Castle, despite his summons to surrender signed in blood, the swaggering Samiot fled leaving the poor Chiots to pay the fearful penalty of his wild adventure. For meantime (April 11) an Ottoman squadron under the Captain Pasha, Kara Ali, had appeared in the straits, taken up fifteen thousand wild Asiatics from their rendezvous at Cheshmé, and flung them upon the island. They stormed the town, putting to the sword more than nine thousand persons of every age and sex; and the carnage ceased only when cupidity asserted its claims. The surviving women and children were herded together until they could be carried to the slave-markets of the East. Three thousand people had taken refuge in the Monastery of Hagios Minas on the hills, five miles south of the city. "The Turks (says Finlay) surrounded the building and summoned them to surrender. The men had little hope of escaping death. The women and children were sure of being sold as slaves. Though they had

no military leader, and were unable to take effectual measures for defending the monastery, they refused to lay down their arms. The Turks carried the building by storm, and put all within to the sword." A grim story in cold type; how much more grim as one reads it (as we did) in the great heap of skulls upon the spot—sole monument of that awful day. In the lofty and secluded monastery of Nea Mone, six miles west of the town, we had another object lesson in this sad history. There two thousand more had sought asylum; and the Turks stormed this sacred stronghold also. "A number of the helpless inmates had shut themselves up in the church. The doors were forced open; and the Turks, after slaughtering even the women on their knees at prayer, set fire to the screen of paintings in the church and to the woodwork and roofs of the other buildings in the monastery and left the Christians who were not already slain to perish in the conflagration" (Finlay). And Gordon declares that "even the inmates of the hospitals, the mad-house, and the deaf and dumb institution were inhumanly slaughtered. For upwards of a month (he adds) 30,000 ferocious Turks roamed about the country, hunting down miserable fugitives . . . A populous city, forty-six flourishing villages, and many splendid convents reduced to ashes attested the fierceness of Mahometan revenge; and it was calculated at the end of May that 25,000 Chians had fallen by the edge of the sword and 45,000 had been dragged into slavery—among the latter the females and children of the best families." Thus the historian, who was himself a soldier of the Revolution; and we may well check the partisan with the

diplomat. Lord Strangford (in his No. 55 under date of April 26th) writes:

"The Turkish Expedition against Scio has been successful . . . I have the honour to enclose a Translation of the Placard which accompanied the exhibition of *Heads*, Standards, and other Trophies sent to the Porte by Vahid Pasha, Governor of Scio." And again (No. 66 of May 10th): "The horrors of civil war were never more fearfully displayed than at Scio. The fury of the Turkish Troops was not to be restrained, and the greater part of that delightful Island, and all its flourishing and interesting establishments, have been converted into a scene of most unhappy desolation. The Villages producing the Mastic Gum (a great source of the Imperial Revenue) have alone been spared."

Further (No. 73 of May 25th): "The transactions at Scio appear to have been of a most horrible description, and the ferocity of the Turks to have been carried to a pitch which makes humanity shudder. The whole of the Island, with the exception of the Twenty Four Mastic Villages, presents one mass of ruin. The unfortunate Inhabitants have paid with their lives the price of their ill-advised rebellion. The only persons, who have been spared, are the women and children who have been sold as slaves. Hundreds of these were daily arriving at Smyrna at the date of my last letters from that place, and some ship-loads of these unhappy victims reached this place during the last week. All the Hostages (with the exception of Five Catholics), who were confined in the Castle of Scio, have been put to death. It seems that Four of these men were sent by the Turkish Commander with an offer of Pardon to such as should lay down their arms. Instead of executing their Commission, they joined the Insurgents and, availing themselves of the

knowledge acquired during their residence in the Castle, were the leaders of the attack upon it. The fury of the Garrison was not to be restrained and the remainder of the Hostages were instantly hanged." *

But terror breeds terror. However humane in intent the Captain Pasha—and Lord Strangford gives him unstinted praise for his generous humanity in seeking to "check the cruelty of the Turkish Troops" and in actually redeeming "with his own money a vast number of the wretched women and children whom the Troops had sold as slaves"—he was the chief victim of the retribution. 'That most unwelcome and disastrous intelligence,' as the Ambassador characterizes it, is reported in his despatch of June 26th.

"On Wednesday night last the Greeks attacked the Captain Pasha's Vessel (a Three Decker) and Two other Ships of the Line with their Fire-Ships. The Crews of the Two smaller vessels of the Line succeeded in extinguishing the flames, but the

* In another despatch (No. 74 of same date) he reports the execution at Constantinople of twenty-nine poor Greeks from the Morea, and adds: "But the most tragic occurrence took place on the Eighteenth when, in spite of the assurances so often given to me by the Porte that she considered these unhappy men as perfectly innocent and that no offence could be alleged against them, the Ten Sciot Hostages were publicly beheaded. They were all persons of good repute, great connections in Trade, particularly with the English Merchants, and of large and honourably acquired fortunes." Six of these victims, as stated by a Member of Parliament, were impaled alive. (See *Times* editorial of July 2, 1822.) The *Times* of June 26 has a vigorous denunciation of "those horrible transactions which find no parallel in contemporary barbarism and which it would require the strongest historical evidence to support as a real occurrence of the most savage age."

Admiral's Ship was blown up and the Captain-Pasha perished together with all his Officers and Crew. The body of the Captain-Pasha was picked up floating on the sea and was interred at Scio on the following day."

The scene of this terrible exploit was at the narrowest part of the channel off Cheshmé, the very port from which the wild hordes of Asiatics had been launched upon the island. The fact accentuates the poetic justice of the retribution, of which Finlay has given this vivid account:

"On the 18th of June, the last day of Ramazan, in the year 1822, a number of the principal officers of the Ottoman fleet assembled on board the ship of the capitan-pasha to celebrate the feast of Bairam. The night was dark, but the whole Turkish fleet was illuminated for the festival. Two Greek ships, which had been hugging the land during the day, as if baffled by the wind in endeavouring to enter the Gulf of Smyrna, changed their course at dusk, when their movements could no longer be observed, and bore down into the midst of the Othoman fleet. One steered for the 80-gun ship of the Capitan-pasha, the other for the 74 of the Reala Bey. Both these ships were conspicuous in the dark night by the variegated lamps at their mast-heads and yards. The two Greeks were fire-ships. One was commanded by Constantine Kanarês, the hero of the Greek Revolution. It is superfluous to say that such a man directed his ship with skill and courage. Calmly estimating every circumstance of the moment, he ran the bowsprit into an open port, and fixed his ship alongside the Capitan-pasha, as near the bows as possible, so as to bring the flames to windward of the enemy. He then lighted the train with his own hand, stepped into the boat, where all the crew were ready at their oars, and pushed off as the flames

mounted from the deck. The sails and rigging steeped in turpentine and pitch, were immediately in a blaze, and the Turkish crews were far too much astonished at the sudden conflagration to pay any attention to a solitary boat which rowed rapidly into the shade. The flames, driven by the wind, rushed through the open ports of the lower and upper decks, and filled the great ship with fire roaring like a furnace. Those on board could only save their lives by leaping into the sea. Kara Ali jumped into one of the boats that was brought alongside to receive him; but before he could quit the side of his ship he was struck by a falling spar and carried dying to the shore." *

By this achievement and another like it in the following year, the young Psariot had risen in the popular imagination to the highest level of old Greek heroism. Poet and historian joined in his praises; the world resounded with his fame; and he lived to serve his country through a long lifetime. He died in 1877 as Prime Minister of Greece.

But his brave deed was instantly avenged upon the Chian remnant. As the British Ambassador reports (No. 104 of July 10):

"The Turks at Scio were driven to desperation on witnessing the destruction of the Captain Pasha's Ship. They immediately proceeded to wreak their vengeance upon the remainder of the Mastic Villages, which had been spared, and, notwithstanding every effort of the Governor to restrain their fury, they succeeded in destroying them, and in thus completing the calamities of that most unfortunate Island. The Inhabitants of the Villages escaped in the Hydriot and Ipsariot Cruizers."

* *History of Greece*, vi, 258 f.

Thus the drag-net had again swept Chios clean; and on the 25th July Lord Strangford writes:

"It is evident from the vast numbers of Asiatic Turks, who are pouring into Scio, that it is the intention of the Porte to replace the Greek population, which has been banished or destroyed, by Mussulman Settlers."

But a fortnight later the Turk had thought better of it; and the Ambassador reports (No. 122 of August 10th):

"A Firman has been sent to Scio ordering the remnant of the Inhabitants to be considered as free—to resume the peaceable possession of their estates—and to look upon themselves as under the special protection of the Sultan. To this is added an offer of Amnesty to all those who have fled from the Island and who shall return to it. This act of clemency, or of repentance, comes too late; Scio is a desert, and many years must elapse before it can hope to recover even a portion of its former prosperity."

A week later (17th August) the Viscount had the satisfaction of communicating to the Porte the despatch of Lord Londonderry, expressing the King's grief and the horror and disgust of the British Nation in view of the bloody scenes enacted in Chios and on the Bosphorus, and especially the atrocious execution of the innocent hostages. In this despatch the Foreign Secretary writes:

"Your Excellency must leave no effort untried to awaken the Porte to a just sense of the fatal consequences of such scenes, perpetrated in the midst of their Capital and under the very eyes of the Representatives of civilised Nations. By a repetition of such deeds of blood, they will not only render all pacifick arrangements impossible, but they will leave

to friendly and allied states no other alternative but to withdraw their Missions from being, as might seem, the approving witnesses of transactions for which no human offences can furnish a pretext, much less a justification, and which, if repeated, must stamp the Councils of the State that tolerates them with the reproach of the most ferocious and hateful Barbarism." The instruction was carried out *con amore* and without any diplomatic delicacy; and, in his acknowledgement, Lord Strangford avows the pride he feels "in reflecting that the only Government, which has hitherto branded the transactions at Scio with the indignant and fearless expression of its abhorrence, is that of Great Britain."

I have drawn freely on this correspondence not only as a contribution to history but even more for its bearing on the situation in the Aegean to-day. *Lest we forget*! The Turk, encamped in Europe these four hundred years and more, is Asiatic and Barbarian still. His Holy Law makes him the sworn foe of Christendom and so renders him "incapable of being received into the European fellowship." He may have had hammered into him at last some wholesome fear of Europe; the Young Turk may have taken on a varnish of European culture; the Empire may have produced individuals as wise and humane as Kara Ali seemed to Lord Strangford or Kiamil Pasha to some diplomats of our own day. But, for all that, his rule, wherever he has free hand, is savagery sharpened by fanaticism: witness Adana, Armenia, Bulgaria. The Turkish vengeance is still all that Gladstone declared it in the case of Chios—'that indescribable enormity from which human nature shrinks shuddering away.' It still bears out the picture of that grim desolation

limned by another English statesman (Richard Cobden, who visited Chios fifteen years after the event): "Fire, sword, and the still more deadly passions of lust and fanaticism ravaged the island for three months. Of one hundred thousand inhabitants, not five thousand were left alive upon the island. Forty thousand of both sexes were sold into slavery; and the harems of Turkey, Asia, and Africa are still filled with the victims." It justifies feature by feature the dreadful details given by M. de Coulanges, who spent a year in research on the island (1854-5) and found it a desolation still: it seemed the massacre and ruin were of yesterday.

"If you pass through a village, they show you the window of a house and tell you: 'There the owner was hung.' In this other house a whole family was burnt alive. You see here and there immense heaps of human heads; there the heads of a whole village have been brought to the Turkish Aga. Each family has its story to tell you. I have met a woman, who had seen her husband butchered before her eyes; she and her five children had been scattered as slaves in Turkish lands; on recovering her freedom at the end of seven years, she had scoured the Empire in search of her children, found four of them, and with them returned to make a home again in the native isle. Every person over thirty-two years of age one meets at Chios to-day has been a slave and seen a father butchered . . . . All the houses in the city and nearly all of those in the villages were demolished by fire or pickaxe—not in passion, but in cold blood, house by house, at leisure and with a patient cruelty." *

* If some of these details seem incredible, let me give official vouchers in kind. "On the First Inst. (writes Lord Strangford under date of August 10) Four Sacks of Ears and Eight

Whatever be the outcome of the war still waging, it is high time that Europe affirm as a finality what the *Times* ninety years ago declared as its belief, 'that Turk and Greek could never again resume their old relation of tyrant and slave.' Without the little Greek fleet in the Aegean the Allies could never have fought their way to the last outpost of the Turkish capital in three weeks; and that service alone entitles Greece to large consideration. No part of her claim is more just and necessary than that to the islands. That not so much for the Kingdom's sake, as for the Islanders themselves. To leave them now to a new vengeance of the Turk would be a hideous crime—a crime against civilization. And among all "the Isles of Greece," none has bought her freedom at so great a price as Chios. She cannot be abandoned now if Christendom has any sense of justice or of shame.

"It is not as conquerors we claim the islands (says the Greek Premier, who now stands among the foremost European statesmen), but as liberators. Greece is not trying to sequestrate the possessions of others. She is not seeking to reduce alien populations to submission. She is only trying to regain her own children and to restore them to their proper place as part and parcel of Hellenic rule and civilization. The islands have been Greek since the dawn of history. They have remained Greek for more than four centuries, even though they were involved in the conquest and fall of Constantinople

Standards were brought to the Porte—the trophies of a victory gained by Horshid Pasha in person over the Insurgents [in Greece]. Another abundant collection of Ears and Heads reached this place on the Third Inst., sent by Raouf Mehemmed Pasha, Commander in Chief against the Persians, on the side of Erzrum."

and have long been subject to Turkey. The purest Greek in all Greater Greece is spoken in the islands. The sentiment of the islands has never been anything but Hellenic. Their religion is Greek . . . . Greece asks only for that which ethnically belongs to her. She is a liberator, not a conqueror." *

M. Venizelos' plea is pre-eminently true in respect to Chios. She has not only maintained her pure Greek blood, language, and faith through tribulations unspeakable; but she led the way (as we have seen) in the renaissance of the Greek race. She may claim as her son the great Koraës, who has been fitly called the Luther of Modern Greece; and all that he accomplished in the revival of Greek letters was due in large measure to the munificent support of Chian wealth. Another of her sons was the late Andreas Syngros, the greatest of the modern Greek *euergetae*, of whose almost imperial benefactions to the mother country and especially to Athens, I have spoken elsewhere (see Chapter xix).

Indeed, if Chios is not to find redemption in the Councils of Europe, she should find it through the purchase of her sons. Says the French writer, already quoted: "Chios is in ruins, but the Chiots are richer than ever." Not at home, but abroad. Those who escaped the massacre or were delivered from slavery founded a new Chios at Syra and by their enterprise made that place the commercial centre of the Aegean. Others established themselves at Trieste (which is largely their creation and almost a Greek city), Genoa, Marseilles, Paris, London and Liverpool, New York, even at Bombay.

* Interview in the *Paris Herald*, Dec. 24, 1912.

With restored peace, they recovered their commercial primacy even at Constantinople (where their leading men had been barbarously beheaded or impaled), and so at Smyrna, Alexandria, Cairo. Wherever one finds a wealthy Greek banker or importer, in nine cases out of ten he finds a Chiot. Not necessarily by birth, but by family: I met one the other day, whose grandfather as a child escaped the Great Butchery and who has himself never set foot upon the island. But he is a Chiot, as are all the other Rodocanachis and Rallis who are known and rated "A1" on every Exchange in the civilized world.

Why may they not ransom Chios from the clutches of the bankrupt Turk? Genoa pawned the island; let her sons redeem her. It is a year of Fate; for Chian vicissitudes appear to revolve in thirty-year cycles. The year 1822 saw the Great Butchery; 1851, the Great Frost, which destroyed all the fruit trees on the island, that is to say, its whole productive capital; 1881, the Great Earthquake, which levelled fourteen thousand houses and killed over five thousand people. It would seem the cycle of destruction must have come full circle; and, now that another thirty years have rolled round, we would fain hope to see a new era of liberation and regeneration in a happy Hellenic State.

CHAPTER XXVII.

An Ithacan Pilgrimage (1899).

I. Winning to Ithaca.

Gentle reader, lovest thou the Poet? And durst thou nibble the lotus and for one brief hour forget the strenuous life? Then are these pages for thee. But an thou seek ponderable substance to set down in thy ledger, pass on.

Not that Ithaca is an easy conquest. Rather, hath she been ever stern and shy. Her prince found it easier to take Troy than to win back home again; and, of the hundred and eight gentlemen who laid joint siege to his lady's heart meantime, not one got off alive. And to this day the way thither is straight and lonely, too. Of a thousand visitors in Greece, hardly shall you find one that has travelled it. Yet what multitudes the wide world over, wherever the poet has been thumbed, have turned wistful eyes that way!

For ten round years my face had been set thither—only to be baffled. More than once I had sought convoy of the Phaeacians, but had they not ever before their eyes that ship once turned to stone for taking an Ithacan fare? Thrice had I grazed her storied shores, and caught midnight glimpses of her ghostly hills. Once I had journeyed half way

from Athens to Ithaca—only to be drifted to Egypt, instead. And, after all, I found the actual journey as short and sweet as Odysseus' own. To be sure, there was no royal Phaeacian send-off, nor sentient self-steering Phaeacian bark to bear me over the wet ways; but Odysseus might have envied me my escort—as fine a quartette of young scholars as Cambridge and Harvard and Brown and Cornell could muster. And as I put these notes together it is with a sad regret that the brilliant young Brunonian—serene star of that little company, whose intelligence and sympathy embraced all the ideal past and all the homely present—should not have been spared to tell the story of that pilgrimage.*

But all the auspices were good as we drove down the way of the Long Walls to Piraeus and boarded the trim little *Pylaros*, already under full steam—a motive power never dreamt of in Phaeacian philosophy. I would not go as far as one of our company in declaring the *Pylaros* the only decent boat that sails in Greek waters; but she made us very comfortable. More than that. She left on time; she arrived on time; she returned on time. It was flying in the face of the Greek golden rule—never to do to-day what can be put off till to-morrow.

But we could not complain. We were too glad to be afloat all that bright December day on those enchanted waters, close under the rugged shores of Salamis and the Skironian Rocks, steaming slowly through the Canal, which has at last made "Pelops'

* James Tucker, jr., Fellow of the American School at Athens, lost his life while bathing in the Nile at Luxor a few months later.

To face p. 342.

ITHACA : VATHY (PHORKYS HAVEN)

shining isle" an isle in fact, and then—but I must leave that picture to an artist's eye and a poet's hand. "A breeze had been following us up the Saronic Gulf, but when we steamed into the Gulf of Corinth it was like bursting into a sea of glass. The water lay in that trance which the warm southern noon sheds upon all creation, animate and inanimate alike. The unruffled surface of the deep gleamed with innumerable shades of blue and gold and pink like the heart of a great opal. A breathless stillness held the crinkled rocky shores enthralled as by a magic spell, and the huge snow-mantled bulks of the higher mountains swam in crystalline depths of air . . Parnassus seemed to rise sheer from the sea, and his long line of peaks stood like a snowy coronet against the turquoise blue of the sky. As we entered the bay of Itea, our view of this noble mountain was cut off, and we caught only one more glimpse of it from the harbour of Itea itself, when, the darkness having descended, its high forehead showed like a sheeted ghost through the dark narrow ravine of Delphi." *

Thus bidding good-night to Parnassus, we slept in peace until the cry of "Ithake" roused us at five in the morning. It was Odysseus' own time: "so when the star came up that is brightest of all, and goes ever heralding the light of early dawn, then it was that the sea-faring ship drew nigh the island." But with a difference. The day-star had not risen upon us, and Ithaca lay pitch dark, save for stray lights that twinkled here and there upon the water and at the water's edge. Thus our eyes were holden

* Mr. Tucker, in a letter, dated Athens, December 10, 1899.

as effectually as if Athene had taken the trouble to wrap us in her own supernal mist; but we fared better than Odysseus with his Olive Tree Lodging and his Naiads' Grot. We found our Haven of Phorkys (as the dawn was to declare it) girt about by a goodly town of five thousand souls, with a choice of inns. Early as it was, the market on the quay was already astir, and the butchers were dressing their goats and sheep for the day's trade. The big wine shop and billiard room in one, behind the market, was also waking up; and the landing was alive with boatmen and porters.

A squad of these took possession of us, bag and baggage, and marched us up the Marina to the principal hotel. It looked disconsolate enough in the drizzling dawn, but the sign read *Xenodocheion Odysseus*, and for the name's sake we ventured. Yet we had time to chill to the marrow before our porters' knocks and shouts raised the house; and when the inn-keeper, less than half dressed and more than half asleep, at last let us in, the entertainment offered left so much to be desired that not even Odysseus' name could reconcile us to it; so we proceeded to reconnoitre the Hotel Parnassus, which the author of "The Isles and Shrines of Greece" has described so well. Alas! if the "Odysseus" had given us a chill, the "Parnassus"—as we climbed the rickety outside stairway to its sombre cells—actually shook with ague. Was there nothing else? Yes, there was the Hotel Ithaca on the street behind the Marina, and on that forlorn hope we trudged away—to find that the "Ithaca" was just the back door of the "Odysseus." But the young master of this two-faced establishment was now wide awake,

and his two back rooms with five cots promised at least quiet and rest. We turned in and a five days' sojourn convinced us that the "Odysseus-Ithaca" was the best hotel in the realm—better any way than the smithy whither that saucy jade Melantho bids long-suffering Odysseus himself move on. We probably risked our lives every time we walked the weather-worn planks that bridged the open court between the "Ithaca" where we slept, and the "Odysseus" whence we were served; but sleep we did, even without the night-bags we had found so indispensable in Crete, and our table was well supplied.

II. Phorkys Haven and the Naiads' Grot.

When we rubbed our eyes and looked about us in the grey dawn, we needed no Athene to tell us where we were. Had we been floating without chart or compass on unknown seas we could hardly have mistaken the spot. "There is in the land of Ithaca a certain haven of Phorkys, the ancient of the sea, and thereby are two headlands of sheer cliff, which slope to the sea on the haven's side; and when the strong winds blow they are a shelter from the great wave without, but within the decked ships ride unmoored, when once they have attained to that landing place. Now at the harbour's head is an olive tree with spreading leaves, and hard by is a pleasant cave and shady, sacred to the Nymphs that are called Naiads.'

I let Homer speak and call the sun to witness his fidelity to fact. In Ithaca at least the old poet's

topography is true—few blind men have ever seen so straight. There are the twin headlands guarding the narrow ingress; the deep sheltered harbour within the gulf where to this day 'large ships moor in perfect safety close to their masters' doors'; and the hill across the harbour-head is one stretch of olive woods. The sole feature not now in the visible foreground is the Naiads' grotto 'with great looms of stone whereon the nymphs weave garments of purple stain, a marvel to behold'; but fifteen minutes' walk up the glen will bring you to a great chamber in the hill-side (one hundred and sixty feet above the sea) with its side entrance for mortals and its vertical one for immortals, while wonderful stalactites depending from roof and walls readily suggest the Naiads' looms, as well as the mixing bowls and jars of stone wherein the bees store honey. I could not go with my comrades to the grotto, but their description of it tallies with many others; and all agree in finding a striking correspondence with the poet's picture. Wordsworth believes the author of the Odyssey to have visited the spot, and remarks that 'if Ithaca were set afloat like a second Delos in the sea with such a badge of cognizance as this, the description of the grotto in the Odyssey would be the best guarantee to secure its being discovered and brought again to its own home.'

Any one who has visited the great stalactite grotto on Mt. Pentelicus will realize how simple and spontaneous is the poetic suggestion. If the grotto is less conveniently placed than we could wish for stowing away Odysseus' goods, Homer is not to be denied the poet's license; and the poet, who shifts the hot and cold springs of the Scamander from Mt.

Ida to the Plain of Troy, could readily think away the quarter of an hour between the grotto and the harbour-head.

In this solitude, where the modern town of Vathy or Deephaven now stands, the Royal Tramp, after his wondrous voyage and unconscious landing, wakes and rubs his eyes. For, wrapt in Athene's mist as he was, 'all things showed strange to the lord of the land, the long paths and the sheltering havens and the steep rocks and the trees in their bloom.' So, moaning and upbraiding the authors of his fancied miscarriage, he proceeds (the ruling passion ever strong in him) to reckon up his goods that lay in a heap under the long-leaved olive tree; and lo! of the fair tripods and the caldrons and the gold and goodly woven raiment—thanks to Phaeacian honesty—naught is lacking. Yet, home-sick for his own country, he paces the shore of this gently-murmuring bay—for in the shelter of the twin headlands the poet's own πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης appears purely conventional—and makes sore lament till the solitude is broken by a spruce young shepherd's appearance on the scene. Him the wanderer hails and sues for protection, first of his goods, and then of himself. Then, of course, follows the main question: 'What land, what country, is this? What men live therein? Is it perchance some clear-seen isle, or a shore of the rich mainland that lies and leans upon the deep?'

That last is a searching question, and a direct answer would have forestalled certain painful speculations. But the reply is rather dramatic than direct; it is a word picture—to him whose eyes are still holden—of a familiar landscape. 'Not so

nameless the land (the poet does not say island, though the one ewe-lamb of Ithacan humour depends upon its being such), but full many a man doth know it . . . Verily it is rough and not fit for the driving of horses; yet is it not a very stingy soil, albeit no wide expanse. For it bears store of corn untold and wine as well, and ever the rain doth visit it and quickening dew. And it hath good graze for goats and kine; all manner of trees as well and springs that never fail. And so, *stranger*, *Ithaca's* name hath reached even unto *Troy*—which they say is far from this Achaean land.'

That dramatic climax, coupling Ithaca and Troy, must have fetched any other hero on the Homeric roll; but patient goodly Odysseus, glad as he was, could not forget his guile or forbear a Cretan yarn. And so we have that exquisite play of wits, that loving tilt between the subtlest of gods and the subtlest of Greeks, until the Phaeacian goods are safely stored; the Ithacan situation laid bare; the plot of vengeance hatched; and the lord of the isle, now all rags and wrinkles at the touch of Athene's wand, 'fares forth from the haven by the rough track up the wooded country and over the heights' to visit his old henchman and set the ball a-rolling.

III. At the Swineherd's Steading.

Staying only to look into the Hellenic School and pick up a bibulous 'cabby' with a rickety trap and a pair of sorry nags, we follow suit. At first, the road gives us a lift, and a good hour, mainly through a stretch of olive woods and vineyard, brings us to a saddle in the ridge, where we leave our carriage.

Thence we scramble by a track that no man could trace without help from above—a winding, break-neck track quite true to the Homeric epithets—up and down and up and down again until, turning a great shoulder of cliff, we find ourselves at the head of a deep glen and facing Raven Rock. It is a sheer precipice 110 feet high, not unlike a raven with its wings spread; and in a tomb-like cutting at its middle base the Arethousa spring wells up—black water, indeed, as you look down into the dark depths, but crystal clear in the light, as it overflows in a brook that tumbles down the wild glen to the sea. Here we made our nooning; and out of the tanglewood below our guides fetched us a load of the most brilliant and delicious arbutus—far beyond any I had ever met with on the Marathon or Dekeleia road; yet the bright clusters had not half the charm of the one fat acorn I picked up on the spot where Eumaeus used to water his mast-fed swine.

If the scramble hither had been trying, the climb to the upper plateau was terrific. We saw to our left across the gorge what looked like the course of a recent avalanche—a slippery red loam toboggan slide, scarcely less perpendicular than Raven Rock. But our guide maintained that it was the only way up to Eumaeus' Pastures; and so we scaled it, often on all fours, to find it in fact a stiffer climb than it looked. Yet it proved worth while. We had reached, beyond any decent doubt, the royal swine-herd's steading, if ever it was—a commanding plateau covered with ancient olives as fine as Attica's best, and rude stone sheepfolds which may have served Eumaeus for styes. There was not much life astir—only a few peasants digging; a fair girl

(who shied at Powell's camera) gathering olives; one young heifer to remind us of kine-grazing Ithaca; and more than enough dogs. The flocks were afield at this hour—on our way to Arethousa we had seen black goats wide-ranging down by the sea—though the litter of the folds attested their abundance. Swine there were none, and in fact we found but one poor black shote on the island, as if to witness the thoroughgoing work of the suitor crew.

If ever it was, I say, this should have been Eumaeus' steading. It answers point by point to Homer's picture: a place of wide outlook all around, on a mighty rock, remote from the town, at the south end of the island, and on the only road that leads or ever could have led from the little bay of St. Andreas—the first landing a ship from Pylos could make, and where Telemachos at Athene's bidding disembarked—to the city, whether that was on Mt. Aetos or at the *Polis*. Present names prove nothing, Raven Rock and Arethousa are but recent restorations of the learned; but if Ithaca be Ithaca and "the Singer of the Odyssey was absolutely familiar with its local features" (as Reisch maintains), then this is the spot hallowed for ever by the dearest scenes in the whole literature of country life.

In Odysseus' twenty years of war and wandering, the little realm of Ithaca has not stood still—at least the devoted swineherd has improved his holding. On his own account, without a word to his mistress or old Laertes, he has builded him a stone cabin, such as we see amid the olives now, and inclosed it with a wall of these rough rocks, coped with this thorny wild pear, and further guarded without by a palisade of thick-set oaken stakes. Such Eumaeus'

strong keep—with twelve styes (in lieu of towers) to shelter twelve times fifty brood swine (instead of men-at-arms); while 'the boars lay without, and their tale was three hundred and three score, and by them always watched four dogs as fierce as wild beasts, which the swineherd had bred, a master of men.'

At the moment the swine are abroad with three of the hinds, there at the foot of Raven Rock by the spring of Arethousa, crunching acorns to their hearts' content and drinking the dark water, things that lay on swine the blooming fat—while the fourth hind is driving the pick of the boars to garnish the suitors' daily feed at the palace. Thus at a still hour we catch our first glimpse of Eumaeus sitting in his humble doorway, not idly. He is cutting a good brown ox-hide and fitting sandals to his feet, when all at once the stillness is broken. For, trudging the rough track, up the wooded country and over the heights, where Athene had shown him that he should find the goodly swineherd, the long-lost master draws nigh. And the dogs, quick to divine the goddess herself, whatever form she take, but not to pierce the sorry transformation she has wrought in the lord of the land, give tongue and would tear him to pieces, but that Odysseus in his wariness sets him down and drops his staff, while Eumaeus scatters the pack with a volley of stones.

Only one can tell that story, but we can see and hear it all: the beggar's welcome by his own slave—a king's son born; the brace of sucking pigs promptly roasted on the hearth to break the poor tramp's fast; and the ivy-wood bowl of honey-sweet wine to wash them down withal—while the swineherd's loving heart runs over with reminiscence of his gentle lord

and hopeless longing for his return; the long afternoon confab, as the wily stranger reels off his second Cretan yarn, and gives his word that Odysseus shall presently come home—else "set thy thralls on me and hurl me from this high rock." We see the herds driven up the steep at eventide and penned, grunting, in their styes—all but one fat boar which is solemnly sacrificed and roasted for the stranger's cheer, whereupon "the good swineherd stands up to carve, for well he knew what was fair" (cardinal virtue in a carver), and we may be sure that not one of the seven portions lacked aught of a square meal, certainly not the portion devoutly set apart for the Nymphs and Hermes, who had blest him in his hut and in his herds, nor yet the whole chine reserved for the vagrant guest.

Such the scene whereon the swift night falls foul in the dark of the moon, and all night long Zeus rains and showery Zephyr blows strong—so like our own Ithacan nights that we yet feel the chill in our bones. How perfectly motived the after-supper tale of bivouac under Troy walls, when night came on foul with frost, and snow fell bitter cold, and ice set thick about the shield—that big convex shield which served now for shelter as it served Alkmene's twins for cradle; and of the ruse that won a warm cloak then and there, as the recital of it assures such comfort as the bleak cabin can afford, here and now. For Eumaeus takes the hint and prepares the wanderer a shakedown of sheep and goat skins by the fireside, and over him throws a great thick mantle which he kept by him for a change, when any terrible storm should arise. And then leaving him and the churls to take the boon of sleep, the good swine-

herd—who has no mind to lie here in a bed away from the boars—clad in thick mantle and shaggy goat skin, and armed with sword and spear, proceeds to make his own bed with the white-tusked boars beneath the hollow rock, in shelter from the North Wind.

But even on the spot we may not linger on these Ithacan nights of Homer—nights longer than immortal tongue can tell, affording not only time to sleep, but time to listen and be glad—as Eumaeus tells how he was kidnapped out of his royal cradle in the isle called Syriê, and limns a living picture of those old Phoenician trinket-hawkers and man-stealers, with whom commerce took its rise. Nor can we stay for the dawn, which brings Telemachus —fresh from Helen's radiant palace—to this rude lodge, as the two old men are busy getting their simple breakfast, and the churls are already afield with the swine—though the dogs are here to give the young master welcome. We feel the emotion of the old servant as he drops the wine-bowl and falls upon his young lord's neck,—kissing his head and both his beautiful eyes and both his hands, and hailing him "sweet light of my life," to be fondly greeted in turn as "Daddy." All this, while the real "daddy" in the background bides his time, humbly making way for the son whose eyes are holden, but who—true prince that he is—bids the beggar keep his seat, and contents himself with the green brushwood and a fleece thereon which Eumaeus shakes down for him. Flaxman has strangely overlooked these touching scenes, but Genelli has limned nothing in all Homeric story more genial than this Welcome of Telemachos,

which after all but ushers in a day of genial and gracious scenes—Eumaeus' errand to Penelope, Athene's coming to restore Odysseus to his prime and increase his size and bloom, the son's recognition of the sire and the plot of doom, the swineherd's return with good news, rounded to a close once more by the equal feast and the boon of sleep.

Then the dawn once more lays rosy fingers on Raven Rock and these pale-gray olives, and Telemachos is off for the town, leaving Odysseus (again in rags and wrinkles) to follow in the warm of the day and take up his rôle of public beggar in his own palace. As Eumaeus leads him on his way, after providing a stout staff for him to lean upon because the path is parlous, we may follow—for with the dear old gossips our Poet quits the Lodge.

It is a still hour, unbroken by the delving hinds or the fair girl gathering black olives, as we trudge away in the wake of the immortals, over the stony track, resting our eyes now on far-off Taygetus where radiant Helen reigns for aye, now on an old Hellenic wall by the wayside, all bright with arbute and cyclamen.

IV. Neritos and the Polis.

We too are bound for the 'city,' but break our journey to dine on a roast lamb—short commons for five of us, considering the old Ithacan breakfast ration of a brace of pigs—and sleep at our two-faced inn. It was a Homeric night, with no moon but rain to spare; yet the sky clears a bit in good time, and we are off again with the same sorry nags and the same rickety trap.

If old Ithaca had no speedways to encourage horse-breeding or driving, present Ithaca—thanks to English occupation and example—is a land of good roads. From Vathy across the island to Pissaeto, those great civilizers set an object-lesson in roadmaking, which the Ithacans have bravely followed up; and, thanks to both, the new *polis* is joined to the old by a highway, not wide indeed, but as enduring as the rock out of which it is hewn. Its first stage alongshore and over the ridge between the two havens (Vathy and Dexia), and then around the head of the Gulf of Molo, is one of the most agreeable drives in the world. The wide Gulf cuts five miles deep into the island, leaving but a very narrow neck to hold the two mountain masses together. This neck is Mt. Aetos, at whose eastern base the Gulf curves in a delicious pebbly beach, while, from the water's edge up the slope, extends a noble growth of olive, orange, lemon, fig, almond, pear, cactus, cypress and roses, with one spreading vine.

Thus far Ithaca is distinctly carriageable, and the drive enchanting; but it is when the road winds in triple loop up to the narrow saddle overlooking both seas, and then clings for miles under the very comb of Neritos, with the channel of Ithaca lying a thousand feet below, that the excursion becomes an adventure. The rocks are radiant with cyclamen, and now and then the blue iris mediates between the azure of the sea and the azure of the sky—an iris that pales by contrast any of its kind in other lands. But these rocks yield more than bloom and fragrance. Out of every crevice grows the prickly shrub laden with acorns such as nourished Eumaeus' swine in the good old times, and would do still

if swine there were in Ithaca to fatten on them. To-day the steeps of Neritos show no life but a bunch of goats tended by a boy and girl—happier pair, we may hope, than Melanthios and Melantho. We must indeed discount Gell's "thick forest of arbutus and prickly-leaved oak," which he represents as extending nearly to the mountain top; but Schliemann's keen eyes served him ill or he could never have said that the oak had vanished from Ithaca.

We drive on through the charming village of Leukê, and at a quarter before twelve reach Stavros, a petty hamlet, with olive woods and cedars stretching from sea to sea. It lies between two harbours—an inlet of the Ionian Sea to the north-east, and a sheltered bay opening southward into the channel. The latter is the only safe harbour on this side of Ithaca, and almost due west of it lies the sole islet in the channel. These two tokens alone would lead us to look for the Homeric city in this quarter; and in fact traces of ancient occupation are not wanting. Some of these we proceed to examine. Twenty minutes' walk to the north brings us to the Blackwater, a fine spring at the foot of a sheer rock which is draped with fern and topped with olives, while an orchard of lemon, plum, olive, and fig trees follows the course of the rivulet, which rises here and creeps eastward to the sea. Altogether it is a softened copy of Arethousa and Raven Rock, more frequented, and for that reason less tidy, but still a choice spot for our nooning.

As we fall to on our viands from the Odysseus Inn, company drops in,—the village schoolmaster with a troop of boys. In Eustathios Surmes, native

of Anogê at the top of Neritos, which claims to be Homer's birthplace, we find a colleague worth knowing. Well informed and wide awake, he at once relieves our stolid guide and, after luncheon, conducts us to a spot associated with the name of his great townsman and predecessor—the School of Homer. Scrambling up an ancient rock-hewn stairway, we reach a narrow plateau occupied on the very verge by an ancient structure, measuring on the ground eighteen by thirty feet, with massive walls standing eight or ten feet high, though these are partly built over by a modern church. The spot is notable for a fine clump of oaks and a wide branching *libanos*—the tree which exudes the frankincense of the orthodox church even as it lends its spicy odours to the joys of Pindar's paradise. May not this have been the shady grove of far-darting Apollo, whither, on the Wooers' Doomsday, the long-haired Achaeans conveniently gather with their hecatomb? It is a fit temple site, if there was a temple in Homer's Ithaca. Hard by, we find a rock-hewn tomb and an ancient subterranean well-house. By these and other remains, all the way down to Stavros, the archæologist traces a considerable city, dating back as far as the seventh century B.C. and existing down to the latest Roman Empire —as its memory seems to have lived on in the name *Polis* to this day. Still this does not carry us back to Homer—"Homer's School" being of later masonry and the name probably struck out in a genial moment by the then high priest of Ithaca for Sir William Gell's benefit. That his reverence was quite up to it we can hardly doubt when we find him confiding to Gell the fact that "Homer visited

this spot in order to wash in the source called Melanudros (or Blackwater), which restored his sight."

To a yet older *Polis*, a real Mycenaean castle, Dr. Dörpfeld confidently assigns a construction on the northern headland of the bay,—it is a "terrace wall of great rough-hewn blocks preserved for a length of thirty paces." There next season he is to put in the spade, and (let us hope) to lay bare the castle of Odysseus, as he has already let in the light on Tiryns and Troy.* Until that be done, the old story can hardly possess the imagination here as it does at the swineherd's lodge, where landscape and atmosphere are all we seek. Field huts and pig styes may pass away and leave the idyll in its perfect setting; but for the Comedy of the Wooing and the Tragedy of the Doom, we want the castle and the palace. Not the mighty walls of Mycenae, nor the radiant Halls of Helen; for Odysseus is but a petty potentate with "many other kings in sea-girt Ithaca" to share his sway, and the whole island realm sends but a dozen ships to Troy. Homer lets him describe his own "fair mansions" at a moment when home, be it ever so homely, would appeal to one above all things else; yet it is but a glimpse of "chamber after chamber, with a battlemented court and well-wrought folding doors." Here no "splendour falls on castle walls," nor do we "mark the flashing of bronze

* Alas, that his spade has for once failed to back up his faith; but the negative result of one brief campaign can hardly justify his amazing conclusion that Ithaca is not Ithaca at all; together with the summary shifting of Odysseus' home across six leagues of sea to Leucadia.

through the echoing halls, and the flashing of gold and of elektron and of silver and of ivory," as at Sparta, to say nothing of "the gleam as it were of sun or moon through the high-roofed palace' (with all its fairy appointments) of Alkinoos. Rather is it the simple house that grows as new tenants come with new tastes; and, in fact, we know just how the Royal Bedchamber was added on by Odysseus himself when he thriftily turned to account a growing olive tree as a bed-post. Of such a mansion, if ever it was, we can hardly look for very imposing remains, after a thousand years of historical occupation in later antiquity. Yet the certitude of its site would be a great boon.

Even from the "School of Homer" one commands a landscape not unworthy of its ancient fame. Far above rises, to a height of 1,500 feet, Mount Neïon (now Exogê), somewhat as the mountains rise behind Mycenae or the ridge of Akontion behind Orchomenos—certainly a nobler background for an Achaean castle than Tiryns or Knossos can boast. The present village of Exogê, perched less than half-way up the steep, with its cottages set in green gardens, makes as fair a picture as heart could wish. Restore Odysseus' castle with its dependencies, even on the lower slopes, backed by Neïon's windy headlands and fronted by the loftier range of Neritos, and you have a prospect quite in keeping with the heroic age—with constant Penelope as she waits and weaves and watches her pet geese; with young Telemachos, as Athene all at once makes him man enough to assert himself in the house and in the first Town Meeting since Odysseus' day; with the Suitor Crew at their revels, and the blind minstrel singing

the Achaeans' Pitiful Return; with the twenty maids drawing water from the fountain (where we have just nooned) and carrying it up the Castle Hill; with poor old Argos on the dung-heap, loyal to the last wag of his devoted tail, which is the long-lost master's only welcome home as he arrives this moment from the steading with dear old Eumaeus to usher in the Day of Doom!

Our survey and day-dream done, we follow the schoolmaster down the myrtle-fringed brook—which is indeed the chief river of Ithaca—not knowing whither, till we turn into the big road and come to the most inviting of the detached houses which now occupy the site of Odysseus' lower town. Shy as the good man had been about sharing our basket dinner, he cannot let us go without some entertainment under his own roof; and in the big upper chamber—a place of wide prospect with three sea views—the good wife serves coffee while the schoolmaster talks on of the Ithaca that now is. He is proud of his native eyrie on Neritos—*Anogê*, Upland—which claims Homer's birth. Still he himself does not affect the Homerid—in this more modest than another Ithacan, Constantine Koliades, once professor in the Ionian University, who deduced his lineage from Eumaeus and wrote a book to prove that Odysseus was his own Homer (or vice versa) and the veritable author of both Iliad and Odyssey. This autobiographical theory of the Odyssey must now divide the honours with that which endows Nausikaa with the authorship. But the schoolmaster betrayed no knowledge of Koliades, who had been long forgotten, nor any prevision of Nausikaa's sponsor, who had not yet

been heard from in these parts; and he would have scouted the old heresy that Homer was no Ithacan, but merely a chance sojourner overtaken on his travels here by a distemper of the eyes and entertained by Mentor, who thus wins his place in the Odyssey!

The schoolmaster himself makes no pretensions to literature, and his office as a *demodidaskalos* requires no knowledge of Homer or any other ancient author beyond the vernacular dilutions in elementary school books; but the literary spirit has not perished out of Ithaca. The Blackwater with its environment is the property of Kyr Mavrokephalas (*anglicè* Mr. Blackhead), who is not only one of Ithaca's two deputies in the Greek Parliament, but an encyclopedist (whatever that may mean in the schoolmaster's mouth) and a translator of Dante. After all, it is no far cry from the *Nekyia* to the *Inferno*.

A house could hardly be cleaner or emptier than this of my Ithacan colleague. The furnishing is simplicity itself, and if there were books they were out of sight. But bright faces and good cheer made the place right homely: the good wife beamed on us, as Greek wives in out-of-the-way places often do, with no language but a smile; and the youngsters were clean and civil. Eustathios Surmes himself, like my schoolmaster host at Spata, is no rolling stone. For thirty-two years running he has taught the boys' school at Leukê, and for that service he now receives eighteen dollars a month. Happy man to hold a post no spoilsman can covet, under a system which at every change of ministry—and that

averages once every ten months—may bid even the schoolmaster move on.

The chance acquaintance whets our curiosity to revisit Levke, which had delighted our eyes as we drove through. On our return, the good priest and most of his parish were waiting to receive us with wine and oranges and orange blossoms from their gardens. It is the Eden of Ithaca—this picturesque village swung up on the terraced slopes of Neritos. With its wealth of bloom and greenery—orange trees in fruit and flower at once, grand old olives, almonds, cherries, cedars, and carobs—it recalls the well-wooded Ithaca of olden times; no wonder its sylvan charm drew down a good part of Anogê from their bleak hilltop some sixty years ago. Producing much of the good wine, and most of the delicious honey of the island—with its notable schoolmaster and its genial old priest, who seemed to have infected the little community of eight hundred souls (fishermen, farmers, and potters) with their simple kindness and good cheer, Leukê comes near being a poem itself, and one can hardly blame Sir William Gell for recognizing in it the Garden of Laertes.

Only, as we know, that was off the highway, and we may rather look for it farther on. There, far below our mountain road, nestles the petty hamlet of St. John, where Dr. Schliemann found a big Δ a foot square carved in the rock *—whereupon he naïvely observes: *Es ist wohl möglich dass der Buchstabe vom Odysseus herrührt.* And now that old Knossos has given up her lettered tablets, so

* Gell read the letters OΔ, and says they were eight inches in length.

many centuries older than Odysseus, who shall deny that the versatile Ithacan may have made his mark here—possibly to clinch the recognition. For the retired potentate Laertes, in his filthy doublet and ox-hide leggings and goat-skin cap, pottering about his garden, has been imposed upon by too many tramps who would win a sup and a bit by lying tales about the long-lost son; and he is slow to trust another,—especially as the incorrigible Odysseus, even after last night's gruesome slaughter and the glad reunion with Penelope, cannot forbear one more yarn. He will not fall upon his father's neck and kiss him and tell him all till he first question him and prove him in every way. And so he praises the trim garden, with plant and fig tree and olive and pear, and green-beds, all well tended, while he chides the ill-kept gardener: "Whose thrall art thou, and whose garden dost thou till?" The old man tosses back the question, and the ready yarn—this time of Eperitos, son of Apheidas, son of Polypemon, prince of Alybas,* who had entertained Odysseus in his own country five years ago—is too much for either of them. Laertes, overcome by the black cloud of sorrow, pours dust and ashes on his gray head, and Odysseus sympathetically reveals himself. But tokens there must be of course, and the scar is again put in evidence; and, to clinch the argument, the sweetest note of country life in all Homer. "Come, and I will tell thee the trees through all the terraced garden, which thou gavest me once for mine own, and I was asking thee this

* All *nomina et omina—Striver,* son of *Sparenaught,* son of *Woful,* prince of *Wanderland.*

and that, being but a little child, and following thee through the garden. Through these very trees we were going, and thou didst tell me the names of each of them. Pear trees thirteen thou gavest me, and ten apple trees, and figs two-score, and as we went thou didst name the fifty rows of vines thou wouldest give me, whereof each one ripened at divers times, with all manner of clusters on their boughs, when the seasons of Zeus wrought mightily on them from on high."

After such sure tokens there would have been little need of carving the big Δ on the rock; and little time for it, considering the great farmhouse dinner which Telemachos and the Swineherd had meantime got ready, and which must be dispatched before the would-be avengers of the slain suitors come marching out for the first and last pitched battle in the Odyssey!

If we have any doubt that all this happened hard by the snug hamlet lying far below our high road, Dr. Schliemann had none, as I need hardly assure any one who has ever read his little-known and untranslated "Ithaka."

It requires steady nerves to bowl along this edge of space at nightfall, when the sun sets and all the ways are shadowed, nor do we feel the easier because our driver has tarried too long at his noonday wine and persisted in draining the bottle at Leukê. Still we swing into Vathy at six o'clock, safe and sound, and wind up our red-letter day by banqueting again on a whole roast lamb, washed down with our host's best vintage.

V. Eagle's Cliff.

We had kept for our third day's goal what the Ithacan pilgrim usually seeks at once—the steep, strong-walled hill of Aetos, popularly accredited as Odysseus' Castle. It is an hour's drive from Vathy and affords further glimpses of the Bay of Dexia, which disputes with Vathy the fame of being Odysseus' landing place. Vathy certainly has its claims as a deep haven (that is what the modern name means) and for its twin headlands; but it is only here on this gradually sloping sand-beach that the Phaeacian bark could have run half her length ashore. Thus far it is the same fine English road we travelled yesterday, and a bright sun and a stiff wind give a new atmospheric quality to the few bits of life by the way—among them an old peasant, who might have been Laertes, sowing barley on a patch of rocks at the water's edge. Thence rising over the pass between Hagios Stephanos and this Eagle Rock, which holds the two mountain masses of Ithaca together, the road leads on down to Pissaeto, the little ferry-port for Kephallenia. But we draw up at the road-house above where the ascent begins.

One glance is enough to show that we have above us one of the strongest hill-forts of prehistoric Greece. Strong enough by nature, for it rises some six hundred and fifty feet, at an angle of 35 degrees or (as Schliemann observed) 7 degrees more steeply than the upper cone of Vesuvius, some Titan hand has led two mighty walls converging up these slopes—one of them almost intact to-day—with a third still traceable to form the broad base of a triangular circumvallation; while the very summit is

surrounded by yet stronger walls, which still stand twenty to twenty-five feet high, and show single blocks that would square from twenty-five to thirty feet. But, impregnable as it looks from below, it is only by scaling it that one comes to feel how secure and how uncomfortable a seat it was. I shall never forget that climb over sheer rock tumbled in jagged masses, that threatened to topple over like an avalanche, nor the blessed relief of finding a bit of level to stand on at the top. Certainly Penelope's suitors were no milksops if they scaled this eagle's nest, day after day, to press their suit; to say nothing of getting down again when fuddled, as they mostly were before the revel ended. Nor can one readily fancy them "putting the stone" and casting the spear in this contracted space, where any sport ascribed to them beyond a quiet game of checkers would be impossible. A Freshman of mine indeed once established the Olympic Games on Mount Olympus, but Aetos is a church-steeple in comparison with that many-glenned mountain of the gods. Gell and Schliemann have between them mapped Odysseus' lower city on the steeps between the two converging walls, up which we had to creep on all fours, where the former reports "terraces . . . . . without doubt once occupied by the houses and streets of the town," while the latter actually counts there "about 190 Cyclopean houses"; but they have carefully refrained from giving measurements of the narrow plateau within the upper walls which they identify as the castle. Measured by our eyes there is scant room for a megaron to entertain a hundred suitors and more, together with a royal family that kept fifty maids; to say nothing of an "assembly-

place before the spacious town"; nor could any creature but an eagle or Athene herself come *down* to this eyrie as visitors are always coming down to the palace of the Odyssey. At the moment of our visit we had fain put away our unbelief, for two eagles were poised in the blue above us recalling the pair "Zeus of the far-borne voice sent forth in flight from on high, from the mountain crest" as a sign to Telemachos. The prospect too was one to allure a potentate of that foretime when it was convenient for him literally to keep an eye on his realm. Whatever this high place lacked as a dwelling it made good as a watch-tower: it quite commands the royal domain. Across the channel, in this transparent atmosphere, stand out Kephallenia's "bare mountains covered with walls like a vine-leaf with veins" (to quote my friend Tucker's apt figure), and among them we clearly distinguish the ruins of Samê whence came four and twenty of the suitors, including that bad marksman Ktesippos. In the dim eastern distance looms snowclad Parnassus. So Odysseus from his castle, had this been his castle, had always in view his mother's native hills, where in budding manhood he had visited that paragon of thieves and perjurers, his grandsire Autolykos, and with the old man and his sons enjoyed his first hunt. It was there in a glen of Parnassus he encountered his first wild boar and came off triumphant, but with the tusk-marks above his knee which betrayed him to his old nurse. Who that ever thumbed his Homer lovingly can forget how "old Autolykos, coming to Ithaca's fat land, found a boy new-born to his daughter, and when he had finished his supper Eurykleia set the child upon

his knee"—and all that tender tale of How They Named the Baby and the thrilling tale that follows of How They Hunted the Wild Boar!

Of castle and city, stony steeps and strong walls, the lord paramount at the moment is a goat-herd named Euripides, with a very small boy to help him tend a dozen black goats. Their pasture is the little grassy plateau about the deep rock-hewn cisterns and foundations which certainly indicate a prehistoric dwelling of some kind. Here is the spot where Doctor Schliemann began his marvellous career with the spade—it would seem, from his own words, in the naïve hope of finding the roots of Odysseus' olive-tree bedpost! But after his conquests at Mycenae and Tiryns and Troy, who shall smile at that simple faith? Cicero himself might have shared it; for it may have been this hill fort, as seen on his voyage to Athens, which he had in his mind's eye when he praises Odysseus for his patriotism in "preferring even to immortality that Ithaca which is fixed like a bird's nest on the most rugged rocks."

Apart from the physical infelicity of the site, we have Dr. Dörpfeld's word for it that the walls and all the pottery found here is post-Mycenaean. Still there can be no doubt that this is, as Dr. Reisch puts it, "a fortress of great age and strength, which in times of danger served as a refuge to the dwellers round about, and was of the utmost importance for the defence of the whole island; for it commanded not only the landing-places to the south-east and north-west of Mount Aetos, but protected the only means of communication between the north and south parts of the island."

We found the descent of Aetos rather more nerve-racking than the ascent; and we vowed to offer in thanksgiving for deliverance the pick of the flock of fat turkeys we had seen strutting about the lonely farmhouse by the Chapel of St. George at the foot of the mountain. But the price was prohibitory—possibly because these new-fangled fowl have succeeded to the privileged estate of Penelope's geese; yet we hardly envied the greedy suitors as we reclined on the sunny side of the road-house and stretched forth our hands to the viands set before us—toothsome Ithacan bread and sausage (sole souvenir for us of Ithaca's porcine prime), eggs, honey, wine, and oranges. And then the quiet stroll down the Pissaeto road for the pure pleasure of gazing at the dimpling sea and listening to the tinkle of sheep-bells under the olives which fill the glen quite to the water's edge!

VI. The Ithaca that now is.

It was a raw morning that dawned upon our fourth Ithacan day, and I thought to make myself perfectly comfortable for a day's work at the Penelope Club. Visions of open fires, cosy divans, papers and books were floating before the mind's eye as we climbed to the floor above the adjoining shop, over which I had been wistfully regarding, these three days gone the legend *Lesche Penelopeias*. When we arrived there was nothing there but the name—and a billiard table at which a brace of Ithacans were making melancholy play. Open fire there was none, nor fireplace of any kind—no reading-table nor anything to read: simply three

big rooms furnished with congealed air! When I remarked this to an island magnate who had dropped in, he asked why I wanted a fire. And, upon the very natural reply that I was cold, he rejoined: "Well then, why don't you take a walk?"

There was no trace of irony in the tone; and to my Ithacan Mentor—though he had served as a consul in Europe and a deputy at Athens—heat was only a mode of motion. He is the present head of one of the Ithacan clans—the Karabias, which counts (he tells me) two hundred families. They are not of prehistoric Ithacan stock, for the opening of the sixteenth century found the island almost depopulated; and the Venetian Senate issued a proclamation (A.D. 1502) offering lands in fee simple, and tax-free for five years, to any who would take and till them. Many insular as well as mainland Greeks responded, and pitched their town upon the mountain to the south-west of Vathy, where the ruins of Palaiochori still show on either side of the road to Eumaeus' Pastures. The two principal families among the founders dwelt apart patriarchally, giving each its own name to its quarter; and when (about 1730) the site was abandoned to found Vathy, the clan lines were still drawn, and to this day the clans divide the town—the Karabias giving to the eastern quarter the name of Karabâta, the Petalas to the western that of Petalâta, while a newer clan (Mazarâta) mediates between them. This is a rare institutional survival.

From the club we betake us to the Hellenic School, which we had looked into on the morning of our arrival. It occupies three bare rooms over a barber's shop just across from the old Parnassus

Inn. We catch Dr. Theodysseus—whom I had known in his University days at Athens—drilling his boys furiously in old Greek synonyms of new Greek words, laying foundations for a classical diction that should be the joy of all Hellenists who shall hereafter visit Ithaca; while the Headmaster, in his deacon's robe, is hammering away at Xenophon's *Hellenica* in the good old Attic. A keener lot of boys than the twenty of his first form, including one full-bearded *opsimathes*, I have never seen in any school. The school enrolls eighty-two boys under three masters.

From the Hellenic School we are piloted by its head boy (a Greek Russell Lowell in the making) to the *Parthenagogeion*, which is short for girls' school. It is a brand new school-house built by Odysseus Karabias on the higher ground above the harbour, with free space about it and fine outlook. In its two rooms, both on the ground floor, two mistresses are at work. The first, a graduate of the Arsakeion and a beauty, is in charge of the two lower classes, one of which reads an entertaining lesson on Town and Country; the other has the two upper classes, one of which makes a most effective recitation on Solonian history. Nor is the head work all. The hands too are in training to turn out beautiful things and useful, after the fashion of Penelope. The school enrolls one hundred and twenty girls, though there are two private schools for girls in the place besides, and the teachers would certainly take good rank in an American city twenty times as populous as Ithaca.

The Demotic School of two hundred boys we did not see. There are ten schools of this grade

in the island with six hundred pupils. The Ithacans (says Meliarakes) are distinguished for their love of learning; and the Earl of Guildford was bent on establishing his Ionian University here "amid mountains and rocks hallowed by a thousand memories, and in groves and gardens which Plato would have preferred to his Academe." The president of that university (which was in fact founded in Corfu), Sir George Bowen, wrote of Ithaca fifty years ago: "There are very few peasants who do not possess at least the rudiments of a good education." On the other hand Schliemann declares (1868) that scarcely one Ithacan in fifty can read! Doubtless the Englishman was better authority after a three years' residence than the German whose stay was not as many weeks.

In churches Ithaca has nothing grand to show, but one on the way up to the Naiads' Grotto has a commanding outlook, and seems large enough to hold half the town. More interesting to us than anything within it was the long-closed and neglected churchyard beside it, where rest in humble graves a little company of Jack Tars and Tommy Atkinses—one of many reminders of English rule. A more touching one too than the battered monument of Sir Thomas Maitland at the harbour's head, though less enduring perhaps than the good roads, these men helped to swing up "like a cornice" on the mountain brows.

Strolling along the Marina, we note a little fleet of boats anchored close in shore—so deep is this Deephaven. Ten years ago Ithaca owned thirty steamships, trading mainly with the countries on the Danube; and only last year one of them carried a

cargo to Boston, and another one to Burmah. The census credits the island with 161 vessels of all kinds, and a total tonnage of 32,174 tons. A good record when we consider that from his whole realm, including Kephallenia and Zakynthos with a good strip of the mainland, Odysseus brought but twelve ships, all told, to Agamemnon's fleet. As the present fleet is manned by her own seamen, Ithaca is not left to wring a living from her rocks. Still her olive orchards yield their increase, as we saw at Eumaeus' steading and again at the olive-press, grinding away at the pulpy mass by the waterside. The currant vineyards are no more; and other causes have realized the sad foreboding of the Ithacan lady who once said to Sir George Bowen: "We pray daily that John Bull may never lose his appetite for plum pudding—if he were to lose it, we should be ruined."

By this time we were sufficiently at ease in our inn to while away an evening over the kitchen fire with our young host. Nikolaos Petratos—may his tribe increase in these parts—runs three hotels in one, and is the very paragon of amiability. He is a handsome youngster of twenty two, and we can heartily congratulate the fair Ithacan (with a good *proika*) whom he is to wed two months hence, though all our persuasions to advance the ceremony and thus afford us wider observations of Ithacan life are in vain. To be sure, he is not the first Ithacan who would not hurry up a wedding—possibly because Gamelion (February) is still the marrying month in Greece. His kitchen measures eight by sixteen, and pantry there is none apparent. Judging by our table, five guests are rather too much for his

resources in the matter of knives and forks; and as for the waiting, as well as the cooking, that is done by himself, or his sole 'help'—the scullion. And it is the master, not the man, who pours water on our hands to wash withal when our repast is done—not before it, as in Homeric society. In one corner of his kitchen is a raised hearth (breast high) to do the cooking on, and in a cubby-hole over against this is stowed a wine barrel with two full wine skins to replenish it. From his own vineyards, near Eumaeus' Pastures, he makes a hundred barrels of this pure unresined wine every year—proof enough that, even if Ithaca no longer yields corn past telling, it is still true to its Homeric fame for wine, as well as for the rain that is on it evermore.

VII. At Home with Homer.

In fact, we had Rainy Zeus, or (as Otto Gilbert might say) his double of the Heavenly Wet, to thank for one more Ithacan day. Our company were bent on crossing the channel to see Old Samê, and there meet the *Pylaros* on her return from Leukas; but the dismal daybreak cooled even the youngest ardour and gave me what I coveted—an almost unbroken day at home with Homer. Over the best fire mine host could provide—alas! it was no ten-foot-through Homeric hearth, piled high with blazing logs, but only a battered tin bath-tub filled with hot ashes and embers—I bent me to the delightful task of reading all the Ithacan story on Ithacan soil. The task was done when at five o'clock the masters of the Hellenic School dropped in to afternoon coffee. Over the cups we discussed

the South African War to please them, and to please us they took turns at rhapsodizing snatches of their own poet.

The day's reading had rounded to its proper close my Ithacan pilgrimage: I had lived over the whole great story from Athene-Mentes' first appearance to the final brush with the suitors' friends. I had followed Odysseus' every step from his landing here, fast asleep, until the gray-eyēd goddess stayed his red right hand. And, taking due note of dawns and sunsets, I found the Poet had given him just five days for the whole business—ere he need fare forth again where landlubbers should mistake his oar for a winnowing fan. We too had done Ithaca in five days, and were content to re-embark on the prompt little *Pylaros* as the sun went down and launch out again on the wet ways.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Dörpfeld's Ithaca (1905).

After taking Troy (see Chapter xxiv), one's first impulse is to win home with Odysseus. True, we had to tarry five sunny weeks at Lesbos and another less sunny at Chios; but one bright July morning with a new comrade I boarded again the trim little *Pylaros* which had carried me to Ithaca and back on my first pilgrimage thither, as recorded in the preceding chapter. Then Ithaca was still Ithaca and I had Dörpfeld's own word for it that Odysseus' seat was to be sought at *Polis* which he was then exploring. In that faith we passed five happy days on the island, living over again the grand old story. Meantime, however, that wizard of archæology had gone on removing mountains; and when I repeated my Ithacan pilgrimage six years later we had to seek leaf-quivering Neritos and its consort Neion upon Leukas.

It was with a sense of bereavement we threaded our way again into Ithacan Vathy with its discredited headlands and all, where Odysseus and Athene never met; and the sense of bereavement deepened as we passed close under Arethousa and Raven Rock and Eumaeus' Pastures, now that the faithful swineherd was evicted from those scenes for ever; and as we looked upon St. Andreas' little bight where Telemachos never landed and the *Polis* where

To face p. 376.

LEUKAS : NIDRI AND VLICHO BAY

Odysseus never slew the suitors to make an Ithacan holiday. True, when we grazed the little bare reef that has done duty for Asteris with its twin harbours, Dörpfeld's offence seemed mitigated. The compound improbability of that feature in that place impressed me as never before; and all the more when we entered the passage between Ithaca and Leukas and discovered a genuine twin-harboured Asteris (Arkoudi), with windy heights four hundred feet above the sea for the murderous suitors' sentries, precisely where it should be on the Ithaca-Leukas theory.

We steamed half-way up the east side of Leukas and (for a consideration) the captain of the *Pylaros* landed us at the little hamlet of Nidri where we expected to find Dörpfeld digging for Odysseus' palace; but he had gone the day before to look for the Apollo temple on the Cape—

"Leucadia's far-projecting rock of woe"—

and would not return until the morrow. Meantime, we were welcomed to his house on the shore, a far more comfortable habitation than he and Schliemann had at Troy; and, after resting from our journey, were shown the excavations. Nidri lies near the entrance of a deep, well-nigh land-locked, bay (Vlicho) with a group of little islands before it. Behind stretches a considerable plain covered with vineyards and olive groves and some fine orchards of apricots, apples, plums, and quinces and screened by lofty hills—on the west Mt. Stavratos nearly four thousand feet high, Dörpfeld's Neritos; and on the north rising some two thousand feet Mt. Skaros

or Neion. There are no springs in the plain, but there is a great well of delicious cold water in the olive woods near which the two young German engineers, who are mapping the island, have pitched their tents.

Now, living water is the prime requisite for a city ancient or modern; and Homer's fountains, at least, in the Odyssey, are good landmarks. Moreover, Dörpfeld had often remarked how the Perseia source above Mycenae had determined the choice and development of that site; and, looking for another hill-castle with an obvious water supply, he began digging here at the southern extremity of the bay where at the foot of forest-crowned Karavolimpa an abundant spring wells up. But finding no important remains here, he bethought him of another thing. In the Odyssey people always come down to the city: it was a city of the plain. The fact that we find no Mycenaean walls in the Ionian Islands points to the same conclusion: in these islands, as in Crete, the oldest Mycenaean settlements were pitched in the little bottoms by the sea and so finally buried under alluvial deposits. The seat of Odysseus was therefore to be sought in the plain, but still in communication with living water. And in the hills that fence off the plain on the west three living springs are found. One of these still goes by the name of Mavroneri, which is new Greek for Melanudros: why not Homer's Μελάνυδρος whither Eurykleia sends the twenty maids to fetch water for the house-cleaning after the slaughter of the suitors? That was evidently Odysseus' private fountain; but the public water supply has been traced also. Above the hamlet of Palaiokatuna

issues a spring which pours its water down a rocky ravine. In this ravine Dörpfeld found *in situ* at several points primitive clay pipes of a peculiar conical pattern fitted into one another and resembling roughly those subsequently found by Evans in the Palace at Knossos. Here, then, we have the accessories of a public fountain fed from a mountain source, like the Perseia at Mycenae, through covered pipes that keep the water cool (κατὰ δὲ ψυκρὸν ῥέεν ὕδωρ ὑψόθεν ἐκ πέτρης): why not that fair-flowing fountain embowered in a poplar grove, with an altar of the Nymphs whereon each wayfarer makes his offering, and whither the townsfolk come to draw water—as they now come with their ewers to the great well in the olive woods. It was a made (τυκτήν) fountain on whose construction three generations of princes or as many dynasties (Ithakos and Neritos and Polyktor) had wrought; it was near the town (ἄστεως ἐγγύς); and on the rocky road from the swineherd's lodge to the palace—as our mountain spring and aqueduct are, if the happy hamlet of Evgyros occupies Eumaeus' old stamping ground.

It is a good half-hour's walk from the shore to the excavations where we found thirty men at work under an epistates who had served Curtius and Dörpfeld at Olympia and Schliemann and Dörpfeld at Troy. The trial trenches, already covering an area sufficient for a Homeric city, had as yet struck no notable landmark, though they had developed at a depth of two metres a layer of early Hellenic remains and two to three metres lower still a double stratum of remains belonging to a prehistoric and Homeric settlement. Here are found house walls of small stones joined with mortar, as

at Mycenae and Tiryns, sometimes superposed and crossing one another as built at different epochs; and shaft graves containing only the older monochrome pottery with bronze knives. The pottery is all notably simple—mainly black monochrome; though the upper (Homeric) layer yields a light wheel-made variety with a brown slip and ornamentation of Mycenaean or rather Cretan style. Most of these remains are found in the northern part of the plain, on the southerly slopes of Skaros or Neion (Ἰθάκη ὑπονήιος); and they are quite sufficient evidence for a prehistoric settlement here and for its continued occupation in historic time. And the higher ground now excavating would be no mean site for the dwelling of a simple island chief like Odysseus. It commands a rich plain of sufficient extent to provision the establishment—Laertes' gardens hardly afforded finer fruit than the apples and plums we gathered from one of these orchards and the vineyards were heavy with clusters; while the background of noble hills and the prospect of sea and islets and rugged Acarnanian cliffs were quite worthy of a prince. It is a spot too from which the suitors could readily see Telemachos' ship putting into harbour; and where those enterprising gentlemen would find space for their sports and houses to lodge in, as they never could have done on Mount Aetos!

We passed the night comfortably under Dörpfeld's roof, and in the morning the horses had just come to carry us up to the mountain springs and other Homeric landmarks when a little boat came puffing into the harbour from Leukas, the island capital. By the merest chance we learned that it was bound

for Hiera (as the temple on the cape is called) to bring back Dörpfeld and his party; and we at once dismissed our horses and went aboard. In coming we had scanned the Leucadian coast from the White Rock to Nidri and now was our chance to retrace that voyage closer inshore and back again under the guidance of Dörpfeld himself. On the sail down we were able to make out every point in the topography; and a noonday landing at Vasiliki afforded us a closer study of another plain at the head of the deepest Leucadian bay—a plain larger and apparently more fruitful than Nidri, to judge from the luscious figs we found there fully ripe on the eleventh of July. At the cape, now crowned with a pretty lighthouse, Dörpfeld and his engineers with two young ladies of his family were waiting in their caïque to be taken aboard; and the four hours' sail back to Nidri was an old-fashioned Dörpfeld lecture to two auditors, or, rather, a Dörpfeld demonstration punctuated by many an impetuous "I believe . . . . . , and I can prove it," as he invariably proceeded to do.

The main thesis is perhaps too familiar to require fresh statement. Odysseus' realm is made up chiefly of four islands: Ithaca, Dulichion, Samê, and Zakynthos; and this island group is mentioned repeatedly. Of the group Ithaca itself is the westernmost—lying "uppermost of all toward the Darkness, while the others face the Dawn and the sun." This is not the case with the traditional Ithaca; and if it were the fourth island of the tetranesos is still to seek. Kephallenia must do duty for both Dulichion and Samê on the old theory, whether originally two isles and subsequently joined

by a made isthmus or not; or, as Dodwell surmises, the fourth island may have been swallowed up by the sea soon after Homer got through with it! Dörpfeld's solution now shifts Ithaca to Leukas, Samê to Ithaca, Dulichion to Kephallenia, and leaves Zakynthos unchanged. There you have the four isles answering perfectly to the external topography of the Odyssey—that is to say, if Leukas be an island! But (it is claimed) the old Greeks, as well as the moderns, regarded it as a peninsula until the Corinthians cut it off by a canal in the seventh century B.C. Dörpfeld now proposes to demonstrate by the aid of the geologists that it was an island from the beginning. Then it remains to show historical occasion for the shifting of names; and here the case is charmingly clear. It is the work of the Dorian invader who dispossesses the Achaeans of Ithaca; these naturally move on to the adjacent Samê taking their old name with them; the Samians, dispossessed in turn, together with the Kephallenians driven from the mainland, occupy old Dulichion, which is henceforth known as Kephallenia from the larger contingent; but here the pressure ends and Zakynthos holds her own.

With this theory in general we were already familiar; and so the genial wizard has time to chart Odysseus' course over the western seas; to set out his diary of the Odyssey drawn up in parallel columns here at Leukas in 1903; and to demonstrate by it the unique Theoklymenos-Athene theory. The fugitive seer, namely, who plays so vivid and real a part in the return of Telemachos and the tragedy of the Vengeance is only one more of Athene's "masks"; and this thesis Dörpfeld builds up with

confirmation strong as proofs of holy writ. Again: "I believe Homer produced the Odyssey at Pylos, and I can prove it"—not at Sphakteria-Pylos with its impossible drive over Taygetus to Sparta but at Samikon-Pylos whence anybody can drive in a day up the Alpheios to Pherai (and was not Telemachus' host at Pherai a grandson of the Alpheios rather than of the Neda?) and in another easy day down the Eurotas to Menelaus' capital. Thus one Homeric stumbling block is neatly removed—two, in fact, for the voyage to and from Pylos are likewise facilitated. And old Nestor's early cattle-lifting exploits in Elis also gain in probability. That Homer was a Pylian becomes clear as the sun when we mark the large rôle given to Nestor and his sons; when we note that the characteristic trees of the Odyssey (laurel, fig, cypress, olive, palm) all grow in the Peloponnese; above all when we consider the pure Ionic dialect of the Odyssey as against the Aeolic Iliad; and when we remember that Nestor's house is the nursery so to speak of the Ionic stock in Attica and Ionia.

As the lecture flows on, we are again passing Skydi Bay, where Telemachos lands at dawn and, commending Theoklymenos-Athene—who expounds the falcon-dove omen triumphantly but is rather anxious and fearful for a god—to Peiraios' protection, strikes off up these rugged heights for Eumaeus' Pastures. There, as Dörpfeld demonstrates, he has had full warning from Helen's eagle (Athene again) and from Theoklymenos' lips (Athene's own, of course) to believe that he shall find his long-lost father awaiting him, as in fact he does. Meantime, we are gliding past the real Phorkys Haven where

his Phaeacian friends had set the Wanderer ashore and Shepherd-Athene, for the moment released from her Theoklymenos engagement, has helped him store the spoil and plan the campaign. We could not see around the sinuosities of the new Phorkys Haven—for Sybota Bay is a well-nigh hidden inlet; but our lecturer assures us that all the Homeric properties are there with choice of Nymphs' Grottos (he has traced four or five such, far more eligibly situated than the hill-side cavern a quarter-hour's scramble above Ithacan Vathy); and the Swineherd's Lodge should be about equi-distant from the two landings. And so it is; for there rises a round wooded plateau with two hamlets. One of these, Evgyros, is fair with fountain and oaks and boasts a great cave whose name (Χοιροσπήλια) would fit the sheltered spot under the hollow rock where Eumaeus keeps night watch over his sharp-toothed swine. And is not Sybota Bay a reminiscence of dear old Eumaeus' trade? How came this new Phorkys Haven to have carried down through the ages the name of Swineherd Bay—ages during which Leukas under the Dorian's heel had utterly forgotten her Homeric fame? Let Wilamowitz answer that or for ever after hold his peace!

And now we are passing for the third time, as we are to pass it yet again on the morrow, the real Asteris—the key to the whole problem. In the wide channel (eighteen miles wide) between Ithaca and Leukas Arkudi rises some 400 feet above the sea, a stony islet but sprinkled with olives and enlivened by a brook; and it is the only island lying between two larger ones in all this region. How Dörpfeld's heart throbbed when he first approached

it and discovered the double harbour not unlike—to compare small things with great—the twin havens of Mitylene and still sheltering on occasion the small craft that do business in these waters. With *carte blanche* to invent an Asteris, one could hardly have hit it better.

We had hoped to revisit the Nidri excavations with Dörpfeld and to make a little tour of the hills, but found we could not do so without losing our steamer for Piraeus. So we got our luggage, took hurried leave of our host, and continued our voyage by the little boat to the capital. On the way we get a glimpse of rich greenery by the Pasha's Spring which once watered Laertes' Farm; and then, passing the not inconsiderable remains of the bridge which once joined the Corinthian Leukas with Nerikos on the mainland, we enter the canal and lagoons. One glance at the wide low flats removes the last lingering doubt of Leukas' insular character: in prehistoric days the sea certainly had free course here though the channel was never a deep one and the Corinthian canal-diggers of the seventh century had little more to do than cut through the sand dunes and dredge the narrows. As Goessler observes, it is assuredly an easier hypothesis to make Leukas an island than to cut Kephallenia in two islands by turning the Homeric sea upon an isthmus 1,300 metres wide and 185 metres high! But of this Dörpfeld and his engineers will doubtless in due time be able to offer a scientific demonstration. Had Odysseus' seat been in the neighbourhood of the present capital, it would have been a simple matter for Philoitios to ferry over from the main his daily contribution of a heifer and sundry fat

goats for the suitors' commissariat. In fact, as we sat on the wall of the great mole that stretches about a mile across the lagoon from the modern town to the Venetian castle, we saw a bunch of goats ferried over from the continent quite in the Homeric manner. Now between our Ithaca and the nearest point on the main we have a ferry some twenty miles wide. And to Wilamowitz' Ithaca-Kephallenia ferry it is sufficient to say that Homer knows nothing of any herds of Odysseus on any island other than Ithaca or of any Kephallenians except on the mainland.

We left early next morning on the *Euboia*, a "John" boat, which took the outside course round Leukas and the inside of Ithaca. Thus in three days with three boats we were enabled to sail quite around Leukas, covering part of the circuit twice or thrice, as well as quite around Ithaca, trebling on our track from Vathy down. It was a fortunate autopsy, particularly in one respect: it brought out strikingly the appositeness of Homer's topography to Leukas and its utter incongruity with Ithaca. Odysseus' isle lies "uppermost of all toward the Darkness" (*πανυπερτάτη . . . πρὸς ζόφον*), while the other isles (Dulichion and Samê and sylvan Zakynthos) "lie toward the Dawn and the Sun." Now, interpret *πρὸς ζόφον* as we may—and it is demonstrable that the ancient charts of this coast made it an almost east and west line, and that the Greek sailor still speaks of it in terms of east and west—these words of the poet point to Ithaca as the "jumping-off place"; and that is just the impression one gets as he steers past the sheer unbroken cliff, often two

hundred metres high, of outer Leukas and scans the western-northern sea in vain for any sight of land. Leukas looks on the outer darkness while Ithaca all around except to the south-east faces across narrow channels the sister isles (Kephallenia and Leukas) or the Akarnanian coast.

I am here merely setting down impressions, not making a confession of faith. It is always unsafe to do that till one gets out from under Dörpfeld's immediate spell. Alkinoos and his court could not have been more spellbound by Odysseus' all-night story than is the layman by Dörpfeld's genial and confident demonstrations. "I know it and I can prove it" falls with singular power from the lips of one who has the Scene and the Book by heart and whose combinations tempt one to formulate a Dörpfeld-Athene theory: for who but Pallas could know and prove all this? No; I reserve my judgment, as I said to the genial wizard, until he shall produce Odysseus' olive-trunk bedstead and Dog-and-Fawn brooch *in situ* at the foot of the new Neion. The confession I am now prepared to make is that his theory solves the general topographical problem so completely that, once granted, it establishes the poet's highest claims as a geographer. And that some such shift of populations and of names before the intruding Dorian actually took place is a matter of course.

And how do the old Ithacans and the new, or rather the new Ithacans and the old, take to this late dramatic *peripeteia*? I have tried the question on a dozen islanders—men, women, and children, learned and unlearned—in the course of my voyagings; and the Ithacan is always glum while the

Leucadian uniformly accepts his recovered birthright with pride. This was notably the case with a fine family coming down on the little boat from Leukas to their summer home on Skorpios, an islet lying off Nidri. "Yes, I am a descendant of Odysseus," said the proud father—rather inconsequently, if the Dorians drove out the old stock bag and baggage. But Kyr Mavroides from his island seat—happy island of olive and vineyard which is all his own—regards Dörpfeld's digging on the opposite shore as a family affair and may put in a claim for any heirlooms that turn up. On the other hand, an Ithacan gentleman, whose country seat embowered in all manner of trees on the eastern slope of Mt. Aetos every Ithacan pilgrim will recall, declared: "An Ithacan I was born and an Ithacan I will die!" And he scornfully added: "Look at the stay-at-home Leucadian, afraid of the water; and then consider the Ithacan with his ships in all seas and the seven hundred young Ithacans now seeking their fortune in America and South Africa—true scions of far-wandering Odysseus. Here is Captain Karabias, an Ithacan, commanding this ship (the *Euboia*)." "Why," I said, "I came from Chios the other day on the *Kerkyra* with another Captain Karabias of Ithaca and he told me he had once taken the *Charilaos Trikoupes* to New Orleans." "That he did," was the reply, "and in my service; and I am just now concerned about my *Charilaos Trikoupes* which is in the Black Sea, and maybe the Greek steamer reported overhauled by the pirate *Potemkin*."

Kyr Stathatos, however, had to acknowledge that between the Ithacans of to-day and the Odys-

seian stock there is a serious gap, for the opening of the sixteenth century found Ithaca practically depopulated and the Venetian Senate by proclamation threw open its poor lands to any one who would take and till them. Among the settlers who responded were many Cretans brought over in Venetian caravels (Greek καράβια), whence all of them took the name Karabias; and the clan Karabias now counts two hundred families dwelling apart in their own quarter of the town as the other principal clan Petalas (to which Kyr Stathatos belongs) occupies by itself another quarter.

If the Dorians made a clean sweep of the old Ithacan stock, the new Ithaca might well claim to be the true Ithaca as long as the old stock persisted there. But the Dorian did nothing of the kind, no more than the Norman; and the seed of Odysseus, if any there be, is quite as likely to survive in the old Ithaca harrowed by the Dorian thirty centuries ago as in the new Ithaca desolated by Barbary corsairs only four hundred years since. In either case Dörpfeld's retort to the Ithacans of Vathy, who were giving him a rather warm reception in passing after his rape of their name and fame, was not a bad one: "Ihr dürft ja Ithakesier sein und bleiben. Ja, gewinnt euch eure alte Insel zurück!"*

* Why, you can be Ithacans still. Just go and win back your old island.

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